

Frontispeice



O V I D's
EPISTLES:

Translated into

ENGLISH VERSE,

By the Most Eminent Hands.

Adorn'd with CUTTS.

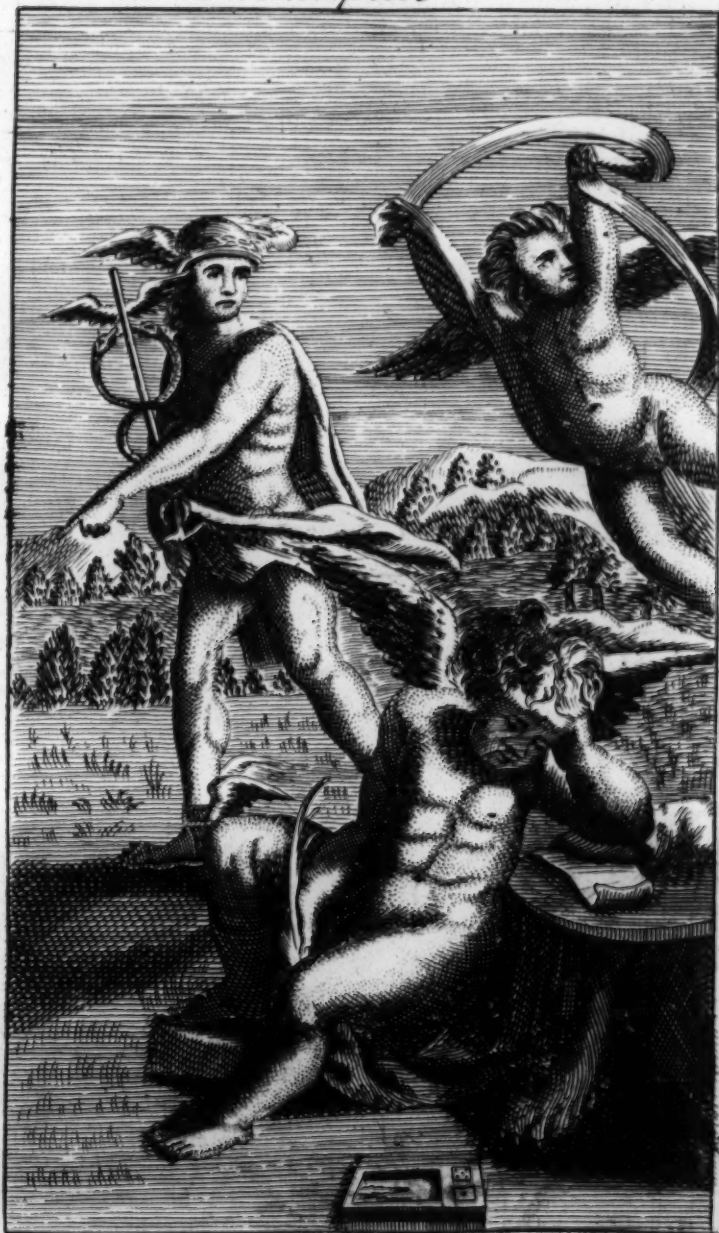
*Vel tibi composita cantetur Epistola voce?
Ignotum hoc aliis ille novavit opus. Ovid.*

654 t

DUBLIN:

Printed by S. POWELL, for G. RISK,
G. EWING, and W. SMITH,
in Dame's-street, MDCCXXVII.

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To the LADY
LOVISA LENOX

MADAM,

IN moving Lines these few EPISTLES tell
What Fate attends the Nymph that likes too well:
How faintly the successful Lovers burn;
And their neglected Charms how Ladies mourn.
The Fair you'll find, when soft Intreaties fail,
Assert their uncontested Right, and rail.
Too soon they listen, and resent too late;
'Tis sure they Love, whene'er they strive to Hate.
Their Sex or proudly shuts, or poorly craves;
Commencing Tyrants, and concluding Slaves.

In diff'ring Breasts what diff'ring Passions glow?
Ours kindle quick, but Yours extinguish slow.
The Fire we boast, with Force uncertain burns,
And breaks but out, as Appetite returns:
But Yours, like Incense, mounts by soft degrees,
And in a fragrant Flame consumes to please.
Your Sex, in all that can engage, excel;
And Ours, in Patience, and persuading well.
Impartial Nature equally decrees;
You have your Pride, and we our Perjuries.

DEDICATION.

Tho' form'd to conquer, yet too oft you fall,
By giving nothing, or by granting all.

But, Madam, long will your unpractis'd Years
Smile at the Tale of Lovers Hopes, and Fears.

Tho' infant Graces sooth your gentle Hours,
More soft than Sighs, more sweet than breathing Flow'rs;
Let rash Admirers your keen Lightning fear;
'Tis bright at distance, but destroys if near.

The Time ere-long, if Verse presage, will come,
Your Charms shall open in full *Brudenal* Bloom.

All Eyes shall gaze, all Hearts shall Homage vow,
And not a Lover languish, but for you.

The Muse shall string her Lyre, with Garlands crown'd,
And each bright Nymph shall sicken at the Sound.

So when *Aurora* first salutes the Sight,
Pleas'd we behold the tender Dawn of Light.
But when with riper Red she warms the Skies,
In circling Throgs the wing'd Musicians rise;
And the gay Groves rejoyce in Symphonies.
Each pearly Flow'r with painted Beauty shines;
And ev'ry Star its fading Fire resigns.



Adver-



Advertisement.

THE Publick having encourag'd so many Editions of Ovid's Epistles, I began to think, if any thing might yet be added to the Perfection of the Work. And the greater Part of S. pho to Phaon being omitted in Sir Carr Scroope's Translation, I solicited an entire new Version of that Epistle, to render the whole Book compleat. The Author of it will have me acquaint the Reader, that it was undertaken on that Account only, and not out of any suppos'd Defect in what that Gentleman had done.

It was propos'd in this Edition to change the Method of the Epistles according to the Chronological Order, and the Connexion the Subjects often have with each other; which might have contributed to the Ease of the English Reader, by clearing some Historical Passages refer'd to in several of them. But Custom having obtain'd to the contrary, we have only subjoin'd the following Account.

The Chief of thole who undertook the Expedition of the Golden Fleece, were *Hercules* and *Jason*: Some Writers add *Theseus*, who was Cotemporary with them, and famous for his Victory over the *Minotaur*, which he atchiev'd by the Assistance of *Ariadne*, whom afterwards forsaking, he marry'd *Phadra*, who fell in Love with his Son *Hippolytus*. *Jason* as he went on the foremention'd Expedition was entertain'd by *Hyppypile* at *Lemnos*, but deserted her for *Medea*, and afterwards *Medea* for *Cruüsa*. *Hercules* after his Return was poison'd with a Shirt sent by *Deianira*. This Hero had twice taken *Troy* in the Time of King *Laomedon*, to whom *Priam* succeeded, the Father of *Paris*, at whose Birth it was prophecy'd that he should occasion it to be destroy'd a third time. Being therefore educated among the Shepherds, he contracted a Love to *Oenone*; 'till hearing of *Helena*, he sail'd to *Sparta*, and carry'd her from thence

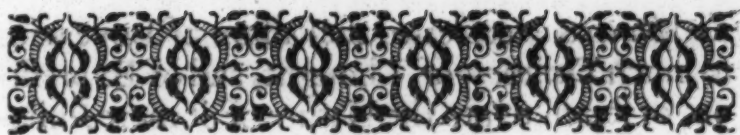
Advertissement.

to *Troy*. This caus'd the War of the Grecian Princes against *Troy*; among whom *Protesilaus* (the Husband of *Laodamia*) was the first that set foot on the Enemy's Ground, and was kill'd on the Spot. After the War had been continu'd nine Years, a Quarrel arising betwixt *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, the latter absented himself from the Army, and the former in revenge forc'd his Mistress *Briseis* from him. When *Troy* was taken, the Greeks returning homeward met with many Disasters. *Ulysses* was ten Years detain'd from *Ithaca*, while his Queen *Penelope* was afflicted by the Suitors in his Absence. *Demophoon* was hospitably receiv'd by *Phyllis*, whom after he had marry'd, he left, and pursu'd his Voyage home to *Athens*. *Agamemnon* himself at his Return to *Argos* was murder'd by his Wife, whom his Son *Orestes* kill'd, who was betroth'd to *Hermione*, the Daughter of *Helena*. About the same time *Aeneas* going in search of *Italy*, was detain'd by *Dido*, who stabb'd her self upon his Departure from *Carthage*.

The rest of the Subjects of *Ovid* have no Connexion with each other, neither can their Time be certainly fix'd; only *Hypermetra* is suppos'd to have liv'd some time before, and *Sappho* long after, all the rest.



T H E



The P R E F A C E,

By Mr. DRYDEN.

THE Life of *Ovid* being already written in our Language before the Translation of his *Metamorphoses*, I will not presume so far upon my self, to think I can add any thing to Mr. *Sandys* his Undertaking. The *English* Reader may there be satisfied, that he flourish'd in the Reign of *Augustus Cæsar*, that he was extracted from an ancient Family of *Roman* Knights; that he was born to the Inheritance of a splendid Fortune; that he was design'd to the Study of the Law, and had made considerable Progress in it, before he quitted that Profession, for this of *Poetry*, to which he was more naturally form'd. The Cause of his Banishment is unknown; because he was himself unwilling further to provoke the Emperor, by ascribing it to any other Reason, than what was pretended by *Augustus*, which was the Lasciviousness of his Elegies, and his Art of Love. 'Tis true, they are not to be excus'd in the Severity of Manners, as being able to corrupt a larger Empire, if there were any, than that of *Rome*; yet this may be said in behalf of *Ovid*, that

The PREFACE to

no Man has ever treated the Passion of Love with so much Delicacy of Thought, and of Expressi-
on, or search'd into the Nature of it more Philo-
sophically than he. And the Emperor who con-
demn'd him, had as little Reason as another Man
to punish that Fault with so much Severity, if at
least he were the Author of a certain *Epigram*,
which is ascrib'd to him, relating to the Cause of
the first Civil War betwixt himself and *Mark
Anthony* the Triumvir, which is more fulsome
than any Passage I have met with in our Poet. To
pass by the naked Familiarity of his Expressions
to *Horace*, which are cited in that Author's Life,
I need only mention one notorious Act of his, in
taking *Livia* to his Bed, when she was not only
married, but with Child by her Husband, then
living. But Deeds, it seems, may be justified by
Arbitrary Power, when Words are question'd in
a Poet. There is another Guefs of the *Gramma-
rians*, as far from Truth as the first from Reason;
they will have him banish'd for some Favours,
which they say he receiv'd from *Julia* the Daugh-
ter of *Augustus*, whom they think he celebrates
under the Name of *Corinna* in his Elegies: But
he who will observe the Verses which are made to
that Mistress, may gather from the whole Con-
texture of them, that *Corinna* was not a Woman
of the highest Quality: If *Julia* were then marri-
ed to *Agrippa*, why should our Poet make his Pe-
tition to *Isis*, for her safe Delivery, and afterwards
condole her Miscarriage; which, for ought he
knew, might be by her own Husband? Or in-
deed.

OVID'S EPISTLES.

deed how durst he be so bold to make the least Discovery of such a Crime, which was no less than capital; especially committed against a Person of *Agrippa's* Rank? Or if it were before her Marriage, he would surely have been more discreet, than to have publish'd an Accident, which must have been fatal to them both. But what most confirms me against this Opinion is, that *Ovid* himself complains that the true Person of *Corinna* was found out by the Fame of his Verses to her: Which if it had been *Julia*, he durst not have own'd; and beside, an immediate Punishment must have follow'd. He seems himself more truly to have touch'd at the Cause of his Exile in those obscure Verses.

Cur aliquid vidi, cur noxia Lumina feci? &c. Namely, that he had either seen, or was conscious to, somewhat, which had procur'd him his Disgrace. But neither am I satisfi'd that this was the Incest of the Emperor with his own Daughter: For *Augustus* was of a Nature too vindictive to have contented himself with so small a Revenge, or so unsafe to himself as that of simple Banishment, and would certainly have secur'd his Crimes from publick Notice by the Death of him who was witness to them. Neither have Histories given us any Sight into such an Action of this Emperor: Nor would he (the greatest Politician of his time) in all Probability, have manag'd his Crimes with so little Secresy, as not to shun the Observation of any Man. It seems more probable, that *Ovid* was either the Confi-

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The PREFACE to

dent of some other Passion, or that he had stumbled by some Inadvertency upon the Privacies of *Livia*, and seen her in a Bath : For the Words

Sine veste Dianam,

agree better with *Livia* who had the Fame of Chastity, than with either of the *Julia's*, who were both noted of Incontinency. The first Verses which were made by him in his Youth, and recited publicly, according to the Custom, were, as he himself assures us, to *Corinna* : His Banishment happen'd not 'till the Age of Fifty, from which it may be deduc'd, with Probability enough, that the Love of *Corinna* did not occasion it : Nay he tells us plainly, that his Offence was that of Error only, not of Wickedness : And in the same Paper of Verses also, that the Cause was notoriously known at *Rome*, though it be left so obscure to After-Ages.

But to leave Conjectures on a Subject so uncertain, and to write somewhat more authentick of this Poet : That he frequented the Court of *Augustus*, and was well receiv'd in it, is most undoubted : All his Poems bear the Character of a Court, and appear to be written as the *French* call it *Cavalierement* : Add to this, that the Titles of many of his Elegies, and more of his Letters in his Banishment, are address'd to Persons well known to us, even at this Distance, to have been considerable in that Court.

Nor was his Acquaintance less with the famous Poets of his Age, than with the Noble Men and Ladies ; he tells you himself, in a particular Account

OVID'S EPISTLES.

count of his own Life, that *Macer, Horace, Tibullus, Propertius*, and many others of them were his familiar Friends, and that some of them communicated their Writings to him, but that he had only seen *Virgil*.

If the Imitation of Nature be the Business of a Poet; I know no Author who can justly be compar'd with ours, especially in the Description of the Passions. And to prove this, I shall need no other Judges than the Generality of his Readers; for all Passions being inborn with us, we are almost equally Judges when we are concern'd in the Representation of them: Now I will appeal to any Man who has read this Poet, whether he finds not the natural Emotion of the same Passion in himself, which the Poet describes in his feign'd Persons? His Thoughts, which are the Pictures and Results of those Passions, are generally such as naturally arise from those disorderly Motions of our Spirits. Yet, not to speak too partially in his Behalf, I will confess that the Copiousness of his Wit was such, that he often writ too pointedly for his Subject, and made his Persons speak more eloquently than the Violence of their Passion would admit: So that he is frequently witty out of Season; leaving the Imitation of Nature, and the cooler Dictates of his Judgment, for the false Applause of Fancy. Yet he seems to have found out this Imperfection in his riper Age: For why else should he complain that his *Metamorphoses* was left unfinish'd? Nothing sure can be added to the Wit of that Poem.

The PREFACE to

or of the rest : But many Things ought to have been retrenched ; which I suppose would have been the Business of his Age, if his Misfortunes had not come too fast upon him. But take him uncorrected as he is transmitted to us, and it must be acknowledged, in spite of his *Dutch* Friends, the Commentators, even of *Julius Scaliger* himself, that *Seneca's* Censure will stand good against him,

Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere ;

he never knew how to give over, when he had done well, but continually varying the same Sense an hundred ways; and taking up in another Place, what he had more than enough inculcated before, he sometimes cloy's his Readers instead of satisfying them : And gives Occasion to his Translators, who dare not cover him, to blush at the Nakedness of their Father. This then is the Allay of *Ovid's* Writing, which is sufficiently recompenc'd by his other Excellencies ; nay this very Fault is not without its Beauties : For the most severe Censor cannot but be pleas'd with the Prodigality of his Wit, tho' at the same time he could have wish'd, that the Master of it had been a better Manager. Every thing which he does, becomes him, and if sometimes he appear too gay, yet there is a secret Gracefulness of Youth, which accompanies his Writings, though the Staidness and Sobriety of Age be wanting. In the most material Part, which is the Conduct, 'tis certain that he seldom has miscarried ; for if his Elegies be compar'd with those of *Tibullus* and

OVID'S EPISTLES.

and *Propertius*, his Contemporaries, it will be found that those Poets seldom design'd before they writ: And though the Language of *Tibullus* be more polish'd, and the Learning of *Propertius*, especially in his Fourth Book, more set out to Ostentation; yet their common Practice was to look no further before them than the next Line; whence it will inevitably follow, that they can drive to no certain Point, but ramble from one Subject to another, and conclude with somewhat which is not of a piece with their Beginning:

Purpureus latè qui splendeat; unus & alter

Affuitur pannus—

As *Horace* says,

though the Verses are golden, they are but patch'd into the Garment. But our Poet has always the Goal in his Eye, which directs him in his Race; some beautiful Design, which he first establishes, and then contrives the Means, which will naturally conduct him to his End. This will be evident to judicious Readers in this Work of his Epistles, of which somewhat, at least in general, will be expected.

The Title of them in our late Editions is *Epistola Heroidum*, The Letters of the Heroines. But *Heinsius* has judg'd more truly; that the Inscription of our Author was barely, *Epistles*; which he concludes from his cited Verses, where *Ovid* asserts this Work as his own Invention, and not borrow'd from the *Greeks*, whom (as the Masters of their Learning,) the *Romans* usually did imitate. But it appears not from their Wri-

ters,

The PREFACE to

ters, that any of the *Grecians* ever touch'd upon this Way, which our Poet therefore justly has vindicated to himself. I quarrel not at the Word *Heroidum*, because 'tis us'd by *Ovid* in his Art of Love :

Jupiter ad veteres supplex Heroidas ibat.

But sure he cou'd not be guilty of such an Overfight, to call his Work by the Name of *Heroines*, when there are divers Men or *Heroes*, as namely *Paris*, *Leander*, and *Acontius*, join'd in it. Except *Sabinus* who writ some Answers to *Ovid's* Letters,

(Quam celer è toto rediit meus orbe Sabinus.)

I remember not any of the *Romans* who have treated on this Subject, save only *Propertius*, and that but once, in his Epistle of *Arethusa* to *Lycotas*, which is written so near the Style of *Ovid*, that it seems to be but an Imitation, and therefore ought not to defraud our Poet of the Glory of his Invention.

Concerning this Work of the Epistles, I shall content my self to observe these few Particulars. First, that they are generally granted to be the most perfect Piece of *Ovid*, and that the Style of them is tenderly passionate and courtly ; two Properties well agreeing with the Persons, which were *Heroines*, and *Lovers*. Yet where the Characters were lower, as in *OEnone*, and *Hero*, he has kept close to Nature, in drawing his Images after a Country Life, though perhaps he has Romaniz'd his *Grecian* Dames too much, and made them speak sometimes as if they had been born
in

OVID's EPISTLES.

in the City of *Rome*, and under the Empire of *Augustus*. There seems to be no great Variety in the particular Subjects which he has chosen; most of the Epistles being written from Ladies who were forsaken by their Lovers: Which is the Reason that many of the same Thoughts come back upon us in divers Letters: But of the general Character of Women, which is Modesty, he has taken a most becoming Care: For his amorous Expressions go no further than Virtue may allow, and therefore may be read, as he intended them, by Matrons without a Blush.

Thus much concerning the Poet: Whom you find translated by divers Hands, that you may at least have that Variety in the *English*, which the Subject denied to the Author of the *Latin*. It remains that I should say somewhat of Poetical Translations in general, and give my Opinion (with Submission to better Judgments) which way of Version seems to me most proper.

All Translation I suppose may be reduc'd to these three Heads:—

First, That of Metaphrase, or turning an Author Word by Word, and Line by Line, from one Language into another. Thus, or near this manner, was *Horace* his Art of Poetry translated by *Ben Johnson*. The second Way is that of Paraphrase, or Translation with Latitude, where the Author is kept in View by the Translator, so as never to be lost, but his Words are not so strictly follow'd as his Sense, and that too is admitted to be amplified, but not alter'd. Such is Mr. *Waller's*

The PREFACE to

Waller's Translation of *Kirgil's* Fourth *Æneid*.
The third Way is that of Imitation, where the Translator (if now he has not lost that Name) assumes the Liberty not only to vary from the Words and Sense, but to forsake them both as he sees Occasion: And taking only some general Hints from the Original, to run Division on the Ground-work, as he pleases. Such is Mr. Cowley's Practice in turning two Odes of *Pindar*, and one of *Horace*, into *English*.

Concerning the first of these Methods, our Master *Horace* has given us this Caution,

Nec verbum verba curabis reddere fidus

Interpres-----

Not Word for Word too faithfully translate;
as the Earl of *Roscommon* has excellently render'd it. Too faithfully is indeed pedantically: 'Tis a Faith like that which proceeds from Superstition, blind and zealous: Take it in the Expression, of Sir *John Denham*, to Sir *Rich. Fanshawe*, on his Version of the *Pastor-Fidos*.

*That servile Path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing Word by Word, and Line by Line,
A new and nobler Way thou dost pursue,
To make Translations and Translators too:
They but preserve the Ashes, thou the Flame,
True to his Sense, but truer to his Fame.*

'Tis almost impossible to translate verbally, and well, at the same time; for the *Latin* (a most severe and compendious Language) often expresses that in one Word, which either the Barbarity, or the Narrowness of modern Tongues cannot sup-

OVID's EPISTLES.

ply in more. 'Tis frequent also that the Conceit is couch'd in some Expression, which will be lost in *English*.

Atque iidem Venti vela fidemque ferent.

What Poet of our Nation is so happy as to express this Thought literally in *English*, and to strike Wit or almost Sense out of it?

In short, the verbal Copier is incumber'd with so many Difficulties at once, that he can never disintangle himself from all. He is to consider at the same time the Thought of his Author and his Words, and to find out the Counterpart to each in another Language: And besides this, he is to confine himself to the Compass of Numbers, and the Slavery of Rhime. 'Tis much like dancing on Ropes with fetter'd Legs: A Man can shun a Fall by using Caution, but the Gracefulness of Motion is not to be expected: And when we have said the best of it, 'tis but a foolish Task; for no sober Man would put himself into a Danger for the Applause of 'scaping without breaking his Neck. We see *Ben Johnson* could not avoid Obscurity in his literal Translation of *Horace*, attempted in the same Compass of Lines: Nay *Horace* himself could scarce have done it to a Greek Poet.

Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio.

either Peripicuity or Gracefulness will frequently be wanting. *Horace* has indeed avoided both these Rocks in his Translation of the three first Lines of *Homer's Odyssey*, which he has contracted into two.

Dic

The PREFACE to

*Dic mihi Musa Virum capta post tempora Trojæ
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.*

*Muse, speak the Man, who since the Siege of Troy,
So many Towns, such Change of Manners saw.*

Earl of Rosb.

But then the Sufferings of *Ulysses*, which are a considerable part of that Sentence, are omitted.

[*O: μέγα πολλὰ παῖς χεν :]

The Consideration of these Difficulties, in a fervile, litteral Translation, not long since made two of our famous Wits, Sir *John Denham*, and Mr. *Cowley*, to contrive another way of turning Authors into our Tongue, call'd by the latter of them, *Imitation*. As they were Friends, I suppose they communicated their Thoughts on this Subject to each other, and therefore their Reasons for it are little different: Though the Practice of one is much more moderate. I take Imitation of an Author, in their Sense, to be an Endeavour of a later Poet to write like one who has written before him on the same Subject: That is, not to translate his Words, or to be confin'd to his Sense, but only to set him as a Pattern, and to write, as he supposes that Author would have done, had he liv'd in our Age, and in our Country. Yet I dare not say that either of them have carried this libertine way of rendering Authors (as Mr. *Cowley* calls it) so far as my Definition reaches. For in the *Pindarick Odes*, the Customs and Ceremonies of ancient Greece are still preserv'd: But I know not what Mischief may arise hereafter from the Example of such an Innovation,

OVID'S EPISTLES.

vation, when Writers of unequal Parts to him shall imitate so bold an Undertaking. To add and to diminish what we please, which is the way avow'd by him, ought only to be granted to Mr. Cowley, and that too only in his Translation of *Pindar*, because he alone was able to make him amends, by giving him better of his own, whenever he refus'd his Author's Thoughts. *Pindar* is generally known to be a dark Writer, to want Connexion (I mean as to our Understanding) to soar out of Sight, and leave his Reader at a Gaze: So wild and ungovernable a Poet cannot be translated literally, his Genius is too strong to bear a Chain, and *Sampson* like he shakes it off: A Genius so elevated and unconfin'd as Mr. Cowley's, was but necessary to make *Pindar* speak English, and that was to be perform'd by no other way than Imitation. But if *Virgil*, or *Ovid*, or any regular intelligible Authors be thus us'd, 'tis no longer to be call'd their Work, when neither the Thoughts nor Words are drawn from the Original: But instead of them there is something new produc'd, which is almost the Creation of another Hand. By this way, 'tis true, somewhat that is excellent may be invented, perhaps more excellent than the first Design, though *Virgil* must be still excepted, when that perhaps takes Place: Yet he who is inquisitive to know an Author's Thoughts, will be disappointed in his Expectation. And 'tis not always that a Man will be contented to have a Present made him, when he expects the Payment of a Debt. To
state.

The PREFACE to

state it fairly, Imitation of an Author is the most advantageous way for a Translator to shew himself, but the greatest Wrong which can be done to the Memory and Reputation of the Dead. Sir *John Denham* (who advis'd more Liberty than he took himself,) gives his Reason for his Innovation, in his admirable Preface before the Translation of the second *Aeneid*. *Poetry is of so subtil a Spirit, that in pouring out of one Language into another, it will all Evaporate; and if a new Spirit be not added in the Transfusion, there will remain nothing but a Caput Mortuum.* I confess this Argument holds good against a literal Translation; but who defends it? Imitation and Verbal Version are in my Opinion the two Extremes, which ought to be avoided: And therefore, when I have propos'd the Mean betwixt them, it will be seen how far his Argument will reach.

No Man is capable of translating Poetry, who, besides a Genius to that Art, is not a Master both of his Author's Language, and of his own: Nor must we understand the Language only of the Poet, but his particular Turn of Thoughts, and Expression, which are the Characters that distinguish, and as it were individuate him from all other Writers: When we are come thus far, 'tis time to look into our selves, to conform our Genius to his, to give his Thought either the same Turn, if our Tongue will bear it, or if not, to vary but the Dress, not to alter or destroy the Substance. The like
Care.

OVID'S EPISTLES.

Care must be taken of the more outward Ornaments, the Words; when they appear (which is but seldom) literally graceful, it were an Injury to the Author that they should be chang'd: But since every Language is so full of its own Proprieties, that what is Beautiful in one, is often Barbarous, nay sometimes Nonsense in another, it would be unreasonable to limit a Translator to the narrow Compass of his Author's Words: 'Tis enough if he chuse out some Expression which does not viciate the Sense. I suppose he may stretch his Chain to such a Latitude, but by Innovation of Thoughts, methinks he breaks it. By this Means the Spirit of an Author may be transfus'd, and yet not lost: And thus 'tis plain, that the Reason alledged by Sir *John Denham*, has no farther Force than to Expression: For Thought, if it be translated truly, cannot be lost in another Language, but the Words that convey it to our Apprehension (which are the Image and Ornament of that Thought) may be so ill chosen as to make it appear in an unhandsom Dress, and rob it of its native Lustre. There is therefore a Liberty to be allow'd for the Expression, neither is it necessary that Words and Lines should be confin'd to the Measure of their Original. The Sense of an Author, generally speaking, is to be Sacred and Inviolable. If the Fancy of *Ovid* be luxuriant, 'tis his Character to be so, and if I retrench it, he is no longer *Ovid*. It will be reply'd, that he receives Advantage by this lopping of his superfluous Branches; but I rejoin, that

The PREFACE to

that a Translator has no such Right. When a Painter Copies from the Life, I suppose he has no Privilege to alter Features, and Lineaments, under Pretence that his Picture will look better; perhaps the Face which he has drawn would be more exact, if the Eyes or Nose were alter'd, but 'tis his Business to make it resemble the Original. In two Cases only there may a seeming Difficulty arise, that is, if the Thought be notoriously trivial or dishonest: But the same Answer will serve for both, that then they ought not to be Translated.

-----*Et quæ*

Desperes tractata nitefcere posse, relinquas.

Thus I have ventur'd to give my Opinion on this Subject against the Authority of two great Men, but I hope without Offence to either of their Memories, for I both lov'd them living, and reverence them now they are dead. But if after what I have urg'd, it be thought by better Judges, that the Praise of a Translation consists in adding new Beauties to the Piece, thereby to recompence the Loss which it sustains by change of Language, I shall be willing to be taught better, and to recant. In the mean time it seems to me, that the true Reason why we have so few Versions which are tolerable, is not from the too close pursuing of the Author's Sense; but because there are so few who have all the Talents which are requisite for Translation; and that there is so little Praise and so small Encouragement for so considerable a Part of Learning.

To

OVID's EPISTLES.

To apply, in short, what has been said to this present Work ; the Reader will here find most of the Translations, with some little Latitude or Variation from the Author's Sense : That of *OEnone to Paris*, is in Mr. *Cowley's* way of Imitation only. I was desir'd to say that the Author, who is of the *Fair Sex*, understood not *Latin*. But if she does not, I am afraid she has given us occasion to be asham'd who do.

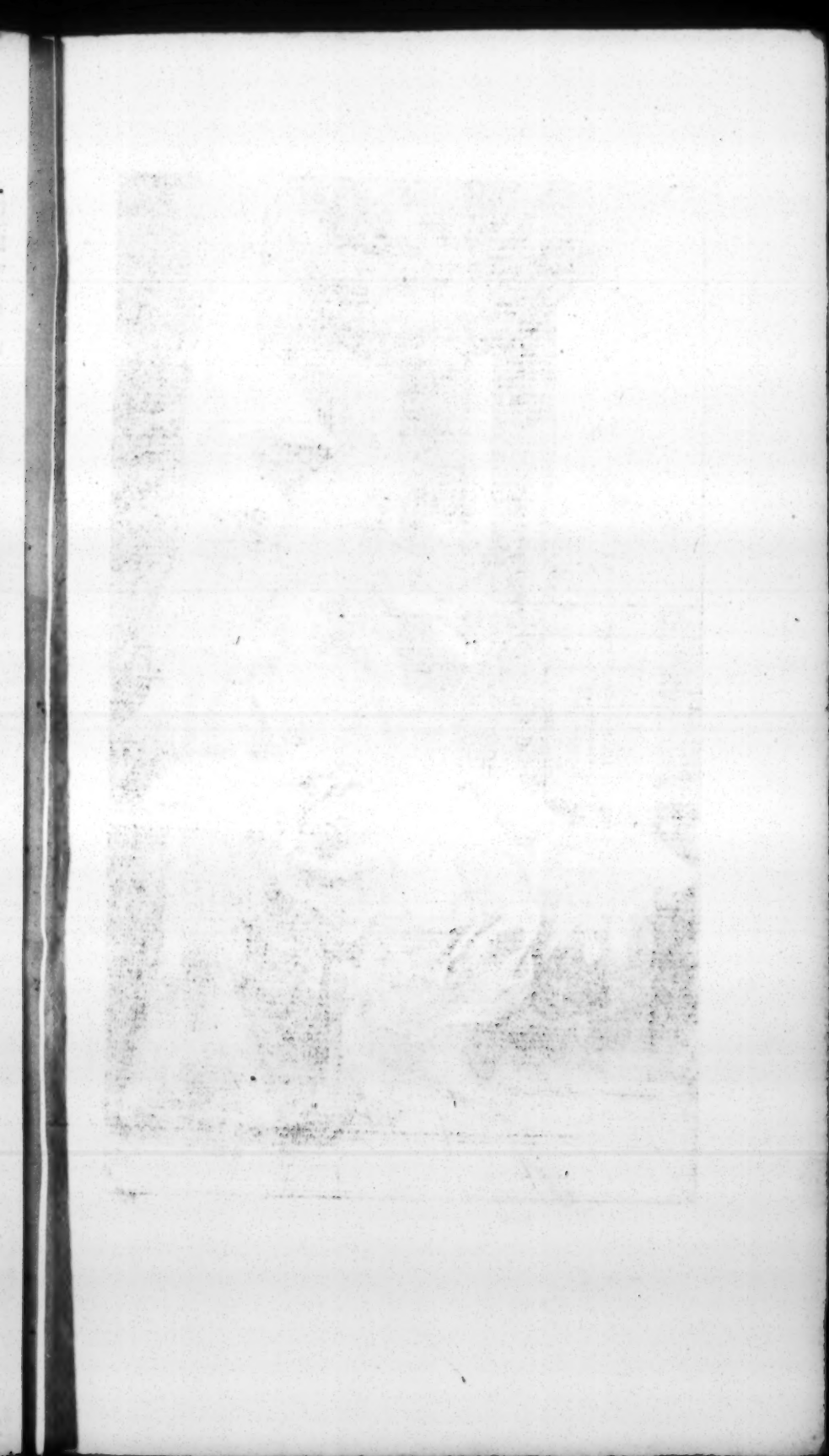
For my own Part I am ready to acknowledge, that I have transgress'd the Rules which I have given ; and taken more Liberty than a just Translation will allow. But so many Gentlemen, whose Wit and Learning are well known, being join'd in it, I doubt not but their Excellencies will make you ample Satisfaction for my Errors.



T H E

T H E T A B L E.

1	<i>Sapho to Phaon.</i> By Sir Carr Scroop.	Page 1
2	The same wholly Translated by Mr. Pope.	5
3	<i>Canace to Macareus.</i> Mr. Dryden	14
4	<i>Phillis to Demophoon.</i> Edward Poley, Esq;	20
5	The same by Ed. Floyd.	27
6	<i>Hypermetra to Linus.</i> Mr. Wright.	33
7	<i>Ariadne to Theseus.</i>	38
8	<i>Hermione to Orestes.</i> John Pultney, Esq;	44
9	<i>Leander to Hero</i>	49
10	<i>Hero to Leander</i> } Mr. Tate.	54
11	<i>Laodamia to Protefilaus.</i> Tho. Flatman, Esq;	59
12	<i>OEnone to Paris.</i> Mr. Cooper.	65
13	<i>A Paraphrase on OEnone to Paris.</i> Mrs. Behn.	72
14	<i>Paris to Helena.</i> Mr. Duke.	83
15	<i>Helena to Paris.</i> Earl of Mulgrave, and Mr. Dryden.	98
16	<i>Penelope to Ulysses.</i> Mr. Rhymers.	107
17	The same by Mrs. Wharton.	112
18	<i>Hyppisyle to Jason.</i> Mr. Settle.	118
19	<i>Medea to Jason.</i> Mr. Tate.	124
20	<i>Phadra to Hyppolytus.</i> Mr. Otway.	132
21	<i>Dido to Æneas.</i> Mr. Dryden.	139
22	The same by another Hand.	147
23	<i>Briseis to Achilles.</i> Sir John Caryl.	154
24	<i>Dejanira to Hercules.</i> Mr. Oldmixon.	161
25	The same by another Hand.	170
26	<i>Acontius to Cydippe.</i> Mr. Duke.	175
27	<i>Cydippe to Acontius.</i> Mr. Butler.	183
28	<i>Ulysses to Penelope.</i>	191
29	<i>Demophoon to Phillis.</i> } Mr. Salusbury.	196
30	<i>Paris to OEnone.</i>	201







SAPHO to PHAON.

By the Honourable Sir CARR. SCROPE, Bar.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Poetess Sappho, forsaken by her Lover Phaon, (who was gone from Lesbos to Sicily) and resolv'd, in Despair, to drown her self, writes this Letter to him before she dies.



W H I L E Phaon to the flaming *Æna* flies,
Consum'd, with no less Fires, poor *Sappho*
dies.

I burn, I burn, like kindled Fields of
Corn,

When by the driving Winds the Flames
are born.

My Muse and Lute can now no longer please,
They are th' Employments of a Mind at ease.
Wand'ring from Thought to Thought I sit alone
All Day, and my once dear Companions shun.
In vain the *Lesbian* Maids claim each a part,
Where thou alone hast ta'en up all the Heart.
Ah lovely Youth! how canst thou cruel prove,
When blooming Years and Beauty bids thee love?





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W H I L E Phaon to the Flaming *Aena* flies,
Consum'd, with no less Fires, poor *Sappho*
dies.

I burn, I burn, like kindled Fields of
Corn,

When by the driving Winds the Flames
are born.

My Muse and Lute can now no longer please,
They are th' Employments of a Mind at ease.
Wand'ring from Thought to Thought I sit alone
All Day, and my once dear Companions shun.
In vain the *Lesbian* Maids claim each a part,
Where thou alone hast ta'en up all the Heart.
Ah lovely Youth! how canst thou cruel prove,
When blooming Years and Beauty bids thee love?

If none but equal Charms thy Heart can bind,
 Then to thy self alone thou must be kind.
 Yet worthless as I am, there was a Time,
 When *Phaon* thought me worthy his Esteem.
 A thousand tender Things to Mind I call,
 For they who truly love remember all.
 Delighted with the Musick of my Tongue,
 Upon my Words with silent Joy he hung.
 And snatching Kisses, stopp'd me as I sung.
 Kisses, whose melting touch his Soul did move,
 The Earnest of the coming Joys of Love.
 Then tender Words, short Sighs, and thousand Charms
 Of wanton Arts endear'd me to his Arms;
 'Till both expiring with tumultuous Joys,
 A gentle Faintness did our Limbs surprize.
 Beware, *Sicilian* Ladies, ah! beware
 How you receive my faithless Wanderer.
 You too will be abus'd, if you believe
 The flatt'ring Words that he so well can give.
 Loose to the Winds, I let my flowing Hair
 No more with fragrant Scents perfume the Air,
 But all my Dress discovers wild Despair.
 For whom, alas! should now my Art be shown?
 The only Man I car'd to please is gone.
 Oh let me once more see those Eyes of thine.
 Thy Love I ask not, do but suffer mine.
 Thou might'st at least have ta'en thy last Farewel,
 And feign'd a Sorrow which thou didst not feel.
 No kind remembring Pledge was ask'd by thee,
 And nothing left but Injuries with me.
 Witness, ye Gods, with what a Death-like Cold
 My Heart was seiz'd, when first thy Flight was told.

Speech.

Speechless and stupid for a while I lay,
 And neither Words nor Tears could find their way.
 But when my swelling Passion forc'd a vent,
 With Hair dishevel'd, Clothes in pieces rent;
 Like some mad Mother thro' the Streets I run,
 Who to his Grave attends her only Son.
 Expos'd to all the World my self I see,
 Forgetting Virtue, Fame, and all but thee;
 So ill, alas! do Love and Shame agree!
 'Tis thou alone that art my constant Care,
 In pleasing Dreams thou comfort'st my Despair;
 And mak'st the Night, that does thy Form convey,
 Welcome to me above the fairest Day.
 Then 'spite of Absence, I thy Love enjoy;
 In close Embraces lock'd methinks we lye;
 Thy tender Words I hear, thy Kisses feel,
 With all the Joys that Shame forbids to tell,
 But when I waking miss thee from my Bed,
 And all my pleasing Images are fled;
 The dear deluding Vision to retain,
 I lay me down, and try to sleep again.
 Soon as I rise I haunt the Caves and Groves,
 (Those conscious Scenes of our once happy Loves)
 There like some frantick *Bacchanal* I walk,
 And to my self with sad Distraction talk,
 Then big with Grief I throw me on the Ground,
 And view the melancholy *Grotto* round,
 Whose hanging Roof of Moss and craggy Stone
 Delights my Eyes above the brightest Throne;
 But when I spy the Bank, whose grassie Bed
 Retains the Print our weary Bodies made;

On thy forsaken side I lay me down,
 And with a show'r of Tears the Place I drown.
 The Trees are wither'd all since thou art gone,
 As if for thee they put their Mourning on.
 No warbling *Bird* does now with Musick fill
 The Woods, except the mournful *Philomel*.
 With hers my dismal Notes all Night agree,
 Of *Tereus* she complains, and I of thee,
 Ungentle Youth! didst thou but see me mourn,
 Hard as thou art, thou wou'dst, thou wou'dst return.
 My constant falling Tears the Paper stain,
 And my weak Hand can scarce direct my Pen.
 Oh could thy Eyes but reach my dreadful State,
 As now I stand prepar'd for sudden Fate,
 Thou cou'dst not see this naked Breast of mine
 Dasht against Rocks, rather than join'd to thine.
 Peace, *Sapho*, peace! thou send'st thy fruitless Cries
 To one more hard than Rocks, more deaf than Seas,
 The flying Winds bear thy Complaints away,
 But none will ever back his Sails convey.
 No longer then thy hopeless Love attend,
 But let thy Life here with thy Letter end.





SAPHO to PHAON.

Wholly Translated,

By Mr. P O P E.

SAY, lovely Youth, that dost my Heart command;
 Can *Phaon's* Eyes forget his *Sapho's* Hand?
 Must then her Name the wretched Writer prove
 To thy Remembrance lost, as to thy Love!
 Ask not the Cause that I new Numbers chuse,
 The Lute neglected, and the Lyric Muse;
 Love taught my Tears in sadder Notes to flow,
 And tun'd my Heart to Elegies of Woe.
 I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd Corn
 By driving Winds the spreading Flames are born!
Phaon to *Ætna's* scorching Fields retires,
 While I consume with more than *Ætna's* Fires!
 No more my Soula Charm in Musick finds,
 Musick has Charms alone for peaceful Minds:
 Soft Scenes of Solitude no more can please,
 Love enters there, and I'm my own Disease:
 No more the *Lesbian* Dames my Passion move,
 Once the dear Objects of my guilty Love;
 All other Loves are lost in only thine,
 Ah Youth ungrateful to a Flame like mine!

Whom wou'd not all those blooming Charms surprize,
 Those heav'nly Looks, and dear deluding Eyes?
 The Harp and Bow wou'd you like *Phæbus* bear,
 A brighter *Phæbus*, *Phaon* might appear;
 Wou'd you with Ivy wreath your flowing Hair,
 Not *Bacchus*' self with *Phaon* cou'd compare:
 Yet *Phæbus* lov'd, and *Bacchus* felt the Flame,
 One *Daphne* warm'd, and one the *Cretan* Dame;
 Nymphs that in Verse no more cou'd rival me,
 Than ev'n those Gods contend in Charms with thee.
 The Muses teach me all their softest Lays,
 And the wide World resounds with *Sapho*'s Praise.
 Tho' great *Alcæus* more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder Rage the sounding Strings,
 No less Renown attends the moving Lyre,
 Which *Cupid* tunes, and *Venus* does inspire.
 To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd
 Is well by Wit's more lasting Charms supply'd.
 Tho' short my Stature, yet my Name extends
 To Heav'n it self, and Earth's remotest Ends.
 Brown as I am, an *Æthiopian* Dame
 Inspir'd young *Perseus* with a gen'rous Flame,
 Turtles and Doves of differing Hues, unite,
 And glossy Jett is pair'd with shining White.
 If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart resign,
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas! by none thou can'st be mov'd,
Phaon alone by *Phaon* must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy *Sapho* cou'd thy Cares employ,
 Once in her Arms you center'd all your Joy:
 Still all those Joys to my Remembrance move,
 For oh! how vast a Memory has Love?

My

My Musick, then you cou'd for ever hear,
 And all my Words, were Musick to your Ear.
 You stop'd with Kisses my enchanting Tongue,
 And found my Kisses sweeter than my Song.
 In all I pleas'd but most in what was best;
 And the last Joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each Word, each Glance, each Motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
 Till all dissolving in the Trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous Raptures dy'd away.
 The fair *Sicilians* now thy Soul inflame,
 Why was I born ye Gods, a *Lesbian* Dame?
 But ah beware, *Sicilian* Nymphs! nor boast
 That wandring Heart which I so lately lost;
 Nor be with all those tempting Words abus'd,
 Those tempting Words were all to *Sapho* us'd.
 And you that rule *Sicilia's* happy Plains,
 Have pity, *Venus*, on your Poet's Pains!
 Shall Fortune still in one sad Tenor run,
 And still increase the Woes so soon begun?
 Enur'd to Sorrows from my tender Years,
 My Parent's Ashes drank my early Tears;
 My Brother next, neglecting Wealth and Fame,
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive Flame;
 An Infant Daughter late my Griefs increas'd,
 And all a Mother's Cares distract my Breast.
 Alas, what more could Fate it self impose,
 But Thee, the last and greatest of my Woes?
 No more my Robes in waving Purple flow,
 Nor on my Hand the sparkling Diamonds glow;
 No more my Locks in Ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of *Arabian* Dews,

No Braids of Gold the vary'd Tresses bind,
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton Wind:
 For whom shou'd *Sapho* use such Arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
Cupid's light Darts my tender Bosom move,
 Still is there Cause for *Sapho* still to love:
 So from my Birth the *Sisters* fixt my Doom,
 And gave to *Venus* all my Life to come;
 Or while my Muse in melting Notes complains,
 My Heart relents, and answers to my Strains.
 By Charms like thine which all my Soul have won,
 Who might not— ah! who wou'd not be undone?
 For those *Aurora Cephalus* might scorn,
 And with fresh Blushes paint the conscious Morn.
 For those might *Cynthia* lighten *Phaon's* Sleep,
 And bid *Endymion* nightly tend his Sheep,
Venus for those had rapt thee to the Skies,
 But *Mars* on thee might look with *Venus's* Eyes.
 O scarce a Youth, yet scarce a tender Boy!
 O useful Time for Lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy Age, and Glory of thy Race,
 Come to these Arms, and melt in this Embrace!
 The Vows you never will return, receive:
 And take at least the Love thou wilt not give.
 See, while I write, my Words are lost in Tears;
 The less my Sense, the more my Love appears.
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind Adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you)
Farewel my Lesbian Love! you might have said,
 Or coldly thus, *Farewel oh Lesbian Maid!*
 No Tear did you, no parting Kiss receive,
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.

No Gift on thee thy *Sapho* cou'd confer,
 And Wrongs and Woes were all you left with her.
 No Charge I gave you, and no Charge cou'd give,
 But this; *Be mindful of our Loves, and live.*
 Now by the Nine, those Pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love; the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my Joys with you,
 Like some sad Statue, speechless, pale, I stood;
 Grief chill'd my Breast, and stop'd my freezing Blood;
 No Sigh to rise, no Tear had Pow'r to flow;
 Fix'd in a stupid Le'hargy of Woe.
 But when its way th' impetuous Passion found,
 I rend my Tresses, and my Breasts I wound,
 I rave, then weep, I curse, and then complain,
 Now swell to Rage, now melt in Tears again,
 Not fiercer Pangs distract the mournful Dame,
 Whose first-born Infant feeds the Fun'ral Flames
 My Scornful Brother with a Smile appears,
 Insults my Woes, and triumphs in my Tears,
 His hated Image ever haunts my Eyes,
 And *why this Grief? thy Daughter live;* he cries.
 Stung with my Love, and furious with Despair,
 All torn my Garments, and my Bosom bare,
 My Woes, thy Crimes, I to the World proclaim;
 Such inconsistent Things are Love and Shame!
 'Tis thou art all my Care, and my Delight;
 My daily Longing, and my Dream by Night:
 O Night more pleasing than the brightest Day,
 When Fancy gives what Absence takes away,
 And drest in all its visionary Charms,
 Restores my fair-Deserter to my Arms!

Then round your Neck in wanton Wreaths I twine,
Then you, methinks, as fondly cirele mine :
A thousand tender Words I hear and speak ;
A thousand melting Kisses, give, and take :
Then fiercer Joys—— I blush to mention these,
Yet while I blush confess how much they please !
But when with Day the sweet Delusions fly,
And all things wake to Life and Joy, but I,
As if once more forsaken, I complain,
And close my Eyes, to dream of you again.
Then frantick rise, and like some Fury rove
Thro' lonely Plains, and thro' the silent Grove,
As if the silent Grove, and lonely Plains,
That knew my Pleasures, cou'd relieve my Pains.
I view the *Grotto*, once the Scene of Love,
The Rocks around, the hanging Roots above,
Which charm'd me more, with Native Moss o'ergrown,
Than *Phrygian* Marble or the *Parian* Stone.
I find the Shades that did our Joys conceal,
Not him, who made me love those Shades so well !
Here the prest Herbs with bending tops betray
Where oft entwinn'd in am'rous Folds we lay ;
I kiss that Earth which once was prest by you,
And all with Tears the with'ring Herbs bedew.
For thee the fading Trees appear to mourn,
And Birds defer their Songs 'till thy Return :
Night shades the Groves, and all in Silence lye,
All but the mournful *Philomel* and I,
With mournful *Philomel* I join my Strain,
Of *Tereus* she, of *Phaon* I complain.

A Spring there is, whose Silver Waters show,
Clear as a Glass, the shining Sands below ;

A flow'ry *Lotos* spreads its Arms above,
 Shades all the Banks, and seems it self a Grove;
 Eternal Greens the mossie Margin grace,
 Watch'd by the Sylvan *Genius* of the Place.
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with Tears the Flood,
 Before my Sight a watry Virgin stood.
 She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain !"
 " Fly hence ; and seek the far *Leucadian* Main
 " There stands a Rock from whose impending Steeps
 " *Apollo's* Fane surveys the rolling Deep ;
 " There injur'd Lovers, leaping from above,
 " Their Flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 " *Deucalion* once with hopeless Fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless *Pyrrha* scorn'd ;
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the Main,
 " *Deucalion* scorn'd, and *Pyrrha* lov'd in vain.
 " Hastе, *Sapho*, haste, from high *Leucadia* throw
 " Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps below !
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the Voice—I rise,
 And silent Tears fall trickling from my Eyes.
 I go, ye Nymphs ! those Rocks and Seas to prove ;
 How much I fear, but ah ! how much I love !
 I go, ye Nymphs ! where furious Love inspires
 Let Female Fears submit to Female Fires !
 To Rocks and Seas I fly from *Phaon's* Hate,
 And hope from Seas and Rocks a milder Fate.
 Ye gentle Gales, beneath my Body blow,
 And softly lay me on the Waves below !
 And thou, kind *Love*, my sinking Limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft Wings, and waite me o'er the Main,
 Nor let a Lover's Death the guiltless Flood profane !

On *Phæbus*' Shrine my Harp I'll then bestow,
 And this Inscription shall be plac'd below.
 " Here she who sung, to Him that did inspire,
 " *Sapho* to *Phæbus* consecrates her Lyre,
 " What suits with *Sapho*, *Phæbus*, suits with thee;
 " The Gift, the Giver, and the God agree.

But why alas, relentless Youth! ah why
 To distant Seas must tender *Sapho* fly?
 Thy Charms than those may far more pow'rful be,
 And *Phæbus*' self is less a God to me.

Ah! canst thou doom me to the Rocks and Sea,
 O far more faithless and more hard than they?
 Ah! can'st thou rather see this tender Breast
 Dash'd on sharp Rocks, than to thy Bosom prest?
 This Breast, which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
 Where the *Loves* play'd, and where the *Muses* dwell—
 Alas! the *Muses* now no more inspire;

Untun'd my Lute, and silent is my Lyre;
 My languid Numbers have forgot to flow,
 And Fancy sinks beneath a Weight of Woe.
 Ye *Lesbian* Virgins, and ye *Lesbian* Dames,
 Themes of my Verse, and Objects of my Flames,
 No more your Groves with my glad Songs shall ring,
 No more these Hands shall touch the trembling String;
 Since *Phaon* fled, I all those Joys resign,
 Wretch that I am, I'd almost call'd him mine!
 Return fair Youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my Soul, and Vigour to my Song!
 Absent from thee, the Poet's Flame expires,
 But ah! how fiercely burn the Lover's Fires?
 Gods! can no Pray'rs, no Sighs, no Numbers move
 One savage Heart, or teach it how to love?

The Winds my Pray'rs, my Sighs, my Numbers bear,
The flying Winds have lost them all in Air!
Oh when, alas! shall more auspicious Gales
To these fond Eyes restore thy welcome Sails?
If you return——ah why these long Delays?
Poor *Sapho* dies while careless *Phaon* stays.
O launch thy Bark, nor fear the watry Plain,
Venus for thee shall smooth her native Main.
O launch thy Bark, secure of prosperous Gales,
For thee shall *Cupid* spread the swelling Sails.
If you will fly——(yet ah! what Cause can be,
Too cruel Youth, that you shou'd fly from me?)
If not from *Phaon* I must hope for Ease,
Ah let me seek it from the raging Seas:
From thee to those, unpity'd, I'll remove,
And either cease to live, or cease to love!





CANACE to MACAREUS.

By Mr. D R Y D E N.

The A R G U M E N T.

Macareus and Canace, Son and Daughter to Æolus, God of the Winds, lov'd each other incestuously: Canace was deliver'd of a Son, and committed him to her Nurse, to be secretly convey'd away. The Infant crying out, by that means was discover'd to Æolus, who, inrag'd at the Wickedness of his Children, commanded the Babe to be expos'd to Wild Beasts on the Mountains: And withal, sent a Sword to Canace, with this Message, That her Crimes would instruct her how to use it. With this Sword she slew her self: But before she dy'd, she writ the following Letter to her Brother Macareus, who had taken Sanctuary in the Temple of Apollo.

IF streaming Blood my fatal Letter stain,
 Imagine, e'e you read, the Writer slain;
 One Hand the Sword, and one the Pen employs,
 And in my Lap the ready Paper lyes.
 Think in this Posture thou behold'st me write:
 In this my cruel Father would delight.
 O were he present, that his Eyes and Hands
 Might see and urge the Death which he commands;
 Than all the raging Winds more dreadful, he,
 Unmov'd, without a Tear my Wound would see.

Yours





CANACE to MACAREUS.

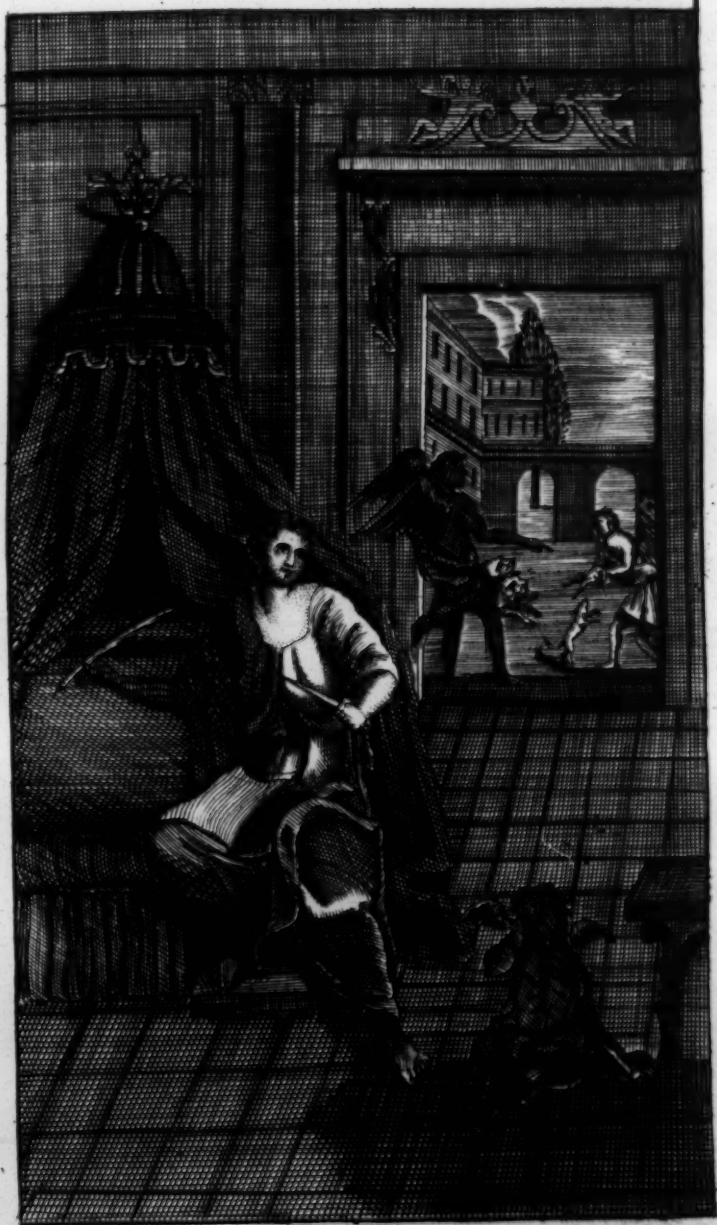
By Mr. D R Y D E N.

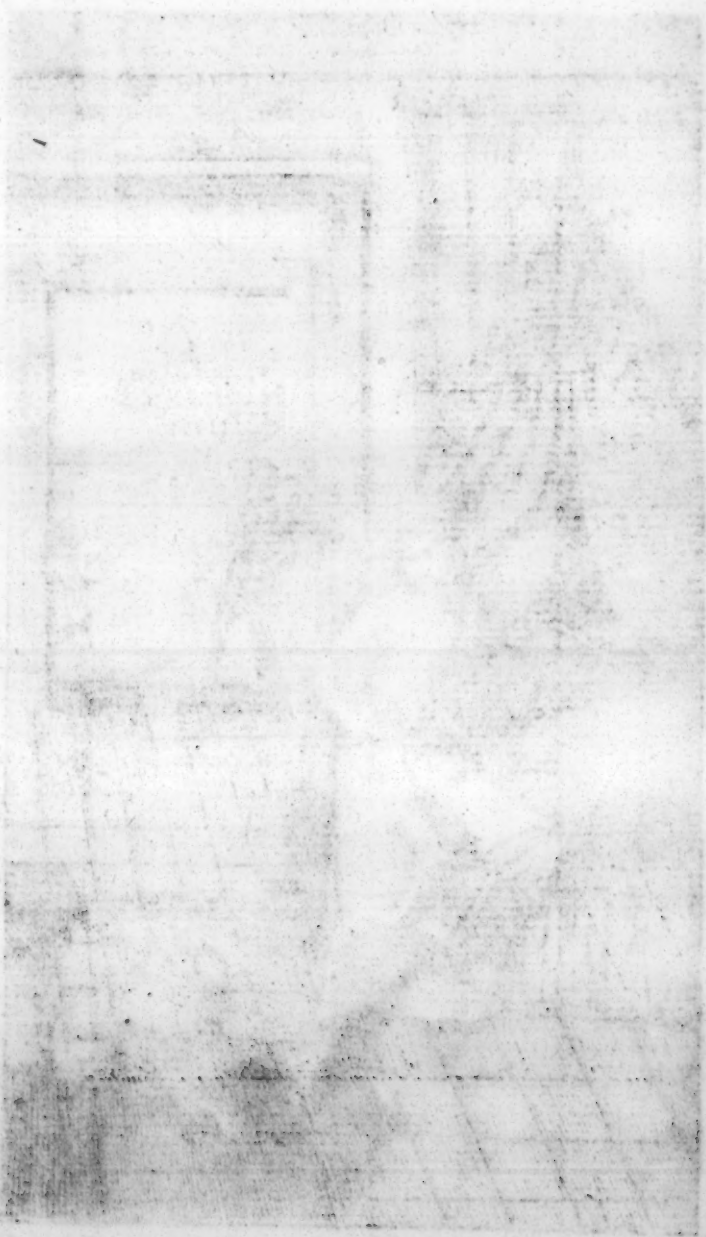
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 Unmov'd, without a Tear my Wound would see.

For





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Jove justly plac'd him on a stormy Throne,
 His Peoples Temper is so like his own.
 The North and South, and each contending Blast
 Are underneath his wide Dominion cast:
 Those he can rule; but his Tempestuous Mind,
 Is, like his airy Kingdom, unconfin'd:
 Ah! what avail my kindred Gods above,
 That in their number I can reckon Jove!
 What help will all my Heav'nly Friends afford;
 When to my Breast I lift the pointed Sword?
 That Hour which join'd us came before its time,
 In Death we had been one without a Crime.
 Why did thy Flames beyond a Brother's move?
 Why lov'd I thee with more than Sister's Love?
 For I lov'd too; and knowing not my Wound,
 A secret Pleasure in thy Kisses found:
 My Cheeks no longer did their Colour boast;
 My Food grew loathsome, and my Strength I lost:
 Still ere I spoke, a Sigh would stop my Tongue;
 Short were my Slumbers, and my Nights were long.
 I knew not from my Love these Griefs did grow,
 Yet was, alas, the thing I did not know.
 My wily Nurse by long Experience found,
 And first discover'd to my Soul its Wound.
 'Tis Love, said she; and then my down-cast Eyes,
 And guilty Dumbness, witness'd my Surprize.
 Forc'd at the last, my shameful Pain I tell:
 And, oh, what follow'd! we both know too well.
 "When half denying, more than half content,
 "Embraces warm'd me to a full Consent:
 "Then with tumultuous Joys my Heart did beat,
 "And Guilt that made them anxious made them great.

But now my swelling Womb heav'd up my Breast,
 And rising Weight my-sinking Limbs oppress.
 What Herbs, what Plants, did not my Nurse produce,
 To make Abortion by their pow'rful Juice?
 What Med'cines try'd we not, to thee unknown?
 Our first Crime common; this was mine alone.
 But the strong Child, secure in his dark Cell,
 With Nature's Vigour did our Arts repel.
 And now the pale-fac'd Empress of the Night
 Nine times had fill'd her Orb with borrow'd Light:
 Not knowing 'twas my Labour, I complain
 Of sudden Shootings, and of grinding Pain:
 My Throes came thicker, and my Cries encreas'd,
 Which with her Hand the conscious Nurse suppress'd.
 To that unhappy Fortune was I come,
 Pain urg'd my Clamours; but Fear kept me Dumb.
 With inward Struggling I restrain'd my Cries,
 And drunk the Tears that trickled from my Eyes.
 Death was in sight, *Lucina* gave no Aid;
 And even my Dying had my Guilt betray'd.
 Thou cam'st; and in thy Count'nance sate Despair:
 Rent were thy Garments all, and torn thy Hair:
 Yet feigning Comfort which thou cou'dst not give,
 (Prest in thy Arms, and whisp'ring me to live:)
 For both our sakes, (saidst thou) preserve thy Life;
 Live, my dear Sister, and my dearer Wife.
 Rais'd by that Name, with my last Pangs, I strove:
 Such Pow'r have Words, when spoke by those we love.
 The *Babe*, as if he heard what thou hadst sworn,
 With hasty Joy sprung forward to be born.
 What helps it to have weather'd out one Storm?
Fear of our Father does another form.

High in his Hall, rock'd in a Chair of State,
The King with his tempestuous Council fate;
Thro' this large Room our only Passage lay,
By which we could the new-born *Babe* convey:
Swath'd in her Lap, the bold Nurse bore him out
With Olive Branches cover'd round about;
And, mutt'ring Pray'rs, as Holy Rites she meant,
Thro' the divided Croud unquestion'd went.
Just at the Door th' unhappy Infant cry'd:
The Grandfire heard him, and the Theft he spy'd.
Swift as a Whirlwind to the Nurse he flies,
And deafs his stormy Subjects with his Cries.
With one fierce Puff he blows the Leaves away:
Expos'd, the self-discover'd Infant lay.
The Noise reach'd me, and my presaging Mind
Too soon its own approaching Woes divin'd.
Not Ships at Sea with Winds are shaken more,
Nor Seas themselves, when angry Tempests roar,
Than I, when my loud Father's Voice I hear:
The *Bed* beneath me trembled with my Fear.
He rush'd upon me, and divulg'd my Stain;
Scarce from my Murther could his Hands refrain.
I only answer'd him with silent Tears;
They flow'd; my Tongue was frozen up with Fears.
His little Grand-child he commands away,
To Mountain Wolves and ev'ry Bird of Prey.
The *Babe* cry'd out, as if he understood,
And begg'd his Pardon with what Voice he cou'd.
By what Expressions can my Grief be shown?
(Yet you may guess my Anguish by your own)
To see my Bowels, and what yet was worse,
Your Bowels too, condemn'd to such a Curse!

Out

Out went the King; my Voice its freedom found,
 My Breasts I beat, my blubber'd Cheeks I wound.
 And now appear'd the Messenger of Death,
 Sad were his Looks, and scarce he drew his Breath,
 To say, *Your Father sends you*—(with that Word
 His trembling Hands presented me a Sword:
*Your Father sends you this; and lets you know,
 That your own Crimes the Use of it will show.*
 Too well I know the Sense those Words impart:
 His Present shall be treasur'd in my Heart.
 Are these the Nuptial Gifts a Bride receives?
 And this the fatal Dow'r a Father gives?
 Thou God of Marriage, shun thy own Disgrace;
 And take thy Torch from this detested Place:
 Instead of that, let Furies light their Brands;
 And fire my Pile with their Internal Hands.
 With happier Fortune may my Sisters wed;
 Warn'd by the dire Example of the dead.
 For thee, poor Babe, what Crime could they pretend?
 How could thy Infant Innocence offend?
 A Guilt there was; but oh that Guilt was mine!
 Thou suffer'st for a Sin that was not thine.
 Thy Mother's Grief and Crime! but just enjoy'd,
 Shewn to my Sight, and born to be destroy'd!
 Unhappy Off-spring of my teeming Womb!
 Drag'd headlong from thy Cradle to thy Tomb!
 Thy un-offending Life I could not save,
 Nor weeping could I follow to thy Grave!
 Nor on thy Tomb could offer my shorn Hair;
 Nor shew the Grief which tender Mothers bear.
 Yet long thou shalt not from my Arms be lost,
 For soon I will o'ertake thy Infant Ghost,

But

But thou, my Love, and now my Love's Despair,
 Perform his Fun'ral's with paternal Care.
 His scatter'd Limbs with my dead Body burn;
 And once more join us in the pious Urn.
 If on my wounded Breast thou drop'st a Tear,
 Think for whose sake my Breast that Wound did bear:
 And faithfully my last Desires fulfil,
 As I perform my cruel Father's Will.





PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON.

By *ED. POLEY*, Esq;

The ARGUMENT.

Demophoon, who was Son to Theseus and Phædra, in returning from the Trojan War into his own Country, was by a Tempest driven upon the Coasts of Thrace; where Phillis, who was then Queen of Thrace, entertain'd and marry'd him. When he had stay'd with her some Time, he heard that Menestheus was dead, (who, after he had Conquer'd Theseus, had usurp'd the Government of Athens) and under pretence of settling his own Affairs, he went to Athens, and promis'd the Queen that he would come back again in a Month. When he had been gone four Months, and that she had heard no News of him, she writes him this Letter.

YOU've gone beyond your Time, and ought to give
 So kind a Wife as *Phillis* leave to grieve.
 You promis'd me you would no longer stay,
 Than 'till the first full Moon should light your Way.
 Thrice did it since its borrow'd Light renew,
 And thrice has chang'd, but not so much as you.
 Did you the Days, and Hours, and Minutes tell,
 As *Phillis* does, and they that love so well,
 You'd say 'twere time to weep; your Sorrows too
 Would justify those Tears she sheds for you.

Still

Still did I hope, and thought you'd still be here;
 We hardly can believe those Things we fear;
 Now 'tis too plain, and, spight of Love and you,
 I must both fear it, and believe it too.
 How oft did I deceive myself, and swore
 I saw your Ship just making to the Shoar?
 Then curs'd those Friends I thought had caus'd your stay;
 Would you were half so innocent as they.
 Sometimes I fear'd, by foaming Billows tost,
 You might be Shipwreck'd whilst you sought the Coast.
 And griev'd t'have injur'd whom I thought so true,
 I begg'd that Pardon I'd refus'd to you.
 Then, cruel Man! did I the Gods implore
 To let you live, tho' I ne'er saw you more.
 When I a favourable Gale espy'd,
 He comes, if he's alive, he comes, I cry'd.
 And thus my Love still sought some new Pretence,
 And I grew Eloquent in your Defence.
 Yet thou avoid'st me still, nor do I see
 Those Promises thou mad'st to Heav'n and me.
 " But thy false Vows, alas! were all but Wind,
 " Thy Vows and Wishes made the Gale more kind:
 " They fill'd your Sails, and you were forc'd away,
 " By the same Wishes, which you made to stay.
 What have I done, but lov'd to an Excess?
 You'd not been Guilty had I lov'd you less.
 My only Crime is, Loving you too well;
 But sure some Merit in that Crime does dwell.
 Where's now your Faith? And where's the Love you bore?
 Where are the Gods by whom you falsly swore?
 Where's Hymen too, who join'd our tender Years?
 He bid me love, and banish'd all my Fears.

You

You swore by th' swelling Billows of the Main,
 Which you oft try'd, and yet would trust again,
 Rather than stay with me, tho' much more kind,
 And constant too, than are the Seas or Wind.
 You swore by the Great Ruler of the Flood,
 The Heav'nly Author of your Royal Blood,
 (If e'er a God had any thing to do
 In one so false and so unkind as you)
 You swore by *Venus*, and the fatal Steel,
 Of those proud Darts, which too too much I feel;
 And by great *Juno*, whose resistless Art
 Gave thee my Hand when I had giv'n my Heart,
 Thou swor'st so much, that if each God should be
 Just to revenge his injur'd self on me,
 Such num'rous Mischiefs on thy Head would fall,
 Thou'dst not have room enough to bear them all.
 Distracted I, as if I'd fear'd your Stay,
 Repair'd your Ships to hurry you away.
 What Haste you wanted, my curs'd Care supply'd,
 Oars to your Sails, and Current to your Tide.
 Thus was I falsely by my self betray'd,
 And perish'd by the Wounds my Hands have made.
 I foolishly believ'd those Oaths you swore,
 The Race you boasted, and the Gods you bore.
 Who could have thought such gentle Words e'er hung
 Upon a treacherous, deluding Tongue?
 I saw your Tears, and I believ'd them all;
 Can they lye too, and are they taught to fall?
 What needed all that num'rous Perjury?
 One was enough to her that lov'd like me,
 I'm not ashamed I did your Ships receive,
 And your own Wants did carefully relieve;

Those

Those Debts I ow'd you on a nobler Score;
 But then, 'tis true, I should have done no more.
 All I repent, is that I basely strove
 T'increase your Welcome by a Nuptial Love.
 That Night that usher'd in th' unhappy Day,
 Which did me to your guilty Love betray;
 I wish that fatal Night had been my last;
 Then I had dy'd, but then I had been Chast.
 I hop'd you were, 'cause I deserv'd you, *True!*
 Is it a Crime to wish what is our Due?
 'Tis sure no mighty Glory to deceive
 A tender Maid, so willing to believe.
 My Weakness does but heighten your Offence.
 You kindly shou'd have spar'd my Innocence.
 You've gain'd a Maid that lov'd you, and may't be
 Your greatest Prize, and only Victory.
 May your proud *Statue*, rais'd by this Success,
 Shame your great *Father*, 'cause his Crimes were less;
 And when late Story shall of *Tyrants* tell,
 And who by *Syron*, and *Procrustes* fell;
 The *Centaur's* Flight, the *Thebans* Overthrow,
 Who 'twas durst force the dismal Shades below;
 Then for your *Honour* shall at last be said,
 Here's He, who by a wretched Wile betray'd
 A Loving, Innocent, Believing Maid.
 Of all those Acts, we in your *Father* knew,
 His Treachery alone remains in you.
 What only can excuse the Ills you do,
 You both Inherit and Admire it too.
 He *Ariadne* did betray, but she
 Enjoys a Husband mightier far than He,

But the Scorn'd *Thracians* my Embraces shun,
 'Cause I from them into thy *Arms* did run.
 Let her, they cry, to learned *Greece* be gone,
 We'll find a Monarch to supply the Throne.
 Thus all we do depends on an ill *Fate*;
 Which does for ever on th' Unhappy wait;
 But may that *Fate* all his best Thoughts attend,
 Who judges others *Actions* by the End.
 For shou'dst thou ever bless these Seas again,
 They'd praise that Love of which they now complain.
 Then would they say, *What could she better do,*
Both for her self, and for her Kingdom too?
 But I have err'd, and thou'rt for ever fled,
 Forget'st my *Empire*, and forget'st my *Bed*.
 Methinks I see thee still, *Demophoon*,
 Thy Sails all hoisted, ready to be gone.
 When boldly thou did'st my soft Limbs embrace,
 And with long Kisses dwell'dst upon my Face;
 Drown'd in my *Tears*, and in your own you lay,
 And curs'd the Winds that hasten'd you away.
 Then parting cry'd (methinks I hear thee still)
Phillis I'll come, you may be sure I will.
 Can I expect that thou'lt e'er see this Shore,
 Who left'st it that thou ne'er might'st see me more?
 And yet I beg you'd come too, that you may
 Be only Guilty in too long a Stay.
 What do I ask? Thou, by new Charms possess'd,
 Forget'st my *Kindness* on another *Breast*;
 And, better to compleat the *Treachery*,
 Swear'st all those Oaths, which thou hast broke to me.
 And hast (false Man) perhaps forgot my Name,
And ask'st too, who I am, and whence I came?

But that thou better may'st remember me,
 Know, thou ungrateful Man, that I am she,
 Who, when thou'dst wander'd all the Ocean o'er,
 Harbour'd thy Ships, and welcom'd thee to Shore;
 Thy Coffers still replenish'd from my own,
 And to that height a Prodigal was grown,
 I gave thee all thou ask'dst, and gave so fast,
 I gave my self into thy Pow'r at last;
 I gave my *Scepter* and my *Crown* to Thee,
 A Weight too heavy to be born by me.
 Where *Hemus* does his shady Head display,
 And gentle *Heber* cuts his *Sacred* Way,
 So great's the *Empire*, and so wide the *Land*,
 Scarce to be govern'd by a *Woman's* Hand,
 She whom *Fate* would not suffer to be Chast,
 Whose Nuptials with a Fun'ral Pomp was grac'd;
 Shrill Cries disturb'd us 'midst our swiftest Joys,
 And our drawn Curtains trembled with the Noise,
 Then close to thee I clung, all drown'd in Tears,
 And sought my Shelter, where I'd found my Fears,
 And now while others drown their *Care* in Sleep,
 I run to th' barren *Shore* and *Rocks*, to weep,
 And view with longing *Eyes* the spacious Deep.
 All Day and Night I the *Wind's* Course survey,
 Impatient'till I find it blows this Way:
 And when a-far, a coming Sail I view,
 I thank my Stars, and I conclude 'tis you;
 Then with strange haste I run my Love to meet;
 Nor can the flowing Waters stop my Feet.
 When near, I grow more fearful than before,
 A sudden Trembling seizes me all o'er,
 And leaves my Body breathless on the Shore.

}

}

Hard by, where two huge Mountains guard the Way,
 There lyes a fearful, solitary Bay;
 Oft I've resolv'd, while on this Place I've stood,
 To throw myself into the raging Flood,
 Wild with Despair, and I will do it still,
 Since you continue thus to use me ill.
 And when the kinder Waves shall waft me o'er,
 May'st thou behold my Body on the Shore
 Unburied lye; and though thy Cruelty
 Harder than Stone, or than thy self should be,
 Yet shalt thou cry, astonish'd with the Show,
 Phillis, *I was not to be follow'd so.*
 Raging with Poisons would I oft expire,
 And quench my own by a much happier Fire.
 Then to revenge the Loss of all my Rest,
 Would stab thy Image in my tortur'd Breast.
 Or by a Knot (more welcome far to me
 Than that, false Man, which I have ty'd with thee,)
 Strangle that Neck, where those false Arms of thine,
 With treach'rous Kindness, us'd so oft to twine;
 And as becomes a poor unhappy Wife,
 Repair my ruin'd Honour with my Life.
 When we can once with our hard Fate comply,
 'Tis easie then to chuse the Way to die.
 Then on my Tomb shall the proud Cause be read,
 And thy sad Crime still live, when I am dead:
 Poor Phillis dy'd, by him she lov'd oppress'd;
 The truest Mistress, by the falsest Guest.
 He was the cruel Cause of all her Woe,
 But her own Hand perform'd the fatal Blow.



PHILLIS *to* DEMOPHOON.

By Mr. E D. FLOYD.

The A R G U M E N T.

Demophoon, the Son of Theseus and Phædra, returning from the Trojan Wars, was by adverse Winds driven on the Thracian Shore, where he was royally entertained, and received into familiarity by Phillis, Daughter to Lycurgus and Crustumena, King and Queen of Thrace : With whom, after he had a while remain'd hearing of the Death of Mneſtheus (the Deposer of his Father) he went to take Possession of his own Realm of Athens, yet with earnest Protestations of returning within the Space of one Month. But being detain'd past the appointed time by the Distractions his People were under, he gave occasion to Phillis (impatient of delays) to write him this Epistle.

PHillis (who entertain'd thy Love and Thee,
Faithless Demophoon) blames thy Perjury ;
How when with Pain we parted didst thou mourn,
And seem'd to live alone for thy Return !
How didst thou limit my Distress, and swear
Within one Month thy speedy Presence here !
Yet now four Moons are weary'd out, and see
Thee still regardless of thy Vows and me.
Hadst thou a tender Sense to know the Pain
Of absent Lovers, who expect in vain,

Thou wouldst not call me hasty, nor upbraid
These humble Murmurs of a Wife betray'd.
We're slow in our believing Ills, for I
Flatter'd my self that yet I shou'd not die:
My self I've oft deluded,—thought thee kind—
—Thy Ship returning with a prosp'rous Wind:
Thesens I've curst, and yet unjustly him,
For thou perhaps art Author of thy Crime.
The dang'rous Shoals of *Hebrus* made me mourn,
As fancying thee expos'd in thy Return.
Oft for thy Health I've sought the Gods by Pray'r,
And Incense burnt to place thee in their Care.
Whene'er the Wind stood fair, I fancy'd streight
Thy sudden Presence, or thy certain Fate.
Then have I study'd Reasons for thy Stay,
And urg'd my Wit to favour thy Delay:
Yet dost not thou the Sense of Vows retain,
To Gods, and me, made equally in vain.
Thy strictest Vows did mix with common Air,
Nor does thy tardy Fleet the Fault repair.
Thy Absence fully does my Crime reprove,
And seems design'd to pay so cheap a Love.
My only fault was loving easily;
And yet that fault claims Gratitude in thee.
Where's now thy Faith,—thy suppliant Hands, and where
The God prophan'd by thy fallacious Pray'r?
Where's *Hymen* now that should our Hearts unite,
Bless and secure our conjugal delight?
First, by the Sea thou swor'st thy Meaning just,
The Sea that then thou wert about to trust:
Thou swor'st by thy pretended Granfire's Name,
The God that does rebellious Storms reclaim,

PHILLIS to DEMOPHOON. 29

By *Venus* and by Love's Artillery,
 The Instruments of mighty Woe to me:
 By *Juno*, who of Marriage Vows takes care,
 And *Ceres*, who the hallow'd Torch does bear:
 Shou'd these wrong'd Pow'rs be just, cou'dst thou withstand
 The angry stroke of an Almighty Hand?
 Thy Ships I did repair, thy Sails improve,
 And strengthen'd the Defenter of my Love.
 I gave thee Oars as Instruments of speed,
 And sharpen'd all the Darts by which I bleed.
 Thy Words,—thy Kindred Gods—whate'er was feign'd
 With Joy I heard, with Faith I entertain'd:
 View'd with regard thy false commanded Tears,
 Thy artful Sorrow, and thy seeming Fears.
 Thy Arts of Love to me thou might'st have spar'd,
 For I was too unhappily prepar'd.
 Nor shou'd I grieve to have well treated thee,
 And limited my Hospitality,
 But to admit thee loosely to my Breass,
 Is Treason, fatal to my present Rest.
 Ah! had I dy'd before that Evening came,
 I then had dy'd in Peace, secure of Fame.
 Yielding I hop'd thy Gratitude might move,
 And shewing mine, deserve thy utmost Love.
 But 'tis inglorious thus to have betray'd
 (All pitiless) a frail believing Maid:
 A Maid that lov'd thee thou hast robb'd of Fame;
 And may no greater Honour reach thy Name.
 In *Athens* when thy Statue shall be plac'd
 Near thy great Father with his Trophies grac'd;
 When *Scyron* and *Procrustes* shall be red,
Scinis and *Minotaure* in Triumph led:

Thebes quite reduc'd, the *Centaurs* overcome,
 Hell storm'd, and the black King disturb'd at home;
 Thy hated Image thus inscrib'd shall end——
 —He who betray'd his Mistress and his Friend.
 Of all thy mighty Father has achiev'd,
 Thou lik'st that *Ariadne* was deceiv'd:
 What he repented, thou dost still admire,
 And only to his Treachery art Heir:
 (Unenvy'd) she enjoys a nobler Mate,
 And drawn by harness'd Tygers, rides in State.
 The *Thracians*, whom I scorn'd, now shun my Bed,
 As one by strange polluted hands mis-led:
 Says one, Let learned *Athens* be her place,
 Some nobler Hand shall govern warlike *Thrace*.
 The End proves all——and may he never hit
 His rash Presage, who dares condemn thee yet,
 For shou'dst thou now return, each will conclude:
 I study'd with my own my Country's Good:
 I've fail'd, alas! Thou no review dost make,
 Or of my Palace or the Chrystal Lake.
 My Eyes retain thy graceful Image, when
 With mournful Bows thou bad'st me hope again.
 Thou did'st embrace me, and with such delay,
 That long-breath'd Kisses seem'd to mean thy Stay;
 Thou didst exchange, and mix our Tears, and swear
 The Wind was inauspicious, when 'twas fair;
 When our Divorcethou cou'dst no more decline,
 Thou said'st, *Expect me*——*Phillis*, I am thine:
 Him I expect, who meant to come no more,
 And Ships no more design'd to touch this Shore:
 Yet still I hope——ah! come, tho' past thy time,
 That thy Delay may be thy only Crime.

Some wanton Maid (perhaps) seduces thee,
 And buys thy Love with cheap Discourse of me.
 Thou can'st not be unmindful who I am,
 Consult thy self for my neglected Name;
Phillis, thy constant, hospitable Friend,
 Who did her Harbour and Assistance lend:
 Love, Empire, All submitted to thy Will,
 Who gave thee much, and wish'd to give thee still;
Lycurgus' Land surrender'd to thy Sway,
 And to thy Hand its Scepter did convey,
 As far as *Rhodope* and *Hemus* go,
 And the soft Streams of sacred *Hebrus* flow;
 Thee my last Blushes blest, thy Loves long Toils
 Rewarded with my conquer'd Virgin Spoils.
 The howling Fiends and ominous Birds of Night
 With dismal Notes perform'd each Nuptial Rite:
 With her curl'd Snakes the fierce *Alecto* came,
 To light our Tapers with infernal Flame.
 On Rocks I walk—and o'er the barren Sand,
 Far as my Eyes can reach the spacious Strand,
 Look out all Hours to see what Wind stands fair,
 By Earth's cold damp untir'd, or Heav'n's bleak Air;
 When any distant Sail I chance to spy,
 I fancy thy loose Streamers drawing nigh;
 Launch'd into Sea, the tardy Gales I chide,
 And to meet thee I stem th' impetuous Tide;
 When their Approach declares my Hopes are vain,
 I fainting crave th' Assistance of my Train.
 Above the Bay, which the spent Billows blocks,
 And forms a Precipice of pendent Rocks,
 Thence my Despair presented me a Grave,
 And nought but thy return my Life shall save.

May some kind Wave to thy own Shore convey,
 And at thy Feet thy floating *Phillis* lay,
 Thy melting Heart this dismal sound will groan,
 In these Embraces join'd, we meet too soon—
 Oft have I thirsted for a pois'nous draught,
 As oft a Death from some kind Ponyard sought;
 Oft round that Neck a silken Twine I cast,
 Which once thy dear perfidious Arms embrac'd.
 By Death I'll heal my present Infamy,
 But stay to choose the speediest way to die.
 This sad short Epitaph shall speak my Doom,
 And fix my mournful Story on my Tomb,
This Monument did false Demophoon build,
With the cold Ashes of his Mistress fill'd;
He was the Cause, and hers the Hand that kill'd.





Hypermnestra to Linus.

By Mr. *WRIGHT*.

THE ARGUMENT.

Danaus, King of Argos, had by several Wives fifty Daughters, his Brother Egyptus as many Sons. Danaus, refusing to Marry his Daughters to his Brother's Sons, was at last compelled by an Army. In Revenge, he Commands his Daughters each to Murther her Husband on the Wedding Night : All obey'd but Hypermnestra, who assisted her Husban / Linus to escape ; for which being afterwards Imprisoned and put in Irons, she writes this Epistle.

TO that dear Brother who alone survives
 Of Fifty, late, whose Love betray'd their Lives,
 Writes she that suffers in her Lord's Defence:
 Unhappy Wife, whose Crime's her Innocence!
 For saving him I love, I'm Guilty call'd:
 Had I been truly so, I'd been extoll'd.
 Let me be Guilty still, since this they say
 Is Guilt, I glory thus to disobey:
 Torments nor Death shall draw me to repent:
 Though against me they use that Instrument
 From which I sav'd a Husband's dearer Life,
And with one Sword kill Linus in his Wife;

Yet will I ne'er repent for being true,
 Or blush t' have lov'd, That let my *Sisters* do: }
 Such Shame, and such Repentance is their due.
 I'm seiz'd with Terror, while I but relate,
 And shun Remembrance of a Crime I hate!
 The frightful Memory of that dire Night
 Enervates so my Hand I scarce can write.
 Howe'er I'll try. With Ceremony gay,
 About the Set of Night, and Rise of Day,
 The wicked Sisters were in Triumph led,
 And I among'em, to the Nuptial Bed.
 The Marriage Lights, as Fun'ral Lamps appear,
 And threatening Omens meet usev'ry where.
Hymen they call: *Hymen* neglects their Cries:
 Nay *Juno* too from her own *Argos* flies.
 Now come the Bridegrooms, high with Wine, to find
 Something with us, more lov'd than Wine, behind.
 Full of impatient Love, careless and brave,
 They seize the Bed, not seeing there a Grave.
 What follow'd, Shame forbids me to express;
 But who so Ignorant as not to guess.
 Now their tir'd Senses they to Sleep commit,
 A Sleep as still as Death; ah, too like it!
 'Twas then, methought, I heard their Groans that dy'd;
 Alas! 'twas more than Thought! I, terrify'd,
 Lay trembling, cold, and without Pow'r to move
 In that dear Bed, which you had made me love.
 While you in the soft Bonds of Sleep lay fast,
 Charm'd with the Joys of Love, then newly past: }
 Fearing to disobey, I rise at last.
 Witness, sweet Heav'ns, how tender was the Strife,
 Betwixt the Name of Daughter and of Wife.

Thrice o'er your Breast, which did so lately join
 In such an Ecstasie of Love to mine,
 I rais'd the pointed Steel to pierce that Part;
 But ah! th' Attempt strook nearer my own Heart.
 My Soul divided thus, these Words, among
 A thousand Sighs, fell softly from my Tongue.
 ' Dost thou not heed a Father's awful Will?
 ' Dost thou not fear his Pow'r? On then, and kill.
 ' How can I kill, when I consider who?
 ' Can I think Death? against a Lover too?
 ' What has my Sex with Blood and Arms to do?
 ' Fye, thou art now by Love to Shame betray'd;
 ' Thy Sister-Brides by this have all obey'd,
 ' With Shame their Courage and their Duty see:
 ' It not a Daughter, yet a Sister be.
 ' No, I will never strike: If one must die,
 ' *Linus* shall live, and my Death his supply.
 ' What has he done, or I, what greater Ill?
 ' For him to die, and I much worse, to kill?
 ' Were he as guilty as my Father wou'd
 ' Present him, why must I be stain'd with Blood?
 ' Ponyards and Swords ill with my Sex agree:
 ' Soft Looks, and Sighs of Love, our Weapons be.
 As I lamented thus, the Tears apace
 Dropt from my pitying Eyes, on thy lov'd Face.
 While you, with kind and am'rous Dreams possesst,
 Threw carelessly your dear Arm o'er my Breast,
 There thinking to repeat Joys lately known,
 Your Hand upon my Sword was almost thrown.
 'Twas time to call no longer I forbore,
 Dreading the Day's approach my Father's more.

Wake,

Wake, *Linus*, wake, I cry'd; O quickly wake,
 Or sleep for ever here! Th' Alarm you take,
 Start up; ask twenty Questions in one Breath:
 To all I answer thus— Delay is Death;
 Fly while 'tis dark, and 'scape eternal Night.
 While it was dark you made a happy Flight:
 I stay'd to meet the Terrors of the Light.
 With Day my Father comes, the Dead to view;
 And finds the dismal Sum one short, by you.
 Enrag'd to see his Treachery betray'd,
 By his Command, I'm thus in Fetters laid.
 Is this Reward due to my Love from Fate?
 Ah, wretched Flame! Passion unfortunate!

Since *Io* suffer'd under *Juno's* Rage,
 Nothing that Rivall'd Goddess can assuage.
 Th' unhappy Mistress of the mighty *Jove*,
 Chang'd to a Cow, a Form unapt for Love,
 Views in her Father's Streams her Head's Array,
 Sees her own Horns, and frighted, starts away.
 When she'd complain, she lows; and equal Fears
 From her new self surprise her Eyes and Ears.
 In vain to lose the frightful Shape she tries.
 For *Io* follows still, where *Io* flies.
 In vain she wanders over Lands and Seas;
 Can she find Cure whose self is the Disease?
 Sadly severe the Change in her appear'd,
 Whose Beauty *Jove* has lov'd and *Juno* fear'd:
 Grass and the Springs her Food and Drink supply:
 Her only Lodgings the unsheltring Sky.
 What need I urge Antiquity? my Fate
 Is a fresh Instance of the Goddess' Hate,

}

HYPERMNESTRA to LINUS. 37

A double stock of Tears by me are spilt,
Both for my Brothers Death, and Sisters Guilt.
Yet, as if that were small, these Chains arrive,
Cause I, alone, am guiltless, you alive.

But, my dear Lord, if any Thought you have,
Or of the Love, or of the Life I gave :
If any Memory with you does last,
Or of the Pleasures, or the Dangers past,
Now, *Linus*, now some Help to her afford,
Who wants the Liberty she gave her Lord.
If Life forsake me ere I you can see,
And Death, before my *Linus*, set me free,
Yet my unhappy Earth from hence remove,
And give those Obsequies are due to Love.
When I'm interr'd I know some Tears will fall :
Then let this little Epitaph be all.

Here lies a Love compleat, tho' hapless Wife,

Who catch'd the Death aim'd at her Husband's Life.

Here I must rest my Hand, tho' much remains,
'Tis quite disabled with the Weight of Chains.



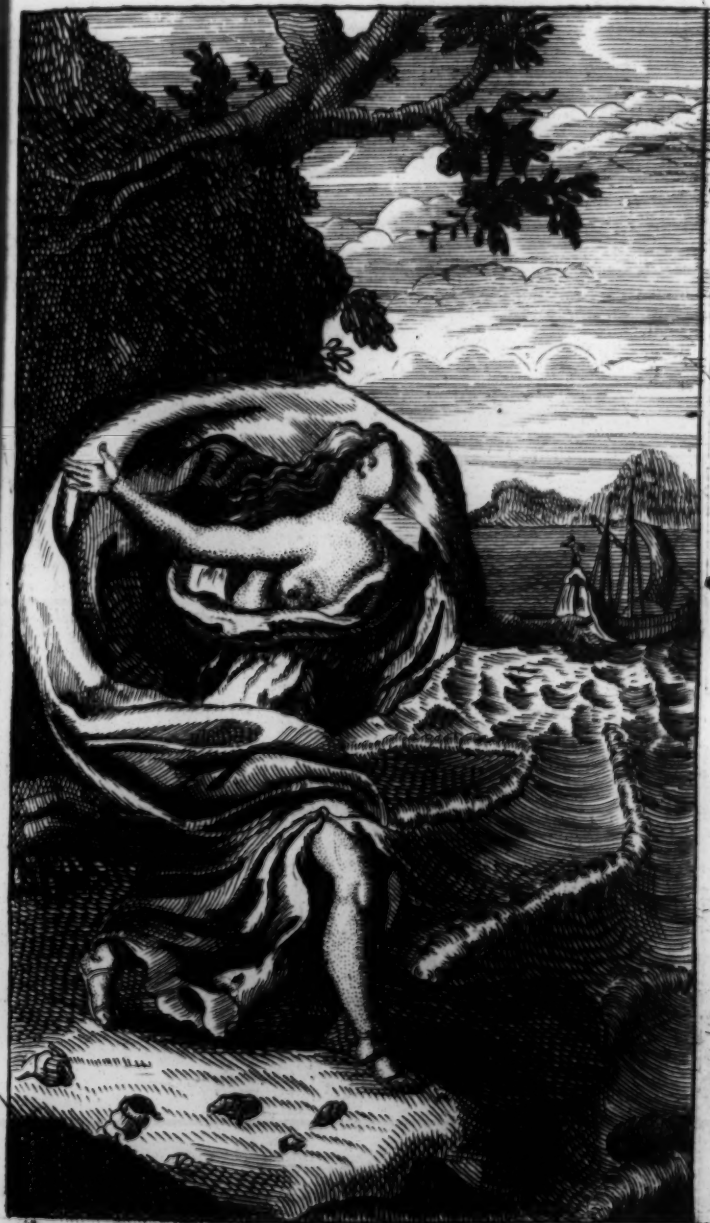


ARIADNE to THESEUS.

The ARGUMENT.

Mnos, King of Crete, by a sharp War compell'd the Athenians, (who had treacherously slain his Son Androgeos,) to send yearly seven young Men, and as many Virgins, to be devour'd by the Minotaure; a Monster begotten by a Bull upon his Wife Pasiphae, while he was engaged in that War. The Chance at last fell upon Theseus to be sent among those Youths; who by the Instructions of Ariadne escaped out of the Labyrinth, after he had kill'd the Minotaure, and, together with her, fled to the Isle of Naxos. But, being commanded by Bacchus, he forsook her, while she slept. When she awak'd, and found herself deserted, she writes this Letter.

THan savage Beasts more fierce, more to be fear'd;
 Expos'd by thee, by them I yet am spar'd!
 These Lines from that unhappy Shore I write,
 Where you forsook me in your faithless Flight,
 And the most tender Lover did betray,
 While lock'd in Sleep, and in your Arms she lay.
 When Morning Dew on all the Fields did fall,
 And Birds with early Songs for Day did call;
 Then I, half sleeping, stretch'd me tow'rd's your Place,
 And sought to press you with a new Embrace:



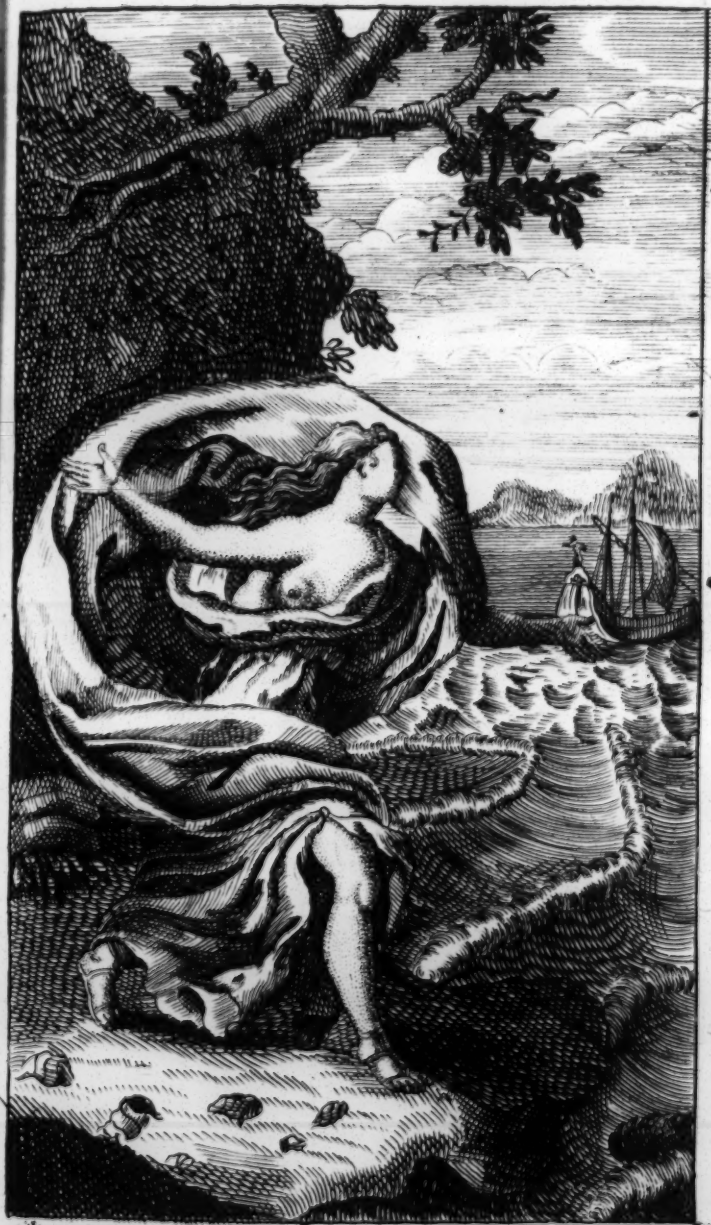


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 And sought to press you with a new Embrace:





Oft fought to press you close, but still in vain;
 My folding Arms came empty back again.
 Startled, I rose, and found that you were gone,
 Then on my widow'd Bed fell raging down:
 Beat the fond Breast, where, spight of me, you dwell,
 And tore that Hair, which you once lik'd so well.
 By the Moon's Light I the wide Shore did view,
 But all was Desert, and no Sight of you.
 Then every Way with Love's mad Haste I fly,
 But ill my Feet with my Desires comply;
 Weary they sink in the deep yielding Sands,
 Refusing to obey such wild Commands.
 To all the Shore of *Theseus* I complain,
 The Hills and Rocks send back that Name again:
 Oft they repeat aloud the mournful Noise,
 And kindly aid a hoarse and dying Voice.

Tho' faint, yet still impatient, next I try
 To climb a rough steep Mountain which was high:
 (My furious Love unusual Strength supply'd:)
 From thence, casting my Eyes on every side,
 Far off the flying Vessel I espy'd.

}

In your swell'd Sails the wanton Winds did play,
 (They court you since they see you false as they.)
 I saw, or fancy'd that I saw you there,
 And my chill Veins froze up with cold Despair:
 Thus did I languish, 'till returning Rage
 In new Extremes did my fir'd Soul engage.
Theseus, I cry, perfidious *Theseus* stay!
 (But you are deaf; deaf as the Winds, or Sea!)
 Stay your false Flight, and let your Vessel bear
 Hence the whole Number which she landed here!

13

In loud and doleful Shrieks I tell the rest;
 And with fresh Fury wound my hated Breast.
 Then all my shining Ornaments I tear,
 And with stretch'd Arms wave them in open Air,
 That you might see her whom you could not hear.

But when out of my Sight the Vessel flew,
 And the Horizon shut me from the View;
 From my sad Eyes, what Floods of Tears did fall?
 ('Till then Rage would not let me weep at all.)
 Still let them weep, for losing sight of you,
 'Tis the whole Business which they ought to do.
 Like *Bacchus*' raving Priests sometimes I go:
 With such wild Haste, with Hair dishevel'd so.
 Then on some craggy Rock sit silent down,
 As cold, unmov'd, and senseless as the Stone.
 To our once happy Bed I often fly;
 (No more the Place of mutual Love and Joy.)
 See where my much-lov'd *Theseus* once was laid,
 And kiss the Print which his dear Body made.
 Here we both lay, I cry, false Bed restore
 My *Theseus*, kind and faithful as before.
 I brought him here, here lost him while I slept,
 How well, false Bed, you have my Lover kept!

Alone and helpless in this desert Place,
 The steps of Man or Beast I cannot trace;
 On ev'ry side the foaming Billows beat,
 But no kind Ship does offer a Retreat.
 And should the Gods send me some lucky Sail;
 Calm Seas, good Pilots, and a prosp'rous Gale;
 Yet then my Native Soil I durst not see,
 But a sad Exile must for ever be.

From

From all *Crete's* hundred Cities I am curst,
 From that fam'd Isle where Infant *Jove* was nurst.
Crete I betray'd for you, and, what's more dear,
 Betray'd my Father, who that Crown does wear,
 When to your Hands the fatal Clew I gave,
 Which thro' the winding Lab'rinth led you safe:
 Then how you lov'd, how eagerly imbrac'd!
 How oft you swore, by all your Dangers past,
 That with my Life your Love should ever last!
 Ah, perjur'd *Theseus*, I thy Love survive,
 If one forsaken and expos'd does live.
 Had you slain me, as you my Brother slew,
 You'd then absolv'd your self from ev'ry Vow;
 Now both my present Grief denies me Rest,
 And all, that a wild Fancy can suggest
 Of dreadful Ills to come, distracts my Breast.
 Before my Eyes a thousand Deaths appear,
 I live, yet suffer all the Deaths I fear.
 Sometimes I think that Lions there do go,
 And scarce dare trust my Sight, that 'tis not so.
 Imagine that fierce Wolves are howling there,
 And at th' imagin'd Noise shrink up with Fear.
 Then think what Monsters from the Sea may rise,
 Or fancy bloody Swords before my Eyes.
 But most I dread to be a Captive made,
 And see these Hands in servile Works employ'd,
 Unworthy my Extraction from a Line
 On one side Royal, and on both Divine:
 And, (which my Indignation more would move,)
 Unworthy her whom *Theseus* once did love.
 If tow'rd's the Sea I look, or tow'rd's the Land,
 Objects of Horror still before me stand.

Nor

Nor dare I look tow'rds Heav'n, or hope to find
 Aid from those Gods who chang'd my *Theseus*' Mind.
 If Beasts alone within this Island stay,
 Behold me left to them a helpless Prey!
 If Mendwell here, they must be Savage too:
 This Soil, this Heav'n made gentle *Theseus* so.
 Would *Athens* never had my Brother slain,
 Nor for his paid so many Lives again.
 Would thy strong Arm had never giv'n the Wound,
 Which struck the doubtful Monster to the Ground;
 Nor I had giv'n the guiding Thread to thee,
 Which, to my own Destruction, set thee free.
 Let the unknowing World thy Conquest praise,
 It does not *Ariadne*'s Wonder raise:
 So hard a Heart, unarm'd, might safely scorn
 The Strength and Sharpness of the Monster's Horn.
 If Flint or Steel could be secure of Wound,
 No room for Fear could in that Breast be found.
 Curst be the Sleep which seal'd these Eyes so fast,
 Curst, that began, it did not ever last!
 For ever curst be that officious Wind,
 Which fill'd thy Sails, and in my Ruin join'd!
 Curst Hand, which me, and which my Brother kill'd!
 (With what Misfortunes our sad House 't has fill'd!)
 And curst the Tongue, which with soft Words betray'd,
 And empty Vows, a poor believing Maid!
 Sleep and the Winds against me had combin'd
 In vain, if perjur'd *Theseus* had not join'd.
 Poor *Ariadne*, thou must perish here,
 Breath out thy Soul in strange and hated Air,
 Nor see thy pitying Mother shed one Tear:

Wanta kind Hand which thy fix'd Eyes may close,
 And thy stiff Limbs may decently compose.
 Thy Carcass to the Birds must be a Prey.
 Thus *Theseus* all thy Kindness does repay!
 Mean while to *Athens* your swift Ship does run;
 There tell the wondring Crowd what you have done:
 How the mixt Prodigy you did subdue;
 The Beast and Man, how with one Stroke you slew.
 Describe the Lab'rinth, and how, taught by me,
 You 'scap'd from all those perplex'd Mazestree.
 Tell, in return, what gen'rous Things you've done:
 Such Gratitude will all your Triumphs crown!
 Sprung sure from Rocks, and not of humane Race!
 Thy Cruelty does thy great Line disgrace.
 Yet couldst thou see, as barb'rous as thou art,
 These dismal Looks, sure they would touch thy Heart.
 You cannot see, yet think you saw me now
 Fix'd to some Rock, as if I there did grow,
 And trembling at the Waves which roll below. }
 Look on my torn and my disorder'd Hairs,
 Look on my Robe wet through with show'rs of Tears.
 With the cold Blasts see my whole Body shakes,
 And my numm'd Hand unequal Letters makes.
 I do not urge my hated Merit now,
 But yield, this once, that you do nothing owe.
 I neither sav'd your Life, nor set you free:
 Yet therefore must you force this Death on me?
 Ah! see this wounded Breast worn-out with Sighs,
 And these faint Arms stretch'd to the Seas and Skies,
 See these few Hairs yet spar'd by Grief and Rage,
 Some Pity let these flowing Tears engage.
 Turn back, and, if I'm dead when you return,
 Yet lay my Ashes in their peaceful Urn.

HER-



HERMIONE to ORESTES.

By JOHN PULTNEY, Esq;

The ARGUMENT.

Hermione, the Daughter of Menelaus and Helena, was by Tyndarus her Grandfather (to whom Menelaus had committed the Government of his House when he went to Troy) contracted to Orestes. Her Father Menelaus not knowing thereof, had betroth'd her to Pyrrhus, the Son of Achilles, who, returning from the Trojan Wars, stole her away. Whereupon she writes to Orestes as follows.

THIS, dear Orestes, this, with Health to you,
 From her that was your Wife and Cousin too;
 Your Cousin still, but oh! that dearer Name
 Of Wife, another now does falsely claim.
 What Woman can, I have already done,
 Yet I'm confin'd by rough Achilles Son.
 With much of Pain, and all the Art I knew,
 I strove to shun him, yet all would not do.
 Stand off, said I, foul Ravisher take heed,
 My injur'd Husband will revenge this Deed;
 Yet he, more deaf than angry Tempests are,
 To his loath'd Chamber drag'd me by the Hair.
 Had Troy still stood, had every Grecian Dame
 Become a Prey to th' haughty Victor's Flame,

What?

What could I more have suffer'd than I do?
Far more than poor *Andromache* e'er knew.
But oh, my Dear! if, as I have for thee,
Thou hast a tender Care, or Thought for me,
Come bravely on, and as robb'd Tygersbold,
Snatch me half Murther'd from the Monster's hold.
Can you pursue each petty Robber's Life?
And yet thus tamely lose a ravish'd Wife?
Think how my Father *Menelaus* rag'd
For his lost Queen, think what a War he wag'd,
When pow'rful *Greece* was in his Cause engag'd.
Had he sat quietly, and nothing try'd,
As once she was, she'd still been *Paris*' Bride.
Prepare no Fleet, you will no Forces need,
By you, and only you, I would be freed.
Not but wrong'd Marriage is a Cause alone
Sufficient for th' ingaging World to own.
Sprung from the Royal *Pelopæan* Line,
You are no less by Blood than Marriage mine.
These double Ties a double Love persuade,
And each sufficient to deserve your Aid.
I to your Arms was by my Guardian giv'n,
The only Bliss I would have begg'd from Heav'n.
But that unknown, (O my unhappy Fate!)
My Father gave me to the Man I hate.
Just were those Infant Vows to you I made,
But this last Act has all those Vows betray'd.
Too well he knows what 'tis to be in Love;
How can he then my Passion disapprove?
Since Love himself has felt, he will, nay must,
Allow this Passion in his Daughter just.

My

My Fate resembles my wrong'd Father's Case,
 And *Pyrrhus* is that Thief that *Paris* was.
 Let my proud Goaler the brave Deeds run o'er,
 Count all the Laurels his great Parents wore,
 What e'er his cou'd, yours greater did, and more.
 Let him claim Kindred with some God above,
 You are descended from the mighty *Jove*.
 Brave as you are, I wish 'twere understood
 By something else, than by *Ægisthus*' Blood;
 Yet you are Innocent, Fate drew the Sword,
 And a religious Duty gave the Word.
 With this the Tyrant does my Lord disgrace,
 And what's still worse, dares do it to my Face:
 Whilst burst with Envy, I am forc'd to be
 Rackt, and tormented with his Blasphemy.
 Shall my *Orestes* be abus'd, and I
 As one that's unconcern'd sit careless by?
 No, though disabled, and of Arms bereft,
 Yet as a Woman I have one way left,
 Tears I can shed, such as will yield Relief
 To my sick Mind, choak'd with excess of Grief;
 For when the big-charg'd Storm hath lost its Pow'r,
 It sighs itself into a silent Show'r.
 This I can do, whilst by each other prest,
 The dewy Pearls run trickling o'er my Breast.
 But how shou'd I this fatal Woe escape?
 All our whole Race was subject to a Rape:
 I need not tell, how, in soft Feathers drest,
 The wanton God his softer Nymph possess'd;
 How thro' the Deep in unknown Ships convey'd
Hippodame was from her Friends betray'd;

How

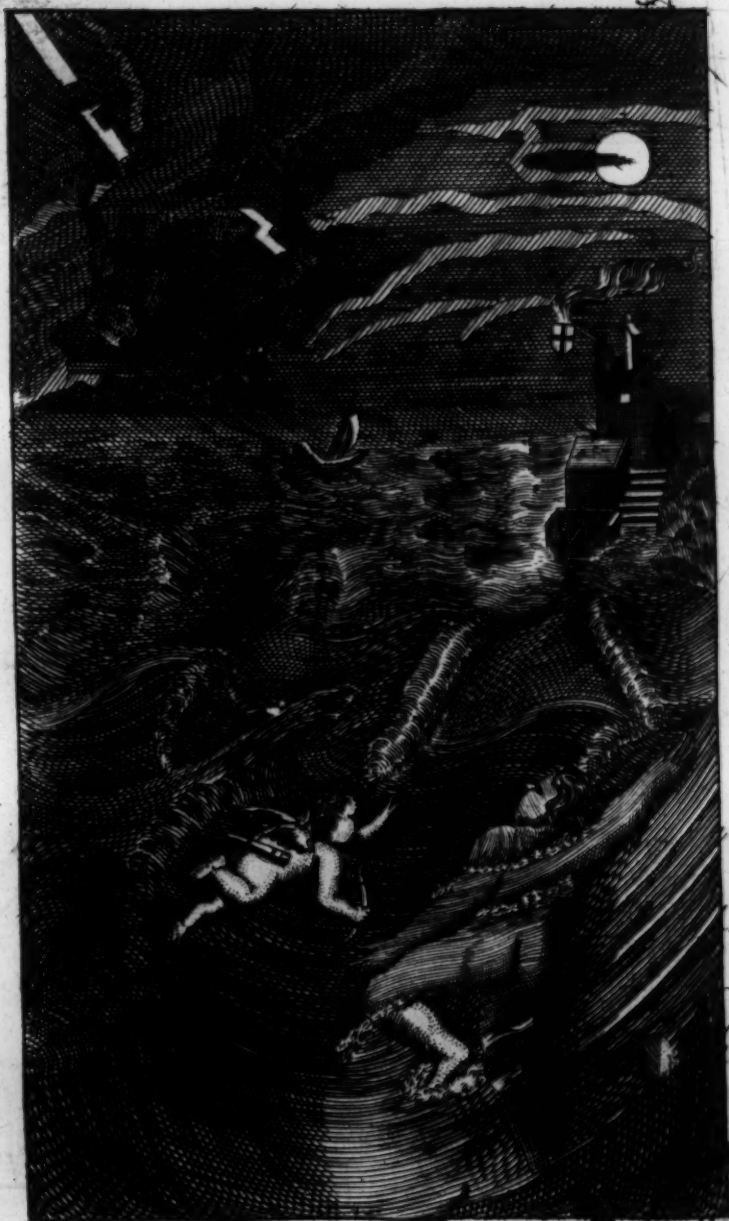
How the fair *Tyndaris*, by Force detain'd,
 By th' *Amyclaan* Brethren was regain'd,
 How afterwards by all the *Grecian* Pow'r
 She was brought back from the *Idaan* Shore.
 I scarce remember that sad Day, and yet,
 Young as I was, I do remember it.
 Her Brothers wept, her Sister, to remove
 Her Fears, call'd on the Gods, and her own *Jove*,
Mother, said I, in a weak mournful Tone,
Will you be gone, and leave me here alone?
When you are gone, why shou'd I stay behind?
 All this I spoke, but spoke it to the Wind.
 Now like the rest of my curst Pedigree,
 By this loath'd Wretch I am detain'd from thee.
 The brave *Achilles* wou'd have blam'd his Son,
 Nor, had he liv'd, would this have e'er been done.
 He ne'er had thought it lawful to divide
 Those two, whom Marriage had so firmly ty'd.
 What is't, ye Gods, that thus provokes your *Mate*,
 Or what curs'd Star rules my unhappy Fate?
 Why am I plagu'd by your injurious Pow'r,
 Robb'd of my Parents in a tender Hour?
 He to the War, she with her Lover fled,
 Though living both, yet both to me were dead.
 No babling Words, half fram'd upon thy Tongue
 Lull'd me to soft Repose when I was young.
 Your tender Neck was ne'er imbrac'd by me,
 Nor sat I ever smiling on your knee;
 You never tended me, nor was I led
 By thee (dear Mother) to my Marriage-Bed.
 At your Return, I saw, but knew you not;
 So sure my Mother's Face I had forgot.

I gaz'd, and gaz'd, but knew no Feature there,
 Yet thought 'twas you, 'cause so divinely Fair.
 Such was our Ignorance, even you, alas!
 Ask your own Daughter, where your Daughter was.
 Thou, my *Orestes*, wert my sole Delight,
 Yet thee too I must lose, unless you fight.
Pyrrhus withholds me from thy Arms, that's all
Hermione has gain'd by *Ilium's* Fall.

Soon as the early Harbinger of Day
 Gilds the glad Orb with his resplendent Ray;
 My Grief's made gentler by th' approaching Light,
 And some Pain seems to vanish with the Night;
 And when a Darkness o'er the Earth is spread,
 And I return all pensive to my Bed,
 Tears from my Eyes, as Streams from Fountains flow,
 I shun this Husband, as I'd shun a Foe.
 Oft grown unmindful through distractivè Cares,
 I've stretch'd my Arms, and touch'd him unawares;
 Strait then I check the wandring Sense, and fly
 To the Bed's utmost Limits, yet I lye
 Restless even there, and think I'm still too nigh. }
 Oft I for *Pyrrhus* have *Orestes* said,
 But blest the Error which my Tongue had made.
 Now by that Royal God, whose Frown can make
 The Vassal Globe of his Creation shake,
 Th' Almighty Sire of our unhappy Race,
 And by the sacred Urn that does embrace
 Thy Father's Dust, whose once loud Blood may boast
 Thou in Repose hast laid his sleeping Ghost:
 I'll either live my dear *Orestes'* Wife.
 Or to untimely Fate resign my Life.

LEANDER





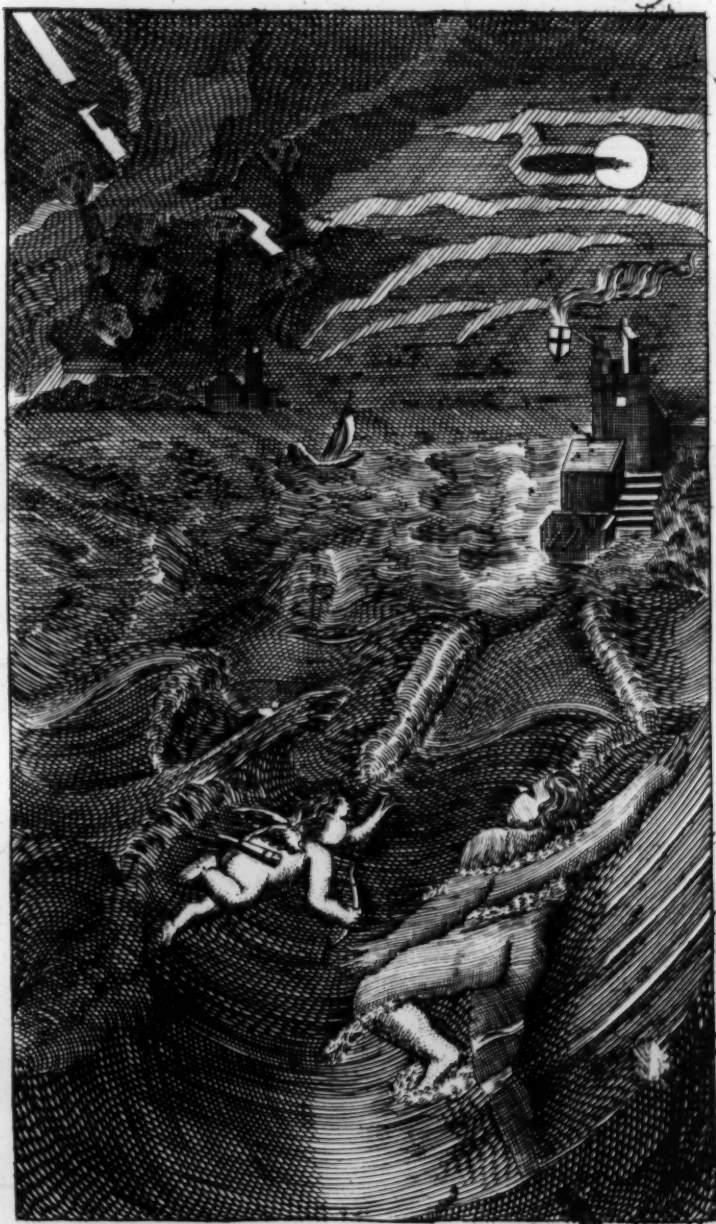
LEANDER to HERO.

By Mr. TATE.

The ARGUMENT.

Leander accustom'd nightly to swim over the Hellespont to visit Hero (Priestess of Venus' Temple) being at last hinder'd by Storms from his wonted Course, sends her the following Epistle.

R Eceive this Letter from Leander, fraught
 With Service which he rather would have brought.
 Read with a Smile,—and yet, if thou would'st crown
 My wiser Wishes, read them with a Frown.
 That Anger from thy Kindness will proceed,
 'Cause of *Leander* thou canst only read.
 The Seas rage high, and scarce could we prevail
 With the most daring Mariner to sail.
 Embark'd at last, and sculking in the Hold,
 My Stealth is to my jealous Parents told,
 As much too tim'rous they, as I too bold.
 I writ, since Writing was my sole Relief,
 And o'er the dewy Sheets thus breath'd my Grief.
 Blest Letter, go, my tend'rest Thoughts convey,
 To her warm Lip thy Signets she will lay,
 And with a Kiss dissolve thy Seals away.





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D

Sev 11

Sev'n tedious Nights guiltless of Sleep I've stood;
 Sigh'd with the Winds, and murmur'd with the Flood;
 Then climbing th' utmost Clifts her Coast to view,
 My Tears, like Glasses, th' Object nearer drew:
 By th' adverse Winds and Waves detain'd on shore,
 My Thoughts run all our former Pleasures o'er,
 And in soft Scenes of Fancy re-injoy
 The Bliss that did our Infant Loves employ.
 'Twas Night (a Curse on the Impert'nent Light
 That pry'd and marr'd the Pleasures of that Night)
 When first I swam the Ford; while *Cynthia's* Beams
 Look'd pale, and trembled for me in the Streams.
 My drooping Arms, in hopes they shall at length
 Embrace thy Neck, feel fresh Supplies of Strength,
 The wond'ring Waves to their new Fury yield,
 Not *Tritons* faster plow the liquid Field.

Soon on the Temple's Spire your Torch I spy'd,
 Fix'd like a Star my wat'ry Course to guide;
 Which, Planet-like, shoots Vigour through my Veins;
 The Warmth of my Immortal Love sustains,
 In the cold Flood, Life's perishing Remains.

But now the gentlest Star that blest my Way,
 Your bright self on the Turret I survey.
 Then with redoubled Strokes the Waves divide,
 And by my *Hero* am at last descry'd:
 Scarce could your careful Confident restrain,
 But you would plunge, and meet me in the Main;
 And made so far your kind Endeavours good,
 That Ankle-deep on the Ford's Brink you stood;
 And seem'd the new-ris'n *Venus* of the Flood.
 The Shore now gain'd, to your dear Arms I flew,
 All dropping as I was with briny Dew;

Nor

LEANDER to HERO.

51

Nor prov'd for that a more unwelcome Guest;
 Your warm Lip to my bloodless Cheek you prest,
 Nor felt my Locks distilling on your Breast.
 Your hasty Robes are o'er my Shoulders thrown,
 To shroud my shiv'ring Limbs, you stript your own:
 Forgetting how your too officious Care,
 Left thee (my tend'rest Part) expos'd to Air.
 The Night and we are conscious to the rest;
 Delights that ought not, cannot be express:
 We knew short Space was to our Pleasures set,
 And therefore lov'd not at the common rate;
 But th' utmost Fury of our Flames employ'd:
 The Minutes flew less fast than we enjoy'd.
 With such dispatch that Night's dear Joys we wrought,
 To recollect would make an Age of Thought.
 At length the sickning Stars began t' expire,
 And I with them am summon'd to retire.
 Confus'dly then we our Love-Task dispatcht,
 Ten thousand Kisses in a Minute snatcht.
 Your Woman chid that I so long delay'd,
 You prest me close, then ask'd me why I staid.
 My Stay you first reprov'd, and then my Haste,
 Nor cry'd Farewel, 'till you had clasp'd me fast.
 Day broke ere we our Am'rous Strife could end;
 Then sighing I to the cold *Beach* descend.
 Trust me, the Seas from your dear Coasts seem steep,
 And all the Way methinks I climb the Deep.
 But when revisiting your Shores, I seem
 Descending still, and rather fall than swim.
 I loath my Native Soil, and only prize
 That Region where my Love's dear Treasure lies.

Why is not *Sestos* to *Abydos* join'd?
 Since we united are in Heart and Mind.
 The same our Hopes, our Fears, and our Desires,
 Love is our Life, and one Love both inspires.
 But ah! what Mis'ries on that Love attend,
 Whose Joys on hum'rous Seas and Winds depend?
 I by their Quarrel lose, forc'd to delay
 My tender Visit, 'till they end the Fray.

When first I crost the Gulph, the *Dolphins* gaz'd,
 The Sea Nymphs fled, the *Tritons* were amaz'd.
 But now no more I seem a Prodigy,
 But pass for an Inhabitant o' th' Sea.
 And since my Passage is by Storms withstood,
 I'm nightly miss'd by th' Brothers of the Flood.
 Oft have I curst the tedious Way, but oh!
 I wish in vain that tedious Passage now.
 Yield me again; kind Floods, my tiresome Way,
 'Twas never half so tiresome as my Stay.
 Must then my Halcyon Love all Winter sleep,
 And ne'er launch forth into a troubled Deep?
 Must I desist my Homage to perform,
 And sculk at home for ev'ry peevish Storm?
 If thus the Summer Gusts detain my Course,
 How shall I through the Winter Surges force?
 Absence ev'n then I shall not long sustain,
 But boldly plunge into the raging Main;
 And if the swelling Floods not soon assuage,
 I'll make my Boasting good, and dare their Rage.
 My vent'rous 'Scape shall in your Arms be blest,
 Or if I'm lost, my Anxious Love find rest.
 The Waves at least will do my Corps the grace
 To waft it to my wonted landing Place:

Or if its own accord the am'rous Clay
 Will thither float, nor lose so known a Way!
 I guess your Kindness will ev'n then perform
 To the cold Trunk, what you were wont when warm;
 Your self dismantling, you will shroud me o'er,
 And grieve to find your Bosom's Warmth no more
 Have Pow'r, my vital Spirits to restore.
 If this sad Fancy discompose thy Breast,
 Think 'twas but Fancy, and resume thy Rest.
 Invoke the wat'ry Powers, (thy Pray'rs are Charms)
 T' assuage the Storm, and yield me to thy Arms.
 But when to your dear Mansion I arrive,
 Loose ev'ry Wind, and let the Tempest drive.
 'Twill give my Stay Pretence, nor can you chide
 Whilst Thunder p'eads so loudly on my side.
 'Till then permit this Letter to supply
 The Author's Place, and in thy Bosom lye.
 Lodg'd in thy Breast, my Passion 'twill impart,
 And whisper its soft Message to thy Heart.



HERO'S



HERO's Answer.

By the same Hand.

WITH such Delight I read your Letter o'er,
 Your Presence only could have giv'n me more.
 Excuse my Passion, if it soar above
 Your Thought; no Man can judge of: Woman's Love.
 With Bus'ness you, or Pleasures, may sustain
 The Pangs of Absence, and divert the Pain.
 The Hills, the Vales, the Woods, and Streams are stor'd.
 With Game, and Profit with Delight afford.
 Whilst Gins for Beasts, and Snares for Fowl you set,
 You smile, and your own am'rous Chains forget.
 Ten thousand Helps besides affect your Cure,
 Whilst Woman's sole Relief is to endure.
 Or with my Confident I hold Discourse,
 Debating what should interrupt your Course:
 Or viewing from aloft the troubled Tide,
 Mix in the Fray, and with the Tempest chide.
 Or in the Storm's least Interval suspect
 Your stay, and almost charge you with Neglect:
 I seek your Footsteps on the Sands in vain,
 The Sands no more confess thee than the Main.

I watch th' arriving Barks, and never fail
 T' inquire of you, and write by ev'ry Sail.
 Still as the setting Sun restores the Night,
 (The Night to me more welcome than the Light,)
 I fix my flaming Torch to guide my Love,
 Nor shines there any friendlier Star above.
 Then with my Work or Book the Time I cheat,
 And 'midst the Task *Leander's* Name repeat.
 My wedded Thoughts no other Theme pursue,
 I talk a hundred things—but all of you.
 What think'st thou, Nurse, does my *Leander* come?
 Or waits he 'till his Parents sleep at home?
 For he is forc'd to steal his Passage there;
 As nightly we by stealth admit him here.
 Think'st thou that now he strips him in the Bay,
 Or is already plung'd, and on his Way?
 Whilst she, poor Soul, with tedious Watching spent,
 Makes half Replies, and Nodding gives Assent.
 Yet cannot I the smallest Pause allow,
 But cry, He is lanch'd forth for certain now.
 Then ev'ry Moment thro' the Window peep;
 With greedy Eyes examine all the Deep;
 And whisper to the Floods a tender Pray'r
 In your behalf, as if I spy'd you there.
 Or to beguile my Griefs my Ear incline;
 And take each gentle Breeze's Voice for thine:
 At last, surpris'd with Sleep, in Dreams I gain
 That Bliss for which I wak'd so long in vain.
 To shroud you then my Shoulders I divest,
 And clasp you shiv'ring, to my warmer Breast;
 A Lover need not be inform'd thereof.

These Pleasures oft my slumb'ring Thoughts imploy,
 But still th' are Dreams, and yield no solid Joy.
 Tho' ne'er so lively the Fruition be,
 To fill my Blifs I must have very thee.
 At present, I confess, the Seas are rough,
 But were last Night compos'd, and calm enough;
 Why did you then my longing Hopes delay?
 Why disappoint me with a total Stay?
 Is it your Fear that makes my Wishes vain?
 When rougher, you have oft engag'd the Main,
 If it be Fear, that friendly Fear retain,
 Nor visit me 'till you securely may,
 Your Danger would afflict me more than Stay,
 Dread ev'ry Gust that blows, but oh! my Mind
 Misgives, lest you prove various as that Wind.
 If e'er you change, your Error secret keep,
 And in blest Ignorance permit me sleep.
 Not that I am inform'd y' are chang'd at all,
 But absent Lovers fear whate'er may fall.
 Detain'd by th' Floods, your Stay I will not blame;
 But less I dread the Floods than some new Flame.
 Be hush't ye Winds, ye raging Billows sleep,
 And yield my Love safe Passage thro' the Deep.
 Blest Sign, the Taper sparkles whilst I pray,
 A Guest i' th' Flame! *Leander's* on his Way!
 Our Household Altar yields propitious Signs,
 From which my Nurse your swift Approach divines.
 The Crickets too of your Arrival warn,
 And say our Number shall increase ere Morn.
 Come, gentle Youth, and with thy Presence make
 The glad Conjecture true; the Day will break,

And

And marr our Bliss; prevent the hast'ning Morn;
 To me and Love's forsaken Joys return;
 My Bed without thee will afford no Rest,
 There is no Pillow like *Leander's* Breast.
 Dost thou suspect the Time will be too short?
 Or want'st thou Strength th' Adventure to support?
 If this detain thee, Oh! no longer stay,
 I'll plunge and meet thee in the Flood half way.
 Thus in the verdant Waves our Flames shall meet;
 And Danger make the soft Embrace more sweet.
 Our Love's our own, which yet we take by Stealth,
 Like Midnight Misers from their hidden Wealth.
 'Twixt Decency and Love unhappy made,
 Whilst Fame forbids what our Desires persuade.
 How art thou nightly snatch'd from me away,
 To dare the Flood, when Sailors keep the Bay?
 Yet be advis'd, thou Conqu'ror of the Tide,
 Nor in thy youthful Strength so much confide.
 Think not thine Arms can more than Ours prevail;
 Nor dare to swim, when Pilots fear to sail.
 With much Regret I cautiously persuade,
 And almost wish my Counsel disobey'd.
 Yet when to the rough Main my Eyes I turn,
 Methinks I never can enough forewarn:
 Nor does my last Night's Vision less affright;
 (Tho' expiated with many a sacred Rite,)
 A sporting *Dolphin*, whilst the Flood retir'd,
 Lay hid i' th' *Ooze*, and on the *Beach* expir'd;
 Whate'er the Dream portend, as yet reside
 In the safe Port, nor trust th' inconstant Tide.

The Storm (too fierce to last) will soon decay,
 Then with redoubled Speed redeem your Stay,
 'Till then these Sheets some Pleasure may impart;
 They bring what most you prize, your *Hero's Heart*.



Laodamia



Laodamia to Protefilaus.

By *THO. FLATMAN, Esq;*

The ARGUMENT.

Protefilaus, lying Wind-bound at Aulis, in the Grecian Fleet, design'd for the Trojan War, his Wife Laodamia sends this following Epistle to Him.

HHealth to the gentle Man of War, and may
What Laodamia sends, the Gods convey.

The Wind that still in *Aulis* holds my Dear,
Why was it not so cross to keep him here?

Let the Wind raise an Hurricane at Sea,
Were he but safe and warm ashore with me.

Ten thousand Kisses I had more to give him,
Ten thousand Cautions, and soft Words to leave him.

In haste he left me, summon'd by the Wind
(The Wind to barbarous Mariners only kind.)

The Seaman's Pleasure is the Lover's Pain,
(*Protefilaus* is from my Bosom ta'en!)

As from my faltering Tongue half Speeches tell,
(Scarce could I speak that wounding Word, *Earewel*.)

A merry Gale (at Sea they call it so)
Fill'd ev'ry Sail with Joy, my Breast with Wo.

There went my dear *Protefilaus*—

While

While I could see thee, full of eager Pain,
 My greedy Eyes epicuriz'd on thine.
 When thee no more, but thy spread Sails I view,
 I look'd, and look'd, 'till I had lost them too;
 But when nor thee, nor them I could descry,
 And all was Sea that came within my Eye,
 They say, (for I have quite forgot) they say
 I strait grew pale, and fainted quite away;
 Compassionate *Iphiclus*, and the good old Man,
 My Mother too, to my Assistance ran;
 In haste, cold Water on my Face they threw,
 And brought me to my self with much ado;
 They meant it well, to me it seem'd not so,
 Much kinder had they been to let me go;
 My Anguish with my Soul together came,
 And in my Heart burst out the former Flame;
 Since which, my uncomb'd Locks unheeded flow,
 Undrest, forlorn, I care not how I go;
 Inspir'd with Wine, thus *Bacchus*' frolick Rout
 Stagger'd of old, and straggled all about.
 Put on, Put on, the happy Ladies say,
 Thy Royal Robes, fair *Laodamia*.
 Alas! before *Troy*'s Walls my Dear does lye,
 What Pleasure can I take in *Tyrian* Dye?
 Shall Curls adorn my Head, an Helmet thine?
 I in bright Tissues, thou in Armour shine?
 Rather with studied Negligence I'll be
 As ill, if not disguised worse than thee.
 O *Paris*! rais'd by Ruins! may'st thou prove
 As fatal in thy War, as in thy Love!
 O that the *Grecian* Dame had been less fair,
 Or thou less lovely hadst appear'd to her!

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 61

O Menelaus! timely cease to strive;
 With how much Blood wilt thou thy Loss retrieve?
 From me, ye Gods, avert your heavy doom,
 And bring my Dear, laden with Laurels home.
 But my Heart fails me, when I think of War;
 The sad Reflections cost me many a Tear:
 I tremble when I hear the very Name
 Of ev'ry Place where thou shalt fight for Fame.
 Besides th' adventurous Ravisher well knew
 The safest Arts his Villany to pursue;
 In noble Dress he did her Heart surprize,
 With Gold he dazzled her unguarded Eyes,
 He back'd his Rape with Ships and armed Men;
 Thus storm'd, thus took the beauteous Fortrefs in
 Against the Power of Love, and Force of Arms,
 There's no Security in the brightest Charms.

Hector I fear, much do I Hector fear,
 A Man (they say) experienc'd in War,
 My Dear, if thou hast any Love for me,
 Of that same Hector pr'ythee mindful be;
 Fly him be sure, and every other Foe,
 Least each of them should prove an Hector too.
 Remember, when for Fight thou shalt prepare,
 Thy Laodamia charg'd thee, have a care,
 For what Wounds thou receiv'st, are given to her:
 If by thy Valour Troy must ruin'd be,
 May not the Ruin leave one Scar on thee;
 Sharer in th' Honour, from the Danger free!
 Let Menelaus fight, and force his Way,
 Through the false Ravisher's Troops to his Helena,
 Great by his Victory, as his Cause is good,
 May he swim to her in his Enemies Blood.

Thy

Thy Case is different—May'st thou live to see
(Dearest) no other Combatant but me!

Yegen'rous *Trojans*, turn your Swords away
From his dear Breast, find out a nobler Prey:
Why should you harmless *Laodamia* slay?
My poor good-natur'd Man did never know
What 'tis to fight, or how to face a Foe;
Yet in Love's Field what Wonders can he do!
Great is his Prowess, and his Fortune too;
Let them go fight, who know not how to woo.

Now I must own, I fear'd to let thee go:
My trembling Lips had almost told thee so.
When from thy Father's House thou didst withdraw,
Thy fatal Stumble at the Door I saw,
I saw it, sigh'd, and pray'd the Sign might be
Of thy Return a happy Prophecy!
I cannot but acquaint thee with my Fear,
Be not too brave,—Remember, Have a care,
And all my Dreads will vanish into Air.

Among the *Grecians* some one must be found
That first shall set his Foot on *Trojan* Ground;
Unhappy she that shall his Loss bewail,
Grant, O ye Gods, thy Courage then may fail.
Of all the Ships, be thine the very last,
Thou the last Man that lands; there needs no haste
To meet a potent and a treach'rous Foe;
Thou'lt land, I fear, too soon, tho' ne'er so slow.
At thy Return ply ev'ry Sail and Oar,
And nimble leap on thy deserted Shoar.

All the Day long, and all the lonely Night,
Black Thoughts of thee my anxious Soul affright:

Dark-

LAODAMIA to PROTESILAUS. 63

Darkness, to other Womens Pleasures kind,
 Augments, like Hell, the Torments of my Mind;
 I court e'en Dreams, on my forsaken Bed,
 False Joys must serve, since all my true are fled.
 What's that same airy *Phantom* so like thee?
 What Wailings do I hear, what Paleness see?
 I wake, and hug my self, 'tis but a Dream——
 The *Grecian* Altars know I feed their Flame.
 The want of hallow'd Wine my Tears supply,
 Which make the sacred Fire burn bright and high.
 When shall I clasp thee in these Arms of mine,
 These longing Arms, and lye dissolv'd in thine?
 When shall I have thee by thy self alone,
 To learn the wond'rous Actions thou hast done?
 Which when in rapt'rous Words thou hast begun,
 With many and many a Kiss, pr'ythee tell on;
 Such Interruptions graceful Pauses are,
 A Kiss in Story's but an Halt in War.

But when I think of *Troy*, of Winds, and Waves,
 I fear the pleasant Dream my Hope deceives:
 Contrary Winds in *Port* detain thee too,
 In spite of Wind and Tide why wouldst thou go?
 Thus to thy Country thou wouldst hardly come,
 In spite of Wind and Tide thou went'st from home.
 To his own City *Neptune* stops the Way,
 Revere the *Omen*, and the Gods obey.
 Return, ye furious *Grecians*, homeward fly;
 Your Stay is not of Chance, but Destiny:
 How can your Arms expect desir'd Success,
 That thus contend for an *Adulteress*?
 But, let not me forespeak you, no,—set Sail,
 And Heav'n befriend you with a prosp'rous Gale!

Ye Trojans! with Regret methinks I see
 Your first Encounter with your Enemy;
 I see fair *Helen* put on all her Charms,
 To buckle on her lusty Bridegroom's Arms;
 She gives him Arms, and Kisses she receives.
 (I hate the Transports each to other gives)
 She leads him forth, and she commands him come:
 Safely victorious, and triumphant home;
 And he (no doubt) will make no nice delay,
 But diligently do whate'er she say.
 Now he returns, — see with what amour'd Speed
 She takes the pond'rous Helmet from his Head,
 And courts the weary Champion to her Bed.

We Women, too too credulous alas!

Think what we fear will surely come to pass,
 Yet, while before the Leaguer thou dost lye
 Thy Picture is some Pleasure to my Eye;
 That I carefs in Words most kind and free,
 And lodge it on my Breast, as I would thee;
 There must be something in it more than Art,
 'Twere very thee, could it thy Mind impart;
 I kiss the pretty *Idol*, and complain,
 As if (like thee) 'twould answer me again.
 By thy Return, by thy dear Self, I swear,
 By our Loves Vows, which most Religious are,
 By thy beloved Head, and those gray Hairs
 Which Time may on it snow, in future Years,
 I come, where-e'er thy Fate shall bid me go,
 Eternal Partner of thy Weal and Wo,
 So thou but live, tho' all the Gods say No.
 Farewell, — but pr'ythee very careful be
 Of thy beloved Self (I mean) of me.





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OENONE to PARIS.

By Mr. JOHN COOPER.

The ARGUMENT.

Hecuba, being with Child of Paris, dream'd she was deliver'd of a Firebrand: Priam, consulting the Prophets, was answer'd, the Child should be the Cause of the Destruction of Troy; wherefore Priam commanded it should be delivered to wild Beasts as soon as born, but Hecuba conveys it secretly to Mount Ida, there to be foster'd by the Shepherds, where he falls in Love with the Nymph OEnone, but at length being known and own'd, he sails into Greece, and carries Helen to Troy, which OEnone hearing, writes him this Epistle.

Read this, (if your new Bride will suffer) read;

And no Upbraidings from Mycena dread.

Only OEnone here does of her Swain

(If he will let her call him hers) complain.

What God has robb'd me of your Love and you?

Or from what Crime of mine proceeds my Woe?

Misfortunes, when deserv'd, we may endure,

But when unjustly born, can find no Cure.

Tho' now a Prince, not yet so great you was,

When a fam'd Nymph, I stoop'd to your Imbrace:

A Slave you was (forgive what I have said)

Slave as you was, I took you to my Bed.

Often,





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Oftentimes,

Often, amidst your Flocks, beneath some Shade,
 On Leaves and Flow'rs we am'rously were laid.
 As oft, upon the Straw our Joys we prov'd
 In some low Shed from Winter Storms remov'd.
 When you rose up to hunt, I shew'd you Game,
 Surpris'd the Infant Savage and his Dam :
 Companion of your Sports, the Toils did place,
 And cheer'd the swift-pac'd Hounds upon the Chase!
 Upon the Trees your Sickle carv'd my Name,
 And ev'ry Beach is conscious of your Flame.
 Well I remember that tall Poplar Tree,
 (Its Trunk is fill'd, and with Records of me.)
 Which, may it live! on the Brook's Margin set,
 Has on its knotty Bark these Verses writ :

When Paris lives not to OEnone true,

Back Xanthus' Streams shall to their Fountains flow.

Turn! turn ye Streams! and Xanthus backwards go:
 The faithless Paris has forgot his Vow.

Calm was our Love, blest with delightful Ease,
 'Till a black Storm o'ercaft my former Peace,
 When the three Heav'nly Beauties blest thine Eyes,
 Design'd thee Umpire to bestow the Prize.
 As from your Mouth the fatal Story came,
 A swift cold Trembling shot thro' all my Frame:
 To ancient Sages my just Doubts I bear,
 And all conclude some dreadful Mischief near.

Now the tall Pines into strong Barks you shape,
 Which sweep the Surface of the yielding Deep.
 From your swoln Eyes the Tears at Parting crept;
 Deny it not, nor be ashamed you wept:
 (Your Love was then no Injury to your Fame;
 You daily burn in a more shameful Flame.)

You

You wept, and on my Eyes you gazing stood,
Whose falling Tears increas'd the briny Flood.
About my Neck your wreathing Arms you flung,
Closer than Vines to their lov'd Elms you clung,
When for your Stay you did the Tempests blame,
How oft they laugh'd who knew the Ocean calm;
'Midst thousand Kisses, when you bid Farewel,
Scarce could your Tongue the fatal Message tell.
You are embark'd: Against your Gally's Side
The plying Oars beat up the foaming Tide:
'Till hurry'd from my Sight, your Ships I view,
Then my salt Tears the parched Sands bedew:
Soon, ye Sea Gods, again soon may he come,
(I fondly pray'd, but to my Ruin soon.
The Gods my Wishes do successful make,
But all, alas! for that curst Strumpet's sake,
My Pray'rs into another's Arms have brought you back. }
A vast high Rock there is, whose craggy Sides,
Sustain the Fury of incroaching Tides;
Your Sails hence spy'd, I hardly could delay,
Plung'd in the Deep to meet you by the way;
When one I saw, while a short Pause I made,
Upon the Deck in glorious Purple clad:
Gods! how I shook! Fear did my Soul possess
With Horror, to behold th' unusual Dress,
As nearer to the Shoar your Vessel came,
I spy'd, O blasting Sight! the charming Dames;
Nay more,——her wanton Head (into the Sea
Why leapt I not?) upon your Bosom lay.
'Twas then I beat my Breast, and tore my Hair
With all the Symtoms of a deep Despair.

I fill'd the Air with my distracted Cries,
 And *Ida's* Mount resounded with the Noise.
 Thence with dire Imprecations I remov'd
 Unto those conscious Caves, where once we lov'd.
 Hear me, ye Gods! May the curst *Helen* be
 As wretched full as she has render'd me;
 May she complain of false and broken Vows,
 And pine, like me, for a regardless Spouse.
 Now they do Charm, who from their Husband fly,
 And the wide Ocean plow, to follow thee;
 When a poor Shepherd, a small Flock you fed,
 Then I, and only I, vouchsaf'd my Bed.
 Nor think I sue to be in Courts ador'd,
 And own'd the Daughter of all *Asia's* Lord;
 Tho' your great Parents need not be asham'd
 When 'mongst their many Children I am nam'd;
 A Scepter would not ill become this Hand,
 So much I wish and merit to command.
 Despise me not, because with you I Play,
 And pass'd, on new-fall'n Leaves, the well-spent Day;
 For thy *Oenone's* worthy of a Bed,
 Not with green Leaves but gaudy Purple spread.
 Safe you may sleep and harmless in my Arms,
 Your Joys uninterrupted with Alarms:
 But with my Rival thus you must not live,
 For *Greece* in Arms demands the Fugitive;
 Ruin is all the Dow'ry she can give.
 Ask your grave Friends, with piercing Wisdom fraught,
 Whom many Years have much Experience taught,
 Ask Sage *Antenor*, and your aged Sire,
 If she's to be restor'd whom they require.

Base Man! your Country for her sake destroy'd;
 Shame's on your part, and Justice on their side.
 Or can you think that she will constant prove,
 Who was so easily entic'd to love?
 When once debauch'd, our Sex for ever burn
 In lawless Fire, Virtue knows no Return;
 Dishonour never gives a second Blow;
 And once a Whore she will be ever so.
 But her firm Love that Scruple has remov'd;
 Vain Man! ev'n thus *Atides* once she lov'd.
 Alone he lies, poor cred'lous Cuckold, now!
 And does deplore what you ere while must do.
 Fool that he was to think she could be true!
 Happy *Andromache*! who justly art
 Possessed of a firm and loyal Heart!
 A Faith like hers thou hast beheld in me,
 And *Hector's* Virtue should have shin'd in thee,
 But thou art lighter than the sapless Leaf,
 Of which the Autumn Blasts the Trees bereave;
 Or than the Stalks of the well-ripen'd Wheat,
 Made the Winds sport by the Sun's parching Heat.
 Well I remember what your Sister said,
 When the strange God possess'd the furious Maid;
OEnone, cease to plow up fruitless Lands,
And sow the Seed upon the barren Sands.
The Grecian Heifer comes, who reaps thy Joys,
The Bane of Troy, and Priam's ancient House.
 She comes! forbid it Heav'n: And in the Deep,
 Now, now ye Gods, sink down the guilty Ship;
 Now is the time to plunge it in the Flood,
 It brings Destruction, and is fraught with Blood.

She

She said: Her People snatch'd her from my View,
 As thro' the Woods full of the God she flew.
 Too true she spoke! my Joys that Heifer prove,
 Does in my Groves and Flow'ry Meadows move,
 And all the pleasant Pastures of my Love.
 Fair tho' she be, your *Helen* is a Whore,
 Whom each new Face draws from her Native Shore.
 With *Theseus* thus the false Inconstant fled;
 But he untouch'd restor'd the spotless Maid.
 Ah who can Faith to the forg'd Story yield?
 His Veins with youthful Blood and Vigour fill'd,
 A Lover too! could he his Joys forbear?
 And in Possession of his Heav'n despair?
 Miscal not thus her ready Flight a Rape,
 Her wicked self contriv'd the wish'd Escape.
 But I, false as you are, have kept my Vows,
 Tho' your Example would my Crimes excuse.

Long time I liv'd a Tenant of the Groves,
 The common Object of the *Satyrs* Loves;
 Me, *Faunus* too, who o'er the Mountains fled,
 Pursu'd with Leafy Chaplets on his Head;
 And *Phæbus*, who, but with much Force, obtain'd
 That Bliss for which the rest in vain complain'd.
 I tore my Hair, while my soft Limbs he prest,
 And that curst Face for which I was disgrac'd.
 No sordid Recompence of Wealth I sought,
 That Creature's mean whose Love is to be bought;
 But me the grateful God with Knowledge stor'd,
 And the same Gifts for which himself's ador'd.
 For no one Plant the fertile Earth does yield,
 But in its Virtues I am amply skill'd.

Wretch!

Wretch! of what use does thy vain Knowledge prove?
No Drug, alas! can cure the Wounds of Love.
Not *Phæbus*' self, the Author of our Art,
Could in this case guard his Immortal Heart:
Nought or from Earth, or Heav'n can cure my Wound,
In thee alone must my Relief be found:
My *Paris* can, and he must Pity show,
To her who merits all he can bestow:
For I am yours, with you of old did pass,
In childish Innocence, my Infant Days;
And I beseech you, Gods to fix my Doom,
And give that Blessing to the time come.
So in his Arms, to whom my Youth I lent,
Shall the Remains of my blest Life be spent.





A

PARAPHRASE

On the Foregoing

E P I S T L E

O F

OENONE *to* PARIS.By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

TO thee, dear *Paris*, Lord of my Desires,
 Once tender Partner of my softest Fires;
 To thee I write, mine, whilst a Shepherd's Swain,
 But now a Prince, that Title you disdain.
 Oh fatal Pomp, that cou'd so soon divide
 What Love, and all our Vows so firmly ty'd!
 What God, our Loves industrious to prevent,
 Curst thee with Pow'r, and ruin'd my Content?
 Greatness, which does at best but ill agree,
 With Love, such distance sets 'twixt thee and me.

Whilst

Whilst thou a Prince, and I a Shepherdess,
 My raging Passion can have no Redress.
 Wou'd Heav'n, when first I saw thee, thou hadst been
 This Great, this Cruel Celebrated Thing,
 That without Hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd,
 And mix'd my Adoration with the Crowd;
 Unwounded then I had escap'd those Eyes,
 Those lovely Authors of my Miseries.
 Not that less Charms their fatal Pow'r had dress'd,
 But Fear and Awe my Love had then suppress:
 My unambitious Heart no Flame had known,
 But what Devotion pays to Gods alone.
 I might have wonder'd, and have wish'd that he,
 Whom Heav'n should make me love, might look like thee.
 More in a silly Nymph had been a Sin.
 This had the height of my Presumption been.
 But thou a Flock didst feed on *Ida's* Plain,
 And hadst no Title, but *The Lovely Swain*.
 A Title! which more Virgin Hearts has won,
 Than that of being own'd King *Priam's* Son.
 Whilst me a harmless Neighb'ring Cottager
 You saw, and did above the rest prefer.
 You saw! and at first sight you lov'd me too,
 Nor cou'd I hide the Wounds receiv'd from you.
 Me all the Village Herdsmen strove to gain,
 For me the Shepherds sigh'd and su'd in vain,
 Thou hadst my Heart, and they my cold Disdain.
 Not all their Offerings, Garlands, and First-born
 Of their lov'd Ewes, cou'd bribe my native Scorn.
 My Love, like hidden Treasure long conceal'd,
 Cou'd only, where 'twas destin'd, be reveal'd.



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 Curst thee with Pow'r, and ruin'd my Content?
 Greatness, which does at best but ill agree,
 With Love, such distance sets 'twixt thee and me.

Whilst

Whilst thou a Prince, and I a Shepherdess,
My raging Passion can have no Redress.
Wou'd Heav'n, when first I saw thee, thou hadst been
This Great, this Cruel Celebrated Thing,
That without Hope I might have gaz'd and bow'd,
And mix'd my Adoration with the Crowd;
Unwounded then I had escap'd those Eyes,
Those lovely Authors of my Miseries.
Not that less Charms their fatal Pow'r had dress'd,
But Fear and Awe my Love had then suppress:
My unambitious Heart no Flame had known,
But what Devotion pays to Gods alone.
I might have wonder'd, and have wish'd that he,
Whom Heav'n should make me love, might look like thee.
More in a silly Nymph had been a Sin.
This had the height of my Presumption been.
But thou a Flock didst feed on *Ida's* Plain,
And hadst no Title, but *The Lovely Swain*.
A Title! which more Virgin Hearts has won,
Than that of being own'd King *Priam's* Son.
Whilst me a harmless Neighb'ring Cottager
You saw, and did above the rest prefer.
You saw! and at first sight you lov'd me too,
Nor cou'd I hide the Wounds receiv'd from you.
Me all the Village Herdsmen strove to gain,
For me the Shepherds sigh'd and su'd in vain,
Thou hadst my Heart, and they my cold Disdain.
Not all their Offerings, Garlands, and First-born
Of their lov'd Ewes, cou'd bribe my native Scorn.
My Love, like hidden Treasure long conceal'd,
Cou'd only, where'twas destin'd, be reveal'd.

And yet how long my Maiden Blushes strove
 Not to betray the easie new-born Love,
 But at thy sight the kindling Fire wou'd rise,
 And I, unskill'd, declare it at my Eyes.
 But oh the Joy! the mighty Ecstasie
 Possess't thy Soul at this Discovery!
 Speechless, and panting at my Feet you lay,
 And short-breath'd Sighs told what you could not say.
 A thousand times my Hand with Kisses prest,
 And look'd such Darts, as none cou'd e'er resist.
 Silent we gaz'd, and as my Eyes met thine,
 New Joy fill'd theirs, new Love and Shame fill'd mine!
 You saw the Fears my kind Disorder shows,
 And broke your Silence with a thousand Vows!
 Heav'ns, how you swore! by ev'ry Pow'r Divine!
 You wou'd be ever true, be ever mine!
 Each God, a sacred Witness you invoke,
 And wish'd their Curse, when e'er those Vows you broke.
 Quick to my Heart the perjur'd Accents ran,
 Which I took in, believ'd, and I was undone.

Vows are Love's poison'd Arrows, and the Heart
 So wounded, rarely finds a Cure in Art.
 At least this Heart which Fate has destin'd yours,
 This Heart unpractis'd in Love's mystick Pow'rs;
 For I am soft, and young as *April Flow'rs*.

Now uncontrol'd we meet, uncheck'd improve
 Each happier Minute in new Joys of Love!
 Soft were our Hours! and lavishly the Day
 We gave intirely up to Love and Play.
 Oft to the cooling Groves our Flocks we led,
 And, seated on some shady flow'ry Bed,
 Watch'd the united Wantons as they fed.

And all the Day my list'ning Soul I hung
 Upon the charming Musick of thy Tongue,
 And never thought the blessed Hours too long.
 No Swain, no God like thee cou'd ever move,
 Or had so soft an Art in whispering Love:
 No wonder that thou art ally'd to *Jove*.
 And when you pip'd, or sung, or danc'd, or spoke,
 The God appear'd in ev'ry Grace, and Look.
 Pride of the Swains, and Glory of the Shades,
 The Grief, and Joy of all the Love-sick Maids.
 Thus whilst all Hearts you rul'd without Controul,
 I reign'd the abs'lute Monarch of your Soul.
 Each *Beech* my Name yet bears, carv'd out by thee,
Paris and his *OEnone* fill each Tree;
 And as they grow, the Letters larger spread,
 Grow still a Witness of my Wrongs when dead!

Close by a silent Silver Brook there grows
 A Poplar, under whose dear gloomy Boughs
 A thousand times we have exchang'd our Vows!
 Oh may'st thou grow! to an endless Date of Years!
 Who on thy Bark this fatal Record bears;

*When Paris to OEnone proves untrue,
 Back Xanthus' Streams shall to their Fountain flow.*

Turn! turn your Tide! back to your Fountains run!

The perjur'd Swain from all his Faith is gone!

Curst be that Day, may Fate point out the Hour,

As Ominous in his black Kalendar;

When *Venus*, *Pallas*, and the Wife of *Jove*

Descended to thee in the Myrtle Grove,

In shining Chariots drawn by winged Clouds;

Naked they came, no Veil their Beauty shrouds;

But ev'ry Charm, and Grace expos'd to view,
 Left Heav'n to be survey'd and judg'd by you.
 To bribe thy Voice, *Juno* wou'd Crowns bestow;
Pallas more gracefully wou'd dress thy Brow
 With Wreaths of Wit; *Venus* propos'd the Choice
 Of all the fairest *Greeks*; and had thy Voice.
 Crowns, and more glorious Wreaths thou didst despise,
 And promis'd Beauty more than Empire prize!
 This when you told, Gods! what a killing Fear
 Did over all my shivering Limbs appear?
 And I presag'd some ominous Change was near!
 The Blushes left my Cheeks, from ev'ry Part
 The Blood ran swift to guard my fainting Heart,
 You in my Eyes the glimmering Light perceiv'd
 Of parting Life, and on my pale Lips breath'd
 Such Vows, as all my Terrors undeceiv'd.
 But soon the envying Gods disturb our Joy,
 Declare thee great! and all my Bliss destroy!
 And now the Fleet is anchor'd in the Bay
 That must to *Troy* the glorious Youth convey.
 Heav'ns! how you look'd! and what a Godlike Grace
 At their first Homage beautify'd your Face!
 Yet this no Wonder or Amazement brought,
 You still a Monarch were in Soul and Thought!
 Nor cou'd I tell which most the Sight augments,
 Your Joys of Pow'r, or parting Discords.
 You kiss the Tears which down my Cheeks did glide,
 And mingled yours with the soft-falling Tide,
 And 'twixt your Sighs a thousand times you said,
Cease, my OEnone! cease, my charming Maid!
If Paris lives his Native Troy to see,
My lovely Nymph, thou shalt a Princess be:

But my prophetick Fear no Faith allows,
 My breaking Heart resisted all thy Vows.
Ah must we part! I cry'd; *Those killing Words*
No further Language to my Grief affords.
 Trembling I fell upon thy panting Breast,
 Which was with equal Love, and Grief oppress'd,
 Whilst Sighs and Looks, all dying, spoke the rest.
 About thy Neck my feeble Arms I cast,
 Not *Vines*, nor *Ivy* circle *Elms* so fast.
 To stay, what dear Excuses didst thou frame,
 And fancied Tempests when the Seas were calm?
 F'ow oft the Winds contrary feign'd to be,
 When they, alas, were only so to me!
 How oft new Vows of lasting Faith you swore,
 And 'twixt your Kisses all the old run o'er.

But now the wisely Grave, who Love despise,
 (Themselves past Hope) do busily advise,
 Whisper Renown, and Glory in thy Ear,
 Language which Lovers fright, and Swains ne'er hear.
 For *Troy*, they cry, these Shepherds Weeds lay down!
 Change Crooks for Scepters! Garlands for a Crown!
 ' Be sure that Crown does far less easie sit
 ' Than Wreaths of Flow'rs, less innocent and sweet,
 ' Nor can thy Beds of State so grateful be,
 ' As those of Moss, and new-fall'n Leaves with me!

Now tow'rd's the *Beach* we go, and all the Way
 The Groves, the Fern, dark Woods, and Springs survey;
 That were so often conscious to the Rites
 Of sacred Love, in our dear stol'n Delights:
 With Eyes all languishing, each Place you view,
 And sighing, cry'd, *Adieu, dear Shades Adieu!*

Then 'twas thy Soul e'en doubted which to do,
 Refuse a Crown, or those dear Shades forgo!
 Glory and Love the great Dispute pursu'd!
 But the false Idol soon the God subdu'd.

And now on Board you go, and all the Sails
 Are loosen'd, to receive the flying Gales.
 Whilst I half dead on the forsaken Strand,
 Beheld thee fighting on the Deck to stand,
 Wasting a thousand Kisses from thy Hand.
 And whilst I cou'd the lessening Vessel see,
 I gaz'd, and sent a thousand Sighs to thee;
 And all the Sea-born *Nereids* implore
 Quick to return thee to our Rustick Shore.

Now like a Ghost I glide thro' ev'ry Grove,
 Silent, and sad as Death, about I rove,
 And visit all our Treasuries of Love!
 This Shade th'account of thousand Joys does hide,
 As many more this murm'ring River's side,
 Where the dear Grass, as sacred, does retain
 The Print, where thee and I so oft have lain.
 Upon this Oak thy Pipe and Garlands plac'd,
 That *Sycamore* is with thy Sheep-hook grac'd.
 Here feed thy Flocks, once lov'd, tho' now thy scorn;
 Like me forsaken, and like me forlorn!

A Rock there is, from whence I cou'd survey
 From far the blueish Shore, and distant Sea,
 Whose hanging Top with Toil I climb each Day,
 With greedy View I run the Prospect o'er,
 To see what wish'd-for Ships approach our Shoar.
 One Day all hopeless on its Point I stood,
 And saw a Vessel bounding o'er the Flood,

And

And as it nearer drew, I could discern
 Rich Purple Sails, Silk Cords, and Golden Stern,
 Upon the Deck a Canopy was spread
 Of Antick Work in Gold and Silver made,
 Which, mix'd with Sun-beams, dazzling Light display'd.
 But oh! beneath this glorious Scene of State
 (Curst be the Sight) a fatal Beauty fate,
 And fondly you were on her Bosom lay'd,
 Whilst with your perjur'd Lips her Fingers play'd:
 Wantonly curl'd and dally'd with that Hair
 Of which, as sacred Charms, I Bracelets wear.

Oh! hadst thou seen me then in that mad State;
 So ruin'd, so design'd for Death and Fate,
 Fix'd on a Rock, whose horrid Precipice
 In hollow Murmurs wars with angry Seas,
 Whilst the bleak Winds aloft my Garments bear,
 Ruffling my careless and dishevel'd Hair,
 I look'd like the sad Statue of Despair.

With out-stretch'd Voice I cry'd, and all around
 The Rocks and Hills my dire Complaints resound.
 I rend my Garments, tear my flatt'ring Face,
 Whose false deluding Charms my Ruin was.
 Mad as the Seas in Storms, I breathe Despair,
 Or Winds let loose in unresisting Air,
 Raging and frantick through the Woods I fly,
 And *Paris!* lovely, faithless *Paris!* cry.
 But when the Echos found thy Name again,
 I change to new Variety of Pain.

For that dear Name such Tendernefs inspires;
 As turns all Passion to Love's softer Fires.
 With Tears I fall to kind Complaints again;
 So Tempests are allay'd by Show'rs of Rain.

Say, lovely Youth, why wouldst thou thus betray
 My easie Faith, and lead my Heart astray?
 I might some humble Shepherd's Choice have been,
 Had I that Tongue ne'er heard, those Eyes ne'er seen;
 And in some homely Cott, in low Repose,
 Liv'd undisturb'd with broken Vows and Oaths:
 All Day by shaded Springs my Flocks have kept,
 And in some honest Arms at Night have slept,
 Then unupbraided with my Wrongs thou'dst been
 Safe in the Joys of the fair *Grecian* Queen.
 What Stars do rule the Great? No sooner you
 Became a Prince, but you were perjur'd too:
 Are Crowns and Falshoods then consistent Things?
 And must they all be faithless who are Kings?
 The Gods be prais'd that I was humbly born,
 Even tho' it renders me my *Paris*' Scorn.
 And I had rather this way wretched prove,
 Than be a Queen, and faithless in my Love.
 Not my fair Rival wou'd I wish to be,
 To come prophan'd by others Joys to thee.
 A spotless Maid into thy Arms I brought,
 Untouch'd in Fame, ev'n Innocent in Thought.
 Whilst she with Love has treated many a Guest,
 And brings thee but the Leavings of a Feast:
 With *Theseus* from her Country made Escape,
 Whilst she miscall'd the willing Flight, a Rape:
 So now from *Atreus*' Son, with thee is fled,
 And still the Rape hides the Adult'rous Deed.
 And is it thus great Ladies keep intire
 That Virtue they so boast, and you admire?
 Is this a Trick of Courts? can Ravishment
 Serve for a poor Evasion of Consent?

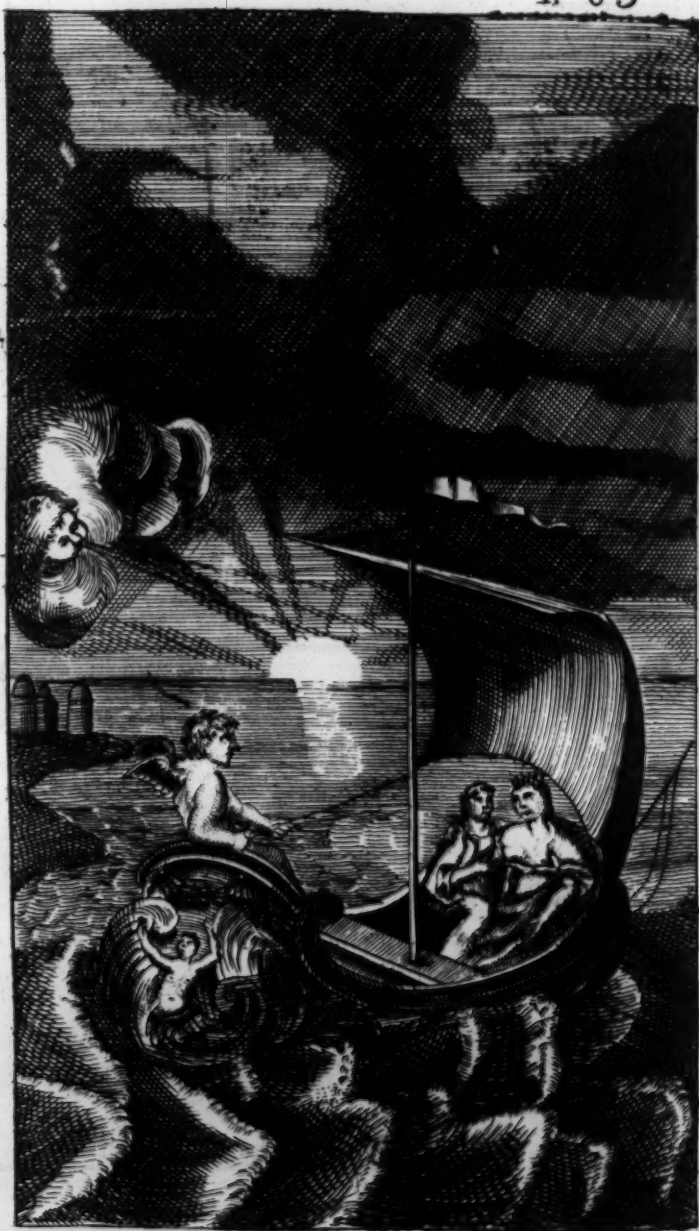
Hard:

Hard shift to save that Honour priz'd so high,
 Whilst the mean Fraud's the greater Infamy.
 How much more happy are we rural Maids,
 Who know no other Palaces than Shades?
 Who want no Titles to inflave the Crowd,
 Lest they shou'd babble all our Crimes aloud.
 No Arts our Good to show, our Ills to hide,
 Nor know to cover Faults of Love with Pride.
 I lov'd, and all Love's Dictates did pursue,
 And never thought it cou'd be Sin with you.
 To Gods, and Men, I did my Love proclaim;
 For one soft Hour with thee my charming Swain;
 Wou'd Recompence an Age to come of Shame,
 Cou'd it as well but satisfie my Fame.
 But oh those tender Hours are fled and lost,
 And I no more of Fame, or thee can boast!
 'Twas thou wert Honour, Glory, all to me:
 'Till Swains had learn'd the Vice of Perjury,
 No yielding Maids were charg'd with Infamy,
 'Tis false and broken Vows make Love a Sin,
 Hadst thou been true, we innocent had been.
 But thou less Faith than *Autumn* Leaves dost show,
 Which ev'ry Blast bears from their native Bough.
 Less Weight, less Constancy, in thee is born
 Than in the slender mildew'd Ears of Corn.

Oft when your Garlands wove to deck my Hair,
 Where mystick Pinks and Dazies mingled were,
 You swore 'twas fitter Diadems to bear:
 And when with eager Kisses prest my Hand,
 Have said, *How well a Scepter 'twou'd Command:*

And if I danc'd upon the flow'ry Green,
 With charming, wishing Eyes survey my Mien,
 And cry, The Gods design'd thee for a Queen!
 Why then for *Helen* dost thou me forsake?
 Can a poor empty Name such Difference make?
 Besides, if Love can be a Sin, thine's one,
 Since *Helen* does to *Menelaus* belong.
 Be Just, restore her back, she's none of thine,
 And, charming *Paris*, thou art only mine.
 'Tis no ambitious Flame that makes me sue
 To be again belov'd, and blest with you;
 No vain Desire of being ally'd t' a King;
 Love is the only Dowry I can bring.
 And tender Love is all I ask again.
 Whilst on her dang'rous Smiles fierce War must wait
 With Fire and Vengeance at your Palace Gate,
 Rouze your soft Slumbers with their rough Alarms,
 And rudely snatch you from her faithless Arms:
 Turn then, fair Fugitive, ere 'tis too late,
 Ere thy mistaken Love procures thy Fate;
 Ere a wrong'd Husband does thy Death design,
 And pierce that dear, that faithless Heart of thine.







PARIS to HELENA.

By Mr. RICHARD DUKE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Paris, having sail'd to Sparta for the obtaining of Helen, whom Venus had promised him as the Reward of his adjudging the Prize of Beauty to her, was nobly there entertain'd by Menelaus, Helen's Husband; but he being call'd away to Crete, to take Possession of what was left him by his Grandfather Atreus, commends his Guest to the Care of his Wife. In his Absence Paris courts her, and writes to her the following Epistle.

ALL Health, fair Nymph, thy Paris sends to thee;
 Tho' You, and only You, can give it me.
 Shall I then speak? or is it needless grown
 To tell a Passion that it self has shown?
 Does not my Love it self too open lay,
 And all I think in all I do betray?
 If nor, oh! may it still in secret lie,
 'Till Time with our kind Wishes shall comply,
 'Till all our Joys may to us come sincere,
 Nor lose their Price by the alloy of Fear.
 In vain I strive; who can that Fire conceal,
 Which do's it self by its own Light reveal?

But





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But if you needs would hear my trembling Tongue:
Speak what my Actions have declar'd so long,
I love; you've there the Word that do's impart
The truest Message from my bleeding Heart.
Forgive me, Madam, that I thus confess
To you, my fair Physician, my Disease,
And with such Looks this suppliant Paper grace,
As best become the Beauties of that Face.
May that smooth Brow no angry Wrinkle wear,
But be your Looks as kind as they are fair.
Some Pleasure 'tis to think these Lines shall find
An Entertainment at your Hands so kind,
For this creates a Hope, that I too may,
Receiv'd by you, as happy be as they.
Ah! may that Hope be true! nor I complain:
That *Venus* promis'd you to me in vain.
For know, lest you through Ignorance offend,
The Gods, 'tis Heav'n that me does hither send.
None of the meanest of the Pow'rs Divine.
That first inspir'd, still favours my Design.
Great is the Prize I seek, I must confess,
But neither is my Due or Merit less:
Venus has promis'd she would you assign,
Fair as her self, to be forever mine.
Guided by her, my *Troy* I left for thee,
Nor fear'd the Dangers of the faithless Sea.
She with a kind and an auspicious Gale
Drove the good Ship, and stretch'd out ev'ry Sail.
For she, who sprung out of the teeming Deep,
Still o'er the Main does her wide Empire keep.
Still may she keep it, and as she with ease
Allays the Wrath of the most angry Seas.

So may she give my stormy Mind some Rest,
And calm the raging Tempest of my Breast;
And bring home all my Sighs and all my Vows
To their wish'd Harbour, and desir'd Repose.

Hither my Flames I brought, not found 'em here;
I my whole Course by their kind Light did steer:
For I by no Mistake or Storm was tost
Against my Will upon this happy Coast.
Nor as a Merchant did I plow the Main
To venture Life, like sordid Fools, for Gain:
No; may the Gods preserve my present Store,
And only give me you to make it more,
Nor to admire the Place came I so far;
I have Towns richer than your Cities are.
'Tis you I seek, to me from *Venus* due,
You were my Wish, before your Charms I knew,
Bright Images of you my Mind did draw,
Long ere my Eyes the lovely Object saw.
Nor wonder that with the swift-winged Dart,
At such a Distance you could wound my Heart:
So Fate ordain'd, and left you fight with Fate,
Hear and believe the Truth I shall relate.

Now in my Mother's Womb shut up I lay,
Her fatal Burthen longing for the Day,
When she in a mysterious Dream was told,
Her teeming Womb a burning Torch did hold;
Frighted she rises, and her Vision she
To *Priam* tells, and to his Prophets he;
They sing that I all *Troy* shou'd set on Fire:
But sure Fate meant the Flames of my Desire.
For fear of this among the Swains expos'd,
My native Greatness every thing disclos'd.

Beauty.

Beauty, and Strength, and Courage join'd in one,
 Through all Disguise spoke me a Monarch's Son.
 A Place there is in *Ida's* thickest Grove
 With Oakes and Fir-trees shaded all above,
 The Grass here grows untoucht by bleating Flocks,
 Or Mountain Goat, or the laborious Ox.
 From hence *Troy's* Tow'rs, Magnificence and Pride,
 Leaning against an aged Oak, I spy'd.
 When straight methought I heard the trembling Ground
 With the strange Noise of trampling Feet resound.
 In the same Instant *Jove's* great Messenger,
 On all his Wings born through the yielding Air,
 Lighting before my wond'ring Eyes did stand;
 His Golden Rod shone in his sacred Hand:
 With him three charming Goddesses there came,
Juno and *Pallas*, and the *Cyprian* Dame.
 With an unusual Fear I stood amaz'd;
 'Till thus the God my sinking Courage rais'd;
Fear not; Thou art Jove's Substitute below,
The Prize of heav'nly Beauty to bestow;
Contending Goddesses appeal to you,
Decide their Strife; He spake, and up he flew:
 Then Bolder grown, I throw my Fears away,
 And ev'ry one with curious Eyes survey.
 Each of 'em merited the Victory,
 And I, their doubtful Judge, was griev'd to see,
 That one must have it, when deserv'd by Three.
 But yet that One there was which most prevail'd;
 And with more powerful Charms my Heart assail'd.
 Ah! would you know who thus my Breast could move?
 Who could it be but the fair Queen of Love?

With

With mighty Bribes they all for Conquest strive,
Juno will Empires, *Pallas* Valour give,
 Whilst I stand doubting which I should prefer,
 Empire's soft Ease, or glorious Toils of War;
 But *Venus* gently smil'd, and thus she spake,
They're dang'rous Gifts, O do not, do not take!
I'll make Thee Love's immortal Pleasures know,
And Joys that in full Tides for ever flow.
For, if you judge the Conquest to be mine,
Fair Leda's fairer Daughter shall be thine.
 She spake: And I gave her the Conquest due,
 Both to her Beauty, and her Gift of you.

Mean while (my angry Stars more gentle grown)
 I am acknowledg'd Royal *Priam's* Son,
 All the glad Court, all *Troy* does celebrate,
 With a new Festival my Change of Fate.
 And as I languish now, and die for thee,
 So did the Beauties of all *Troy* for me.
 You in full Pow'r over a Heart do reign,
 For which a thousand Virgins sigh'd in vain:
 Nor did Queens only fly to my Embrace,
 But Nymphs of Form Divine, and Heav'nly Race:
 I all their Loves with cold Disdain repress,
 Since Hopes of you first fir'd my longing Breast.
 Your charming Form all Day my Fancy drew,
 And when Night came, my Dreams were all of you.
 What Pleasures then must you your self impart,
 Whose Shadows only so surpris'd my Heart?
 And oh! how did I burn approaching night,
 That was so scorch'd by so remote a Fire!

For now no longer could my Hopes refrain
 From seeking their wish'd Object thro' the Main,

I fell the stately Pine, and ev'ry Tree
 That best was fit to cut the yielding Sea;
 Fetch'd from *Gargarian* Hills, tall Firs I cleave,
 And *Ida* naked to the Winds I leave,
 Stiff Oaks I bend, and solid Planks I form,
 And ev'ry Ship with well-knit Ribs I arm.
 To the tall Mast I Sails and Streamers join,
 And the gay Poops with painted Gods do shine.
 But on my Ship does only *Venus* stand
 With little *Cupid* smiling in her Hand,
 Guide of the Way she did her self command.
 My Fleet thus rigg'd, and all my Thoughts on thee,
 I long to plow the vast *Ægean* Sea;
 My anxious Parents my Desires withstand,
 And both with pious Tears my Stay command:
Cassandra too, with loose dishevel'd Hair,
 Just as our hasty Ships to sail prepare,
 Full of Prophetick Fury cries aloud,
Oh, whither steers my Brother thro' the Flood?
Little, ah! little dost thou know or heed,
To what a raging Fire these Waters lead.
 True were her Fears, and in my Breast I feel:
 The scorching Flames her Fury did toretel.
 Yet out I sail, and favour'd by the Wind,
 On your blest Shore my wish'd-for Haven find:
 Your Husband then, so Heav'n, kind Heav'n ordains,
 In his own House his Rival entertains.
 Shews me what e'er in *Sparta* does delight
 The curious Traveller's enquiring Sight:
 But I, who only long'd to gaze on you,
 Could taste no Pleasure in the idle Show.

But at thy Sight: oh! where was then my Heart!
 Out from my Breast it gave a sudden Start,
 Sprung forth and met half-way the fatal Dart.
 Such, or less charming, was the Queen of Love,
 When with her Rival Goddesses she strove.
 But Fairest, hadst thou come among the Three,
 Even she the Prize must have resign'd to Thee.
 Your Beauty is the only Theme of Fame,
 And all the World sounds with fair *Helen's* Name;
 Nor lives there She whom Pride it self can raise
 To claim with you an equal Share of Praise:
 Do I speak false? rather Report does so,
 Detracting from you in a Praise too low.
 More here I find than that could ever tell,
 So much your Beauty does your Fame excel.
 Well then might *Theseus*, he who all Things knew,
 Think none was worthy of his Theft but you:
 I this bold Theft admire; but wonder more
 He ever would so dear a Prize restore:
 Ah! would these Hands have ever let you go?
 Or could I live, and be divorc'd from you?
 No; sooner I with Life it self could part,
 Than e'er see you torn from my bleeding Heart.
 But could I do as he, and give you back,
 Yet sure some Taste of Love I first would take,
 Would first in all your blooming Excellence
 And Virgin Sweets feast my luxurious Sense;
 Or if you would not let that Treasure go,
 Kisses at least you should, you would bestow,
 And let me smell the Flow'r as it did grow.
 Come then into my longing Arms, and try
 My lasting, fix'd, eternal Constancy,

Which

Which never 'till my fun'ral Pile shall waste;
 My present Fire shall mingle with my last.
 Scepters and Crowns for you I did disdain,
 With which great *Juno* tempted me in vain.
 And when bright *Pallas* did her Bribes prepare,
 One soft Embrace from you I did prefer
 To Courage, Strength, and all the Pomp of War.
 Nor shall I ever think my Choice was ill,
 My Judgment's settled, and approves it still.
 Do you but grant my Hopes may prove as true
 As they were plac'd above all Things but you.
 I am, as well as you, of Heav'nly Race,
 Nor will my Birth your mighty Line disgrace;
Pallas and *Jove* our noble Lineage head,
 And them a Race of God-like Kings succeed.
 All *Asia's* Scepters to my Father bow,
 And half the spacious East his Pow'r allow.
 There you shall see the Houses roof'd with Gold,
 And Temples glorious as the Gods they hold.
Troy you shall see, and Divine Walls admire,
 Built to the Consort of *Apollo's* Lyre.
 What need I the vast Flood of People tell,
 That over its wide Banks does almost swell?
 You shall gay Troops of *Phrygian* Matrons meet,
 And *Trojan* Wives shining in ev'ry Street.
 How often then will you your self confess
 The Emptiness and Poverty of *Greece*?
 How often will you say, one Palace there
 Contains more Wealth than do whole Cities here?
 I speak not this your *Sparta* to disgrace,
 For wheresoe'er your Life began its Race
 Must be to me the happiest, dearest Place.

Yet

Yet *Sparta's* poor; and you, that should be dress'd
In all the Riches of the shining East,
Should understand how ill that sordid Place
Suits with the Beauty of your Charming Face.
That Face with costly Dress and rich Attire
Should shine, and make the gazing World admire.
When you the Habit of my *Trojans* see,
What, think ye, must that of their Ladies be?
Oh! then be kind, fair *Spartan*, nor disdain
A *Trojan* in your Bed to entertain.
He was a *Trojan*, and of our great Line,
That to the Gods does mix Immortal Wine;
Tithonus too, whom to her rose Bed
The Goddess of the Morning blushing led;
So was *Anchises* of our *Trojan* Race,
Yet *Venus* self to his desir'd Embrace,
With all her Train of little Loves, did fly,
And in his Arms learn'd for a while to lye.
Nor do I think that *Menelaus* can,
Compar'd with me, appear the greater Man.
I'm sure my Father never made the Sun
With frighted Steeds from his dire Banquet run:
No Grand-father of mine is slain'd with Blood,
Or with his Crime names the *Myrtoan* Flood,
None of our Race does in the *Stygian* Lake
Snatch at those Apples he wants Pow'r to take.
But stay; since you with such a Husband join,
Your Father *Jove* is forc'd to grace his Line.
He (Gods!) a Wretch unworthy of those Charms,
Does all the Night lye melting in your Arms,
Does ev'ry Minute to new Joys improve,
And riots in the luscious Sweets of Love.

I but at Table one short View can gain,
And that too only to increase my Pain :
O may such Feasts my worst of Foes attend,
As often I at your spread Table find.
I loath my Food, when my tormented Eye
Sees his rude Hand in your soft Bosom lye.
I burst with Envy when I him behold
Your tender Limbs in his loose Robe infold.
When he your Lips with melting Kisses seal'd,
Before my Eyes I the large Goblet held.
When you with him in strict Embraces close,
My hated Meat to my dry'd Palate grows.
Oft have I sigh'd, then sigh'd again to see
That Sigh with scornful Smiles repaid by thee.
Oft I with Wine would quench my hot Desire
In vain; for so I added Fire to Fire.
Oft have I turn'd away my Head in vain,
You straight recall'd my longing Eyes again.
What shall I do? your Sports with Grief I see,
But it's a greater, not to look on Thee.
With all my Art I strive my Flames to hide,
But through the thin Disguise they are descry'd;
Too well, alas! my Wounds to you are known,
And O that they were so to you alone!
How oft turn I my weeping Eyes away,
Lest he the Cause should ask, and I betray?
What Tales of Love tell I, when warm'd with Wine?
To your dear Face applying ev'ry Line.
In borrow'd Names I my own Passion shew,
They the feign'd Lovers are, but I the true.
Sometimes more Freedom in Discourse to gain,
For my Excuse I Drunkenness would feign.

Once I remember your loose Garment fell,
And did your naked, swelling Breasts reveal,
Breasts white as Snow, or the false Down of *Jove*,
When to your Mother the kind *Swan* made Love:
Whilst with the Sight surpriz'd I gazing stand,
The Cup I held, dropt from my careless Hand.
It you your young *Hermione* but kiss,
Straight from her Lips I snatch the envy'd Bliss.
Sometimes supinely laid, Love-Songs I sing,
And wasted Kisses from my Fingers fling.
Your Women to my Aid I try to move
With all the pow'rful Rhetorick of Love,
But they, alas! speak nothing but Despair,
And in the midst leave my neglected Pray'r.
Oh! that by some great Prize you might be won,
And your Possession might the Victor crown:
As *Pelops* his *Hippodamia* won,
Then had you seen what I for you had done.
But now I've nothing left to do but pray,
And my self prostrate at your Feet to lay.
O thou, thy House's Glory, brighter far
Than thy Two shining Brothers friendly Star!
O worthy of the Bed of Heav'n's great King,
If ought so fair but from himself could spring!
Either with thee I back to *Troy* will fly,
Or here a wretched banish'd Lover dye.
With no slight Wound my tender Breast does smart,
My Bones and Marrow feel the piercing Dart;
I find my Sister true did prophesie,
I with a Heav'nly Dart should wounded dye;
Despise not then a Love by Heav'n design'd,
So may the Gods still to your Vows be kind.

Much

Much I could say, but what, will best be known
 In your Apartment, when we are alone.
 You blush, and with a superstitious Dread
 Fear to defile the Sacred Marriage Bed:
 Ah! *Helen*, can you then so simple be,
 To think such Beauty can from Faults be free?
 Or change that Face, or you must needs be kind;
 Beauty and Virtue seldom have been join'd.
Jove and bright *Venus* do our Thefts approve;
 Such Thefts as these gave you your Father *Jove*.
 And if in you ought of your Parents last,
 Can *Jove* and *Leda's* Daughter well be chaste?
 Yet then be chaste when we to *Troy* shall go;
 (For she who sins with one alone, is so.)
 But let us now enjoy that pleasing Sin,
 Then Marry, and be Innocent again.
 Ev'n your own Husband doth the same persuade;
 Silent himself, yet all his Actions plead:
 For me they plead, and he, good Man, because
 He'll spoil no Sport, officiously withdraws.
 Had he no other Time to visit *Crete*?
 Oh! how prodigious is a Husband's Wit!
 He went, and as he went, he cry'd, My Dear,
 Instead of me, you of your Guest take care.
 But you forget your Lord's Command, I see,
 Nor take you any care of Love or me.
 And think you such a thing as he does know
 The Treasure that he holds, in holding you?
 No: did he understand but half your Charms,
 He durst not trust 'em in a Stranger's Arms.
 It neither his nor my Request can move,
 We're forc'd by Opportunity to Love;

We should be Fools, ev'n greater Fools than he,
Should so secure a Time unactive be.
Alone these tedious Winter's Nights you lye
In a cold Widow'd Bed, and so do I.
Let mutual Joys our willing Bodies join,
That happy Night shall the Mid-day out-shine:
Then will I swear by all the Pow'rs above, -
And in their awful Presence seal my Love.
Then, if my Wishes may aspire so high,
I with our Flight shall win you to comply;
But if nice Honour little Scruples frame,
The Force I'll use shall vindicate your Fame.
Of *Theseus* and your Brothers I can learn,
No Precedents so nearly you concern;
You *Theseus*, they *Leucippus*' Daughter stole,
I'll be the Fourth in the illustrious Roll.
Well mann'd, well arm'd, for you my Fleet does stay,
And waiting Winds murmur at our Delay.
Thro' *Troy*'s throng'd Streets you shall in Triumph go,
Ador'd as some new Goddess here below.
Where-e'er you tread, Spices and Gums shall smoke,
And Victims fall beneath the fatal Stroke.
My Father, Mother, all the joyful Court,
All *Troy* to you with Presents shall resort.
Alas! 'tis nothing what I yet have said;
What there you'll find, shall what I write exceed.
Nor fear, lest War pursue our hasty Flight,
And angry *Greece* should all her Force unite.
What ravish'd Maid did ever Wars regain?
Vain the Attempt, and Fear of it as vain.

The

The *Thracians Orythia* stole from far,
 Yet *Thrace* ne'er heard the Noise of following War.
Jason too stole away the *Colchian* Maid,
 Yet *Colchos* did not *Thessaly* invade.
 He who stole you, stole *Ariadne* too,
 Yet *Minos* did not with all *Crete* pursue.
 Fear in these Cases than the Danger's more,
 And when the threat'ning Tempest once is o'er,
 Our Shame's then greater than our Fear before. }
 But say from *Greece* a threatned War pursue,
 Know I have Strength and wounding Weapons too.
 In Men and Horse more numerous than *Greece*
 Our Empire is, not in its Compass less.
 Nor does your Husband *Paris* ought excel
 In Gen'rous Courage, or in Martial Skill.
 Ev'n but a Boy, from my slain Foes I gain'd
 My stollen Herd, and a new Name attain'd;
 Ev'n then o'ercome by me I cou'd produce
Deiphobus and great *Ilioneus*.
 Nor Hand to Hand more to be fear'd am I,
 Than when from far my certain Arrows fly.
 You for his Youth can no such Actions feign,
 Nor can he e'er my envy'd Skill attain.
 But could he, *Hector's* your Security,
 And he alone an Army is to me.
 You know me not, nor the hid Prowess find
 Of him that Heav'n has for your Bed design'd.
 Either no War from *Greece* shall follow thee,
 Or if it does, shall be repell'd by me.
 Nor think I fear to fight for such a Wife,
 That Prize would give the Coward's Courage life.

All After-Ages shall your Fame admire,
 If you alone set the whole World on fire.
 To Sea, to Sea, while all the Gods are kind,
 And all I promise, you in *Troy* shall find.



HELENA



HELEN to PARIS.

*By the Right Honourable the Earl of MULGRAVE,
and Mr. DRYDEN.*

THE ARGUMENT.

Helen, having receiv'd the foregoing Epistle from Paris, returns the following Answer : Wherein she seems at first to chide him for his Presumption in writing as he had done, which could only proceed from his low Opinion of her Virtue ; then owns her self to be sensible of the Passion, which he had express'd for her, tho' she much suspected his Constancy ; and at last discovers her Inclinations to be favourable to him. The whole Letter shewing the extream Artifice of Woman-kind.

WHEN loose Epistles violate chaste Eyes,
She half Consents, who silently Denies :
How dares a Stranger, with Designs so vain,
Marriage and Hospitable Rights prophane ?
Was it for this, your Fleet did shelter find
From swelling Seas, and ev'ry faithless Wind ?
(For tho' a distant Country brought you forth,
Your Usage here was equal to your Worth.)

Does this deserve to be rewarded so?
 Did you come here a Stranger, or a Foe?
 Your partial Judgment may perhaps complain,
 And think me barb'rous for my just Disdain;
 Ill-bred then let me be, but not unchaste,
 Nor my clear Fame with any Spot defac'd;
 Tho' in my Face there's no affected Frown,
 Nor in my Carriage a feign'd Niceness shown;
 I keep my Honour still without a Stain,
 Nor has my Love made any Coxcomb vain.
 Your Boldness I with Admiration see;
 What Hope had you to gain a Queen like me?
 Because a Hero forc'd me once away,
 Am I thought fit to be a second Prey?
 Had I been won, I had deserv'd your Blame,
 But sure my Part was nothing but the Shame:
 Yet the base Theft to him no Fruit did bear,
 I 'scap'd unhurt by any thing but Fear.
 Rude Force might some unwilling Kisses gain,
 But that was all he ever cou'd obtain.
 You on such Terms would ne'er have let me go;
 Were he like you, we had not parted so.
 Untouch'd the Youth restor'd me to my Friends,
 And modest Usage made me some amends,
 'Tis Virtue to repent a vicious Deed;
 Did he repent, that *Paris* might succeed?
 Sure 'tis some Fate that sets me above Wrongs,
 Yet still exposes me to busie Tongues.
 I'll not complain, for who's displeas'd with Love,
 If it sincere, discreet, and constant prove?
 But that I fear; not that I think you base,
 Or doubt the blooming Beauties of my Face,

But all your Sex is subject to deceive,
 And ours, alas, too willing to believe.
 Yet others yield: and Love o'ercomes the best:
 But why should I not shine above the rest?
 Fair *Leda's* Story seems at first to be
 A fit Example ready found for me;
 But she was Cozen'd by a borrow'd shape,
 And under harmless Feathers felt a Rape:
 If I should yield, what Reason could I use?
 By what Mistake the loving Crime excuse?
 Her Fault was in her powerful Lover lost,
 But of what *Jupiter* have I to boast?
 Tho' you to Hero's, and to Kings succeed,
 Our Famous Race does no Addition need,
 And great Alliances but useless prove
 To one that's come herself from mighty *Jove*.
 Go then and boast in some less haughty Place
 Your *Phrygian* Blood, and *Priam's* ancient Race,
 Which I would shew I valu'd, if I durst;
 You are the fifth from *Jove*, but I the first.
 The Crown of *Troy* is powerful I confess,
 But I have Reason to think ours no less.
 Your Letter fill'd with Promises of all
 That Men can good, and Women pleasant call;
 Gives Expectation such an ample Field,
 As would move Goddesses themselves to yield.
 But if I e'er offend great *Juno's* Laws,
 Your self shall be the dear the only Cause;
 Either my Honour I'll to Death maintain,
 Or follow you without mean Thoughts of Gain.
 Not that so fair a Present I despise;
 We like the Gift, when we the Giver prize,

But 'tis your Love moves me, which made you take
Such Pains, and run such Hazards for my sake.
I have perceiv'd (tho' I dissembled too)
A thousand Things that Love has made you do :
Your eager Eyes wou'd almost dazle mine,
In which (wild Man) your wanton Thoughts wou'd shine.
Sometimes you'd sigh, sometimes disorder'd stand,
And with unusual Ardor press my Hand;
Contrive just after me to take the Glass,
Nor would you let the least Occasion pass,
When oft I fear'd, I did not mind alone,
And blushing sate for Things which you have done:
Then murmur'd to my self, He'll for my sake
Do any Thing; I hope 'twas no mistake.
Oft have I read within this pleasing Grove,
Under my Name, those charming Words *I Love*.
If frowning, see m'd not to believe your Flame,
But now, alas, am come to write the same.
If I were capable to do amiss,
I could not but be sensible of this.
For oh! your Face has such peculiar Charms,
That who can hold from flying to your Arms!
But what I ne'er can have without Offence,
May some blest Maid possess with Innocence.
Pleasure may tempt, but Virtue more should move;
O learn of me to want the Thing you Love.
What you desire is sought by all Mankind:
As you have Eyes, so others are not blind.
Like you they see, like you my Charms adore,
They wish not less, but you dare venture more.
Oh! had you then upon our Coasts been brought,
My Virgin Love when thousand Rivals sought,

You had I seen, you should have had my Voice;
 Nor cou'd my Husband justly blame my Choice.
 For both our Hopes, alas! you come too late;
 Another now is Master of my Fate.
 More to my Wish I cou'd have liv'd with you,
 And yet my present Lot can undergo.
 Cease to solicit a weak Woman's Will,
 And urge not her you Love, to so much Ill.
 But let me live contented as I may,
 And make not my unspotted Fame your Prey.
 Some Right you claim, since naked to your Eyes
 Three Goddesses disputed Beauty's Prize.
 One, offer'd Valour, t'other Crowns, but she
 Obtain'd her Cause, who smiling promis'd me.
 But first I am not of Belief so light,
 To think such Nymphs wou'd shew you such a Sight.
 Yet granting this, the other Part is feign'd;
 A Bribe so mean, your Sentence had not gain'd.
 With partial Eyes I shou'd my self regard,
 To think that *Venus* made me her Reward:
 I humbly am content with human Praise;
 A Goddess's Applause wou'd Envy raise:
 But be it as you say, for 'tis confest,
 The Men, who flatter highest, please us best,
 That I suspect it, ought not to displease;
 For Miracles are not believ'd with ease.
 One Joy I have, that I had *Venus*' Voice;
 A greater yet, that you confirm'd her Choice;
 That proffer'd Laurels, promis'd Sov'reignty,
Juno and *Pallas* you contemn'd for me.
 Am I your Empire then, and your Renown?
 What Heart of Rock, but must by this be won?

And

And yet bear Witness, O you Pow'r above,
 How rude I am in all the Acts of Love!
 My Hand is yet untaught to write to Men:
 This is th' Essay of my unpractis'd Pen:
 Happy those Nymphs, whom Use has perfect made;
 I think all Crime, and tremble at a Shade.
 Ev'n while I write, my fearful conscious Eyes
 Look often back, misdoubting a Surprise.
 For now the Rumour spreads among the Croud,
 At Court in Whispers, but in Town aloud:
 Dissemble you, whate'er you hear 'em say:
 To leave off Loving were your better Way,
 Yet, if you will dissemble it, you may.
 Love secretly: the Absence of my Lord
 More Freedom gives, but does not all afford:
 Long is his Journey, long will be his Stay;
 Call'd by Affairs of Consequence away:
 To go or not, when unresolv'd he stood,
 I bid him make what swift Return he cou'd:
 Then kissing me, he said, I recommend
 All to thy Care, but most my Trojan Friends:
 I smil'd at what he innocently said,
 And only answer'd, You shall be obey'd.
 Propitious Winds have born him far from hence,
 But let not this secure your Confidence.
 Absent he is, yet absent he commands:
 You know the Proverb, *Princes have long Hands*:
 My Fame's my Burthen; for the more I prais'd,
 A juster Ground of Jealousie is rais'd.
 Were I less fair, I might have been more blest:
 Great Beauty through great Danger is possess'd.

To leave me here his Venture was not hard,
 Because he thought my Virtue was my Guard.
 He fear'd my Face, but trusted to my Life,
 The Beauty doubted, but believ'd the Wife.
 You bid me use th' Occasion while I can,
 Put in our Hands by the good easie Man.
 I wou'd, and yet I doubt, 'twixt Love and Fear,
 One draws me from you, and one brings me near.
 Our Flames are mutual, and my Husband's gone:
 The Nights are long; I fear to lye alone.
 One House contains us, and weak Walls divide,
 And you're too pressing to belong deny'd:
 Let me not live, but ev'ry Thing conspires
 To join our Loves, and yet my Fear retires.
 You court with Words, when you shou'd Force imploy:
 A Rape is requisite to shame-fac'd Joy.
 Indulgent to the Wrongs which we receive,
 Our Sex can suffer what we dare not give.
 What have I said! for both of us 'twere best,
 Our kindling Fire if each of us suppress.
 The Faith of Strangers is too prone to change,
 And, likethemselves, their wand'ring Passions range.
Hypsipile, and the fond *Minonian* Maid,
 Were both by trusting of their Guests betray'd.
 How can I doubt that other Men deceive,
 When you your self did fair *OEnone* leave?
 But lest I shou'd upbraid your Treachery,
 You make a Merit of that Crime to me.
 Yet grant you were to faithful Love inclin'd,
 Your weary *Trojans* wait but for a Wind.
 Should you prevail; while I assign the Night,
 Your Sails are hoisted, and you take your Flight:

Some bawling Mariner our Love destroys,
 And breaks afunder our unfinish'd Joys.
 But I with you may leave the *Spartan* Port;
 To view the *Trojan* Wealth and *Priam's* Court.
 Shown while I see, I shall expose my Fame;
 And fill a foreign Country with my Shame.
 In *Asia* what Reception shall I find?
 And what Dishonour leave in *Greece* behind?
 What will your Brothers, *Priam*, *Hecuba*;
 And what will all your modest Matrons say?
 Ev'n you, when on this Action you reflect,
 My future Conduct justly may suspect:
 And whate'er Stranger lands upon your Coast,
 Conclude me, by your own Example, lost.
 I from your Rage a Strumpet's Name shall hear,
 While you forget what Part in it you bear.
 You, my Crime's Author, will my Crime upbraid:
 Deep under Ground Oh let me first be laid!
 You boast the Pomp and Plenty of your Land,
 And promise all shall be at my Command:
 Your *Trojan* Wealth, believe me, I despise;
 My own poor Native Land has dearer Ties.
 Shou'd I be injur'd on your *Phrygian* Shore,
 What help of Kindred cou'd I there implore?
Medea was by *Jason's* Flattery won:
 I may, like her, believe, and be undone.
 Plain honest Hearts, like mine, suspect no Cheat,
 And Love contributes to its own Deceit.
 The Ships, about whose Sides loud Tempests roar,
 With gentle Winds were watted from the Shoar.
 Your teeming Mother dreamt a flaming Brand
 Sprung from her Womb consum'd the *Trojan* Land.

To second this, old Prophecies conspire,
 That *Ilium* shall be burnt with *Grecian* Fire: :
 Both give me Fear, nor is it much allay'd,
 That *Venus* is oblig'd our Loves to aid.
 For they who lost their Cause, Revenge will take; :
 And for one Friend two Enemies you make.
 Nor can I doubt, but shou'd I follow you;
 The Sword would soon our fatal Crime pursue:
 A Wrong so great my Husband's Rage would rouse,
 And my Relations would his Cause espouse.
 You boast your Strength and Courage, but, alas!
 Your Words receive small Credit from your Face.
 Let Heroes in the dusty Field delight,
 Those Limbs were fashion'd for another Fight.
 Bid *Hector* fall from the Walls of *Troy*,
 A sweeter Quarrel should your Arms employ.
 Yet Fears like these shou'd not my Mind perplex, :
 Were I as Wise as many of my Sex.
 But Time and you may bolder Thoughts inspire; :
 And I perhaps may yield to your Desire.
 You last demand a private Conference,
 These are your Words, but I can guess your Sense. :
 Your unripe Hopes their Harvest must attend:
 Be rul'd by me, and Time may be your Friend.
 This is enough to let you understand,
 For now my Pen has tir'd my tender Hand;
 My Woman knows the Secret of my Heart, :
 And may hereafter better News impart.



PENELOPE



PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

By Mr. RHYMER.

The ARGUMENT.

The Rape of Helen having carry'd all the Grecian Princes to the Siege of Troy; Ulyſſes, among the reſt, there ſignalliz'd his Manhood and Prudence particularly. But the Siege being at an end, and he not returning with the other Captains, Penelope ſends this Letter in queſt of him. She had render'd her ſelf as deſervedly famous on her part by reſiſting all the while the Importunity of her Suitors with an unuſual Conſtancy and Fidelity. She complains to Ulyſſes of their Carriage, ſhe likewiſe tells him her Apprehenſions and Fears for him during the War and ſince; acquaints him with the ill Poſture of his Family through his Abſence, and deſires him to haſten Home as the only means to ſet all right again.

TO Your Penelope a length break home;
 Send no Excuse, nor stay to write, but come:
 Our Trouble long, Troy does not hold you now;
 Nor twenty Troy's were worth all this ado.
 Wou'd some just Storm and raging Sea had drown'd
 The Ruffian, when for Lacedamon bound;
 I should not then of tedious Days complain,
 Nor cold a-nights, and comfortless have lain;
 Nor should this Pains to pass the Ev'nings take,
 And work, and weave; ev'n till my Fingers ake.

I a'ways fear'd worse Dangers than the true;
 (As always Love unquiet Fears pursue)
 Fancy'd thee by fierce *Trojans* compass'd round,
 And *Hector's* Name still struck me to the Ground.
 When told of *Nestor's* Son, by *Hector* slain,
 Streight *Nestor's* Son rais'd all my Fears again.
 When for his Sham how dear *Patroclus* paid:
 I wept to find that Wit no better sped.
Tlepolemus by *Trojan* Jav'lin kill'd,
 Through all my Veins an icy Terror thrill'd:
 Whatever *Greeks* miscarry'd in the Fray,
 I fainted, and fell (well nigh) dead as they.
 Heav'n for chaste Love has better Fate in store,
 My Husband lives, and *Troy* is now no more.
 Our Captains well return'd, each Altar flames,
 And Temples all Barbarian Booty crams;
 For their safe Loves the Women Offrings bring,
 And *Trojan* Fates by ours defeated sing.
 All stand amaz'd to hear both old and young,
 And list'ning Wives upon their Husbands hung.
 Some on the Table draw each bloody Fight,
 And spilling Wine the whole sad *Iliad* write.
 This *Simois*, that the *Sigeon* Land,
 And there did *Priam's* lofty Palace stand,
 Here skulk'd *Ulysses*, there *Achilles* dar'd,
 There *Hector* torn, the foaming Horses scar'd.
 All did old *Nestor* to your Son explain,
 To seek you sent; who told me all again.
 Your Sword how *Dolon*, no, nor *Rhesus* 'scap'd;
 Banter'd the one, this taken as he napp'd.
 Fool-hardy you, and us remembering ill,
 Nightly amidst those *Thracian* Tents to steal,

There Numbers slay, one only aiding thee.
 Thou hast been wise, and would'st have thought on me.
 Still pant I, told, how all in Triumph brave,
 Round your Friends Camp those *Thracian* Steeds you drive.
 But what avails it me that *Troy* did yield,
 And by your Prowess now the Town's a Field?
 As when *Troy* stood, I still remain alone;
 Th' Effect continues, tho' the Cause is gone:
 To others sack'd, to only me upheld,
 Ev'n whilst it lies by *Greek* Abiders till'd.
 For *Priam's* Tow'rs, now lofty Corn appears,
 And *Phrygian* Blood a pond'rous Harvest rears.
 No House remains, nought of a *Trojan* found,
 Unless you dig their Bones from under Ground.
 Where art thou, Conqueror? what detains thee now?
 Or may not I your new Atchievements know!
 Whatever Skipper hither comes ashore,
 For thee I ask, and ask him o'er and o'er;
 Nor parts he, 'till I scribble half a Sheet,
 To give thee, should ye ever chance to meet.
 We sent to *Pylos*, *Nestor's* sancient Seat,
 From *Pylos* we no certain Tidings get:
 To *Sparta* sent, the *Spartans* nothing know,
 What Course you steer, nor where you wander now.
 Wou'd those same God-built Walls were standing still,
 (Now I Repent that e'er I wish'd 'em ill)
 Then where thou fought'st, I surely should have learn'd,
 Nor, save for War, the common Grievance, mourn'd.
 Now, what I know not, all I madly fear,
 And a wild Field lies open to my Care.
 By Sea, or Land whatever Dangers sway,
 Those I suspect the Causes of your Stay.

Whilst:

Whilst thus I simply muse who knows your Mind?
 Perhaps abroad some other Love you find:
 Perhaps to her your dowdy Wife define;
 Who knows no more, so that her Cup-board shine.
 No; vanish jealous Thoughts, not fright me more,
 He wou'd be with me; were it in his Pow'r.
 My Sire would force me from my Widow's Bed,
 Blames my Delay, and chides and shakes his Head.
 Let him chide on, yours still; yours only, I,
Penelope, Ulysses' Wife will die.
 Yet by my chaste Desires, and Virtue bent,
 His Temper does a little now Relent.
 From *Crete* and *Samos*, *Rhodes* and *Zant* set out,
 To Court me come a wild unruly Rout;
 Who revel in your House without controul,
 And eat, and waste your Means, our Blood and Soul.
 Of *Medon*, *Polybus*, *Pisander*, fell
Eurymachus, alas; why should I tell?
 With many more (you sadly out-o' th' way)
 Feed here, and on your Substance let 'em prey.
 The Beggar *Irus*, and that Goat-herd Clown,
Melanchius, range and rummage up and down.
 So kept your House, such stout Defenders we,
 A helpless Wife, old Man, and little Boy;
 Whom late by Treach'ry we had well nigh lost,
 'Gainst all our Minds as he to *Pylas* crost:
 But Heav'n's preserve him 'till he die in Course,
 Having first clos'd mine Eyes, and also yours.
 Thus the old Nurse, the *Hind*, and *Hogherd* pray;
 True Servants all, and faithful in their Way.
 Disarm'd by Age, *Laertes* is not fit.
 Amidst these Bullies to maintain your Right.

Age, if he lives, *Telemachus* may bring
To Strength, but yet he needs his Father's Wing.
I, what am I? Alas my Help is small?
Come you, the Strength and Safety of us all,
So may your Son in virtuous Arts increase,
So may the Old *Laertes* die in Peace;
Who in my Bloom did at your Parting mourn,
I wither'd grow, in waiting your Return.



PENELOPE *to* ULYSSES.

By the Honourable Mrs. WHARTON.

Penelope this slow Epistle sends
 To him on whom her future Hope depends;
 'Tis your *Penelope*, distress'd, forlorn,
 Who asks no Answer, but your quick Return.
Priam and *Troy*, the *Grecian* Dames just Hate,
 Have long ere this, 'tis known, receiv'd their Fate,
 For which thy Absence pays too dear a Rate.

O ere my Hopes and Joys had found their Graves,
 Why did not *Paris* perish by the Waves?
 I should not then pass tedious Nights alone,
 Courting with fervent Breath the rising Sun;
 But all in vain, for Day is Night to me:
 Nor Day nor Night brings Comfort, only thee.
 My tender Hands with weaving would not tire,
 Nor my soft Thoughts with unobtain'd Desire.

Still did my Mind new fearful Forms present
 To kill my Hopes, and raise my Discontent.
 Love, jealous Love, has more than Eagles Eyes
 To spy out Sorrows, but o'er-look our Joys;
 I fancy'd furious *Trojans* still were nigh
 To slay my Lord, and all my Hopes destroy.
 As there the Arms of *Hector* still prevail,
 Here at his very Name my Cheeks grew pale;
 When told *Antilochus* by him was slain,
 My Hopes decay'd, my Fears reviv'd again.
 I wept when young *Patroclus* was o'erthrown,
 To find how weak the Arts of Wit were grown.

The

The Deeds of fierce *Tlepolemus* alarm'd
My tender Soul, and all my Spirits charm'd.
Each fatal Scene Grief of my Heart did show,
Whate'er they felt, I suffer'd here for you.
But virtuous Love propitious Heav'n befriends,
My Husband's safe, on whom my Life depends;
Troy is o'erthrown, and all our Sorrow ends.
The *Grecians* Triumph, they at large declare
The Fall of *Ilium*, and the Foes Despair.
Old Men and tender Maids with Pleasure hear
The fatal End of all their Grievs and Fear.
The joyful Wife from soft Embraces now
Will hardly time to hear these Tales allow,
Forgets long Absence, and renews her Vow.

Some on the Tables their feign'd Combats draw,
With sparing Bowls the Victor speaks his Joy,
And with spilt Wine describes the famous *Troy*;
Here, says he, *Priam's* Palace did appear,
The far-fam'd River *Simois* glided here;
Here 'twas *Achilles* fought, *Ulysses* too;
At that to guard my Heart my Spirits flew:
Achilles' mighty Name pass'd careless by,
But at this Name *Penelope* could dye.
One shows the Place where mangled *Hector* lay,
To fierce *Achilles'* Fury made a Prey,
Describes the Horses which his Body drew,
Taught by an Instinct they before ne'er knew,
To fear the Man, who could no more pursue.
Breathless on Earth was laid the Soul of *Troy*,
The Army's Triumph, and the City's Joy.

This *Nestor* told your Son, whom my fond haste
Sent to enquire of Dangers which were past.

He

He told how *Refus* was with *Dolon* slain;
 These tedious Tales did but augment my Pain,
 I listen'd still to hear of you again.

How truly Valiant were you, tho' Unkind?
 You little thought of what you left behind,
 When in the Night you ventur'd to invade
 The *Thracian* Camp, my Soul was fill'd with dread.
 Assisted but by one their Strength you prove,
 Too strong your Courage, but too weak your Love.

But what remains to me for Conquests past,
 If, like that City, still my Hopes lye waste?
 Your Presence would my springing Joy renew;
 Would *Troy* were glorious still, so I had you.

Others I see their Victories enjoy,
 Driving along the fatted Spoils of *Troy*:
 Th' unhappy Beasts compell'd turn Rebels now,
 And where their Captive Masters mourn, must Plough.
 Where barren Walls were once, now fruitful Fields
 Expect the Sickle, and glad Harvest yield.
 Still they insult upon the conquer'd Foes,
 Raising their bury'd Limbs with crooked Ploughs;
 Ev'n Death to them is not the End of Woes.
 Grass grows, where once the Tower's erected high
 Of stately *Ilium* durst out-face the Sky.
 But why do I glad Victories relate?

I have no Conquest, but the Conquer'd's Fate.
 Thou, mighty Victor, from my Arms art fled,
 Despair here triumphs, and my Comfort's dead;
 Thy Image still I find within my Heart,
 But if thou stay'st, with that and Life I part.

Whatever Stranger lands upon our Shore,
 Thither I run, wing'd Hope flies on before;

I ask, Where is my Lord? Will he return?
 Is he in Health? Or must I ever mourn?
 Then to his Hands a Letter strait I give,
 And cry, Give this to him in whom I live.
 But if no quick Reply the Stranger makes,
 The springing Blood my trembling Cheeks forsakes.
 I fear your Death, and more I fear your Scorn,
 I think *Penelope* is now forlorn,
Ulysses false, and all his Vows forsworn.
 I sent to *Pylos* to enquire for thee,
 But found thee there a Stranger as to me;
 To *Sparta*, but could there no Tydings hear:
 Where art thou, my *Ulysses*, tell me where?
 Where dost thou hide thy self t'encrease my Fear?
 None of thy Victories to me return,
Apollo's City's vanquish'd, yet I mourn:
 Ah! would it stood, that Scene of Pomp and Pride,
 Then I should know where all my Hopes reside:
 But now, alas! I know not where thou art,
 My Vows are turn'd, and help to break my Heart.
 What may be, tho' 'tis not, augments my Care,
 I know not where to limit now my Fear;
 My Sorrows wander in so large a Field,
 I fear all Dangers Sea and Earth can yield.
 Forgive me, dear *Ulysses*, it sometimes
 My eager Love dares tax thy Heart of Crimes.
 I sometime think some crafty Stranger may
 Have made thy absent wandering Heart a Prey;
 Where to make sure the Vows to her are sworn,
Penelope each day is made a Scorn.
 Thou tell'st her, the weak Distaff is my Care,
 I know no Art the Conqu'ror to ensnare;

The:

The homely Duties of a Wife I prove,
 But never knew to fix a wandring Love.
 When thus I think, I'm fill'd with deep Despairs;
 Then strait I rave, and chide away those Fears;
 I think thou'rt true, and were it in thy Pow'r
Ulysses were *Penelope's* this Hour.

My Father adds to my insulting Fate,
 Bidding me quit those Robes and widow'd State;
 And laughs to hear me feign some weak Excuse,
 Rather than all my Vows and Hopes abuse:
 But let him laugh, I'm thine and only thine,
 Tho' much I fear *Ulysses* is not mine;
 My fix'd Resolves at length have conquer'd him,
 He thinks I may be true without a Crime.

Slaves I have many, who affect to move,
 But vainly tempt my fix'd and constant Love:
 Vain, youthful, gay, endu'd with all those Arts
 Which captive and secure less faithful Hearts;
 They Lord it here o'er all, now thou'rt away,
 Thy Wealth is theirs, who bless thy kind Delay,
 All but thy Wife to them is made a Prey.

Why should I reckon up each hated Name,
 Hateful to me, and cruel to thy Fame?


Pylander, *Polypus*, and *Medon* here
 Are fierce thro' Pow'r, I feeble thro' Despair.
 Why should I name the sly *Eurymachus*,
 The curs'd and covetous *Alcinous*?

Ulysses, these and more to thy Disgrace
 Live on thy Riches, while thy Herds decrease;
 The mean *Melanthus* and poor *Irus* too
 Are ever in the way to assist the Crew,
 Whose careless Riots all my Hopes undo:

Alone

Alone upon thy Succour we depend,
 We are but Three, and weakly we defend;
 I am a Woman, and *Laertes* old,
Telemachus too young, the Foe too bold;
Telemachus nigh lost the other Day,
 For he for *Pylos* had prepar'd his way
 Against my Will, who ne'er could have design'd
 Parting with th' only Pledge you left behind.
 O may he live, that when I'm freed by Death,
Ulysses' Soul may in his Bosom breath,
 The little Family you left behind
 Thus pray for him, whom all the Gods design'd
 Heir to thy Wealth, and to thy richer Mind.
Laertes' mongst his Foes is old and weak,
 His Pow'r decays, in vain his Help I seek.
 Your Son may live, the Foe may grow less strong,
 As yet they're pow'rful, and their Hopes are young.
 Return, my wandring Lord, the only Scope,
 Of all our Pray'rs, the End of all our Hope;
 Return, and teach your Son, like you, to know
 The Arts to govern, and subdue a Foe;
 Instruct his tender Years for Learning fit,
 His Blood is thine, and thine may be his Wit;
 Return, and bless *Laertes*, ere he dies,
 With thy dear Sight, then close his willing Eyes;
 Return, and bless thy Wife, whose Youth decays
 With shedding Tears at thy unkind Delays,
 Return, Life of our Hopes, Light of our Days.





HYPsipYLE to JASON.

By Mr. SETTLE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Desire of gaining the Golden Fleece, put Jason upon a Voyage to Colchos. In his Passage, he stopp'd at the Island of Lemnos, of which Place Hypsipyle was then Queen, jam'd for her Pious saving of her Father Thoas, in a general Massacre of the Men there by the Women of that Country. Her Entertainment of Jason was so kind, as induced him to stay there two years, at the End of which he left the Island, and the Queen, (then big with Child;) and after a thousand Vows of Constancy, and a speedy Return, pursues his first intended Voyage, and arrives at Colchos, where Æta was King. Medea his Daughter falls in Love with Jason, and by her Charms he gain'd the Golden Fleece; with which, and Medea, he sail'd home to Thessaly. Hypsipyle, hearing of his Landing with her more happy Rival Medea, writes him this Epistle.

L Aden, they say, with Jason's Golden Prize,
Proud *Argo* in *Thessalia's* Harbour lies.

I would Congratulate your safe Return;

But from your Pen I should that Safety learn.

When from my slighted Coast you bore away,

Spight of the Winds, you show'd less Faith than They.

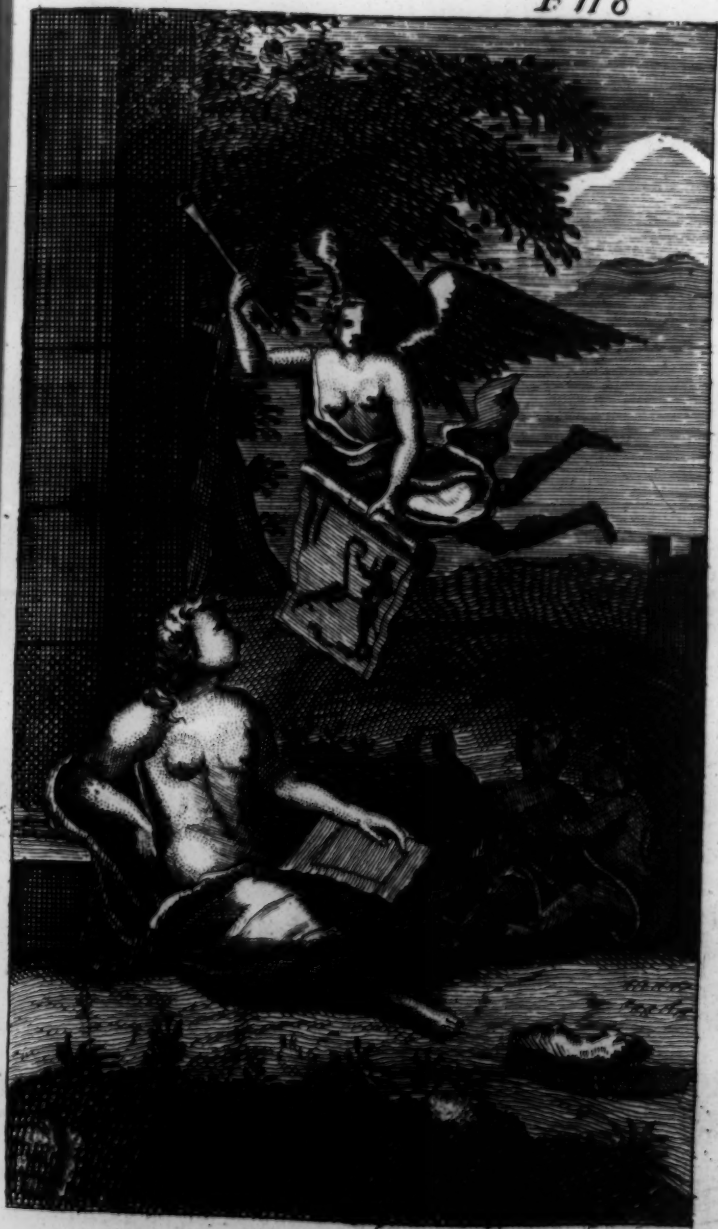
If 'twas too much t'enjoy my dearest Lord,

Sure I deserv'd one Line, one tender Word.

Why did Fame first, and not their Conqueror, show,

How War's fierce God saw his tam'd Bulls at Plow.

How





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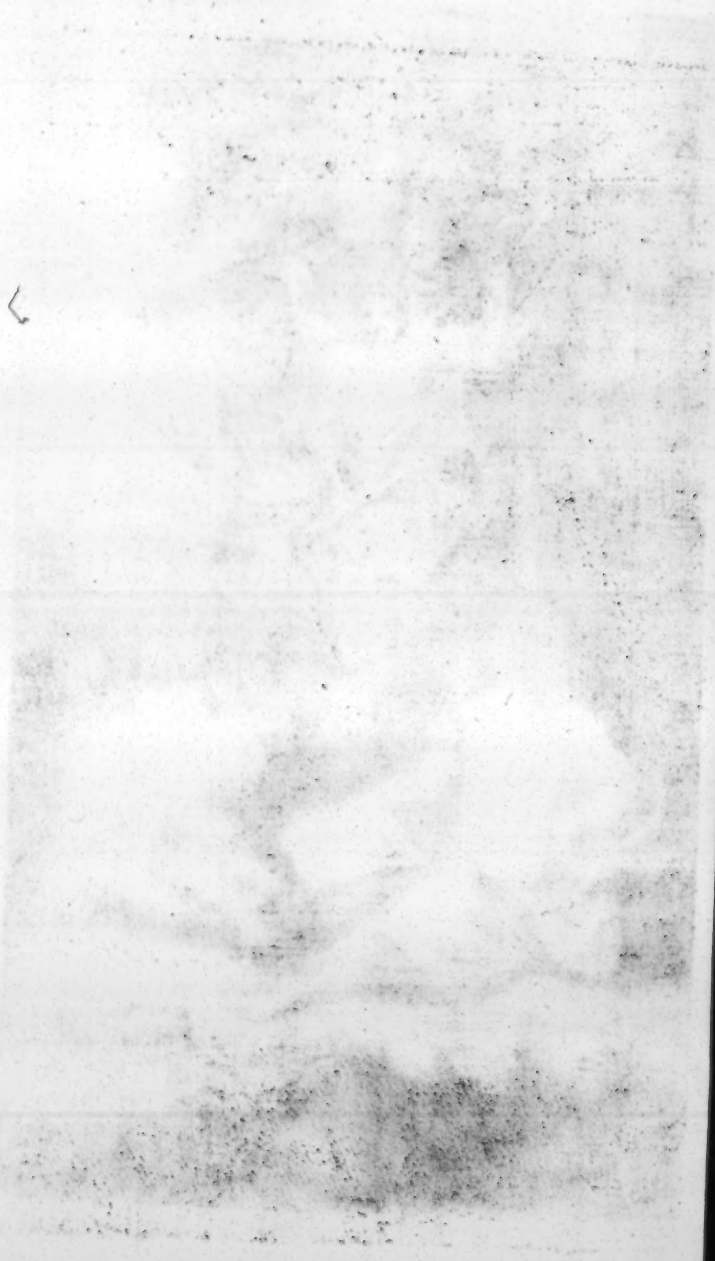
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How th' Earth-born Warriors rose, and how they fell
By their own Swords, without your conqu'ring Steel.

How in your Charms the fetter'd Dragon lay,

Whilst your bold Hand bore the curl'd Gold away.

When doubtful Tongues shall *Jason's* Wonders tell,

Would I could say, See here's my Oracle.

But tho' unkind Love's Silence I deplore,

Your Heart still mine, I would desire no more.

But ah, that Hope is vain;—a Witch destroys

My fancy'd Pleasures, and my promis'd Joys.

Would I could say (but oh, Love's Fear's too strong!)

Would I could say, I guiltless *Jason* wrong.

Lately a Guest came from th' *Hemonian* Land:

My Door scarce reach'd, with Transport I demand

How fares my *Jason*? His sad Look he bore,

Fixt with an ominous Silence on the Floor.

My Robes I tore, and thus, with Horror, cry'd,

Lives he? or with one Wound both Hearts must bleed?

He lives, said he; to which I made him swear:

He swore by Heav'n, yet I retain'd my Fear.

My Sense return'd to ask your Deeds; he said,

That the yok'd Bulls of *Mars* in Chains you led:

The Snakes own Teeth a Crop of *Hercles* bore,

Whilst a rough native Case their Limbs huskt o'er:

And by their own Intestine Fury slain;

One Day's short Age compleats their active Reign.

Again I ask, Do's my dear *Jason* live?

Such Ebbs and Flows Love's Fears and Hopes do give;

He fatally proceeds, and with much Art

Would hide, yet shews the Falseness of your Heart.

Ah, where's your Nuptial Faith, that flatt'ring Stile,

Love's Torch, more fit to light my Fun'ral Pile!

I have no lawless Plea to *Jason's* Love;
Juno and *Hymen* our just Chaplets wove :
Ah no! not these mild Gods : *Erinnys's* Hand,
At our curst Rites, held her infernal Brand.
Why to my *Lemnos* did your Vessel steer ?
Or why, fond Fool, did I admit you here ?
Here no bright Ram with golden Glory shone,
Nor was my *Lemnos* the *Atean* Throne.
At first——(but Fate's all faint Resolves withstand)
I thought t'expel you with a female Hand.
The *Lemnian* Ladies are in Arms well skill'd :
Their Guard has been my Life's securest Shield.
But in my City, Roof, my Soul receiv'd,
For two blest Years my darling *Jason* liv'd.
Forc'd the third Summer to a sad Farewel,
Mixt with his Tears these parting Accents fell.
Do not at our divided Fates repine,
Thine I depart, to return ever Thine.
May our yet unborn Pledge live long, to prove
The Object of its Rival Parents Love.
'Twixt Sighs and Tears, thro' those false Gales did pour
These falser Show'rs, till Grief could speak no more.
You were the last the fatal *Argo* reach'd,
Whose swelling Sails th' o'erhasty Winds had stretch'd.
The furrowing Keel the Sea's green Surface plow'd :
You to the Shore, to th' Seas I gazing bow'd.
In haste I ran to an adjacent Tow'r :
My Tears o'er all my Face and Bosom show'r.
There my wet Eyes my wasted Soul pursue,
And ev'n beyond their natural Opticks flew.
A thousand Vows for your Return I made ;
You are return'd, and they should now be paid.

My Vows for curs'd *Medea's* Triumphs pay!
 My Heart to Grief, my Love to Rage gives way.
 Shall I deck Temples, and make Altars shine,
 For that false Man that lives, but lives not mine!
 I never was secure. 'Twas my long Dread,
 You by your Father's Choice a *Greek* might wed.
 To no *Greek* Bride, t' an unexpected Foe,
 My Wounds I t' a Barbarian Harlot owe:
 One who by Spells and Herbs, does Hearts surprize:
 Nor are her Slaves the Trophies of her Eyes.
 She from her Course the struggling Moon would hold,
 The Sun himself in Magick Shades infold;
 She curbs the Waves, and stops the rapid Floods,
 And from their Seats removes whole Rocks and Woods.
 With her dishevell'd Hair the wand'ring Hag
 Does half-burnt Bones from their warm Ashes drag.
 In molten Wax, tho' absent, kills by Art,
 Arm'd with her Needle, goars a tortur'd Heart.
 Nay what Desert and Form should only move,
 By Philters she secures her *Jason's* Love.
 How can you doat on such infernal Charms,
 And sleep securely in a *Syren's* Arms?
 You, as the Bulls, she doest' her Yoke subdue,
 And as she ram'd the Dragon, Conquers you.
 Tho' your great Deeds, and no less Race you Boast,
 Link'd to that Fiend your sullied Fame is lost.
 Nay by the censuring World 'tis justly thought,
 Your Conquests by her Sorceries were wrought;
 And the *Phryxean* Ram's Triumphant Oar,
 They say, not *Jason*, but *Medea* bore.
 This Northern Bride your Parents disapprove;
 Consult your Duty in your Nobler Love.

Let some wild *Scythian* her loath'd Bed possess,
 A Mistress only fit for Savages.
Jason, more false, more changeable than Wind,
 Have Vows no Weight, and Oaths no Pow'r to bind?
 Mine you departed: ah, return minetoo,
 Let my kind Arms their long lost Scenes renew.
 It high Birth, and great Names your Heart can turn,
 Know, I'm the Royal *Thoas*' Daughter born.
Bacchus my Grandfire is, whose Bride divine
 All lesser Constellations does out-shine.
 My Dower These and Fertile *Lemnos* make,
 All these and me, thy equal Title, take.
 Nay I'm a Mother: A kind Father be,
 And soften all the Pains I've born for thee.
 Yes Heav'n with Twins has blest our Genial Bed;
 And would you in their Look their Father read?
 His treacherous Smiles they are too young to wear,
 In all things else you'll find your Picture there:
 I'd sent those Envoys in these Letters stead,
 Both for their own and Mother's Wrongs to plead,
 Had not their Stepdame's Murthers bid 'em stay;
 Too dear a Treasure for that Monster's Prey.
 Would her deaf Rage, that rent her Brother's Bones,
 Spare my young Blood, or hear their tender Groans?
 Yet in your Arms this dearer Traitors lies;
 Above my Truth, you this false Pois'ner prize.
 This mean Adult'rate Wretch was basely kind;
 Love's sacred Lamp our chaste Embraces join'd;
 Her Father she betray'd, mine lives by me,
 I *Lemnos*' Pride, she *Colchos*' Infamy.
 And thus her Guilt my Piety outvies,
 Whilst with her Crimes, her Dow'r your Heart she buys.

False

False Man, I blame, not wonder at the Rage
O'th' *Lemnian* Dames: Wrongs do all Arms ingage.
Suppose, in Vengeance to your Guilt, just Heav'n
Had on my Shore the perjur'd *Jason* driv'n;
Whilst I with my young Twins to meet you came,
And made you call on Rocks to hide your Shame.
How could you look upon my Sons and Me?
Traitor, what Pains, what Death too bad for thee?
Perhaps indeed I *Jason* had not hurt,
But 'tis my Mercy more than his Desert:
The Harlot's Blood had sprinkled all the Place,
Dash'd in your faithless, and once charming Face.
I to *Medea*, should *Medea* prove:
And, if *Jove* hears the Pray'rs of injur'd Love,
May that loath'd Hag, that has my Bed enjoy'd,
Be by my Fate and her own Arts destroy'd.
Like me a Mother, and a Wife forlorn,
Be from her Ravish'd Lord and Children torn.
May her ill-gotten Trophies never last,
But round the World be th' hunted Monster chac'd.
Those Dooms her Sire, and murther'd Brother met,
May she t' her Husband and her Sons repeat.
Driv'n from the World, let her attempt the Skies,
'Till in Despair by her own Hand she dies.
Thus wrong'd *Thoantis* prays, your Lives curst Remnant
lead,
An Execrable Pair, in a Detested Bed.

M E D E A to J A S O N.

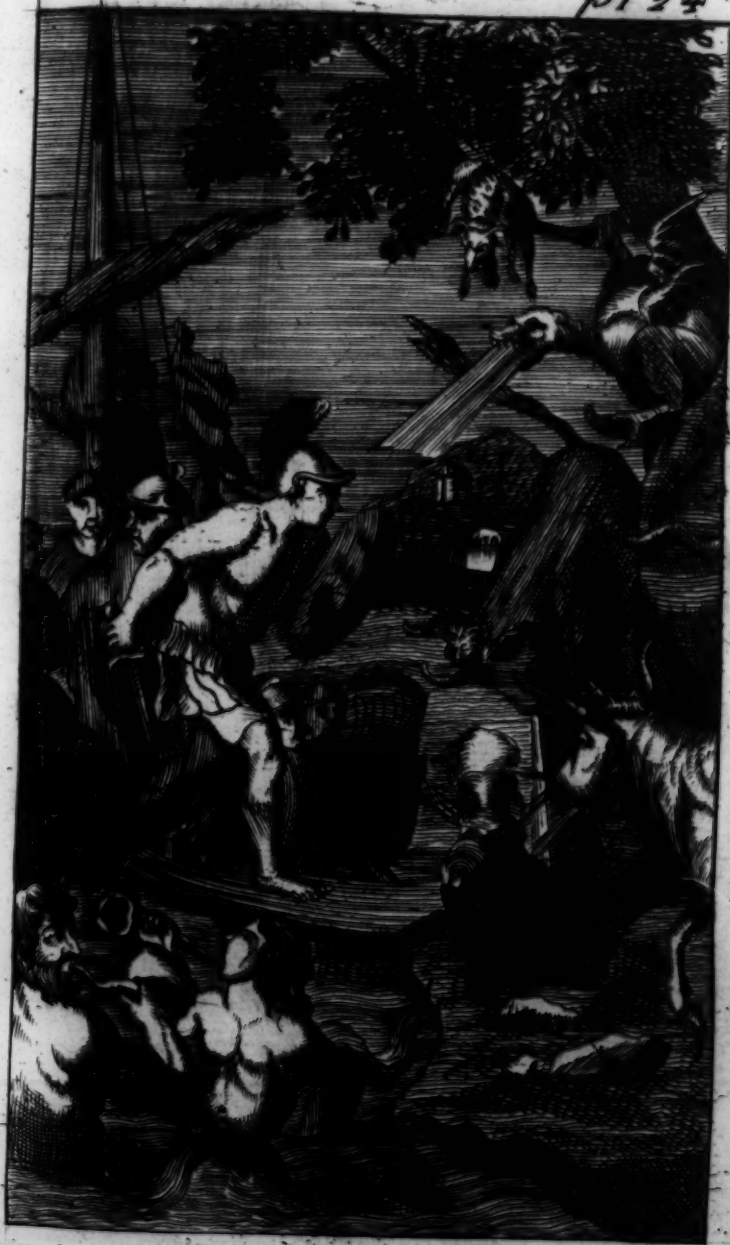
By Mr. T A T E.

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YET I found Leisure, tho' a Queen, to free
 By Magick Arts thy Grecian Friends and thee;
 The Fates should then have finish'd, with my Reign,
 The Life that since was one continu'd Pain.
 Who wou'd have dreamt the Youth of distant Greece,
 Should e'er have sail'd to seize the Phrygian Fleece!
 That th' Argo should in View of Colchos ride!
 A Grecian Army stem the Phasian Tide!

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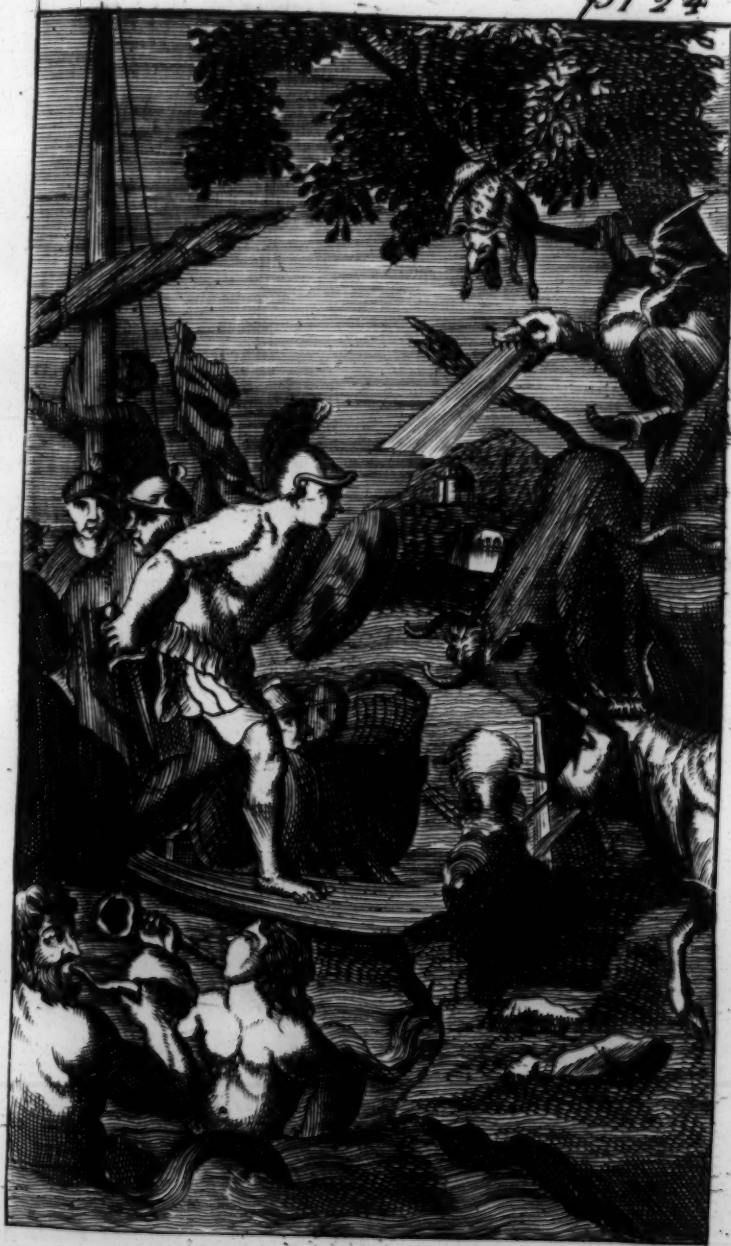
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Why were those Snares, thy Locks, so tempting made!  
 A Tongue so false, so pow'rful to persuade!  
 No doubt but he that had so rashly fought  
 Our Shore, with the fierce Bulls unspell'd had fought,  
 And fondly too th' Arms-bearing Seed had sown,  
 'Till by the Crop the Tiller were o'erthrown.  
 How many Frauds had then expir'd with thee!  
 As many killing Grievs remov'd from me!  
 'Tis some Relief, when ill Returns are made,  
 With Favours done th' Ingrateful to upbraid:  
 This Triumph will afford some little Ease,  
 False *Jason* leaves me this——

When first your doubtful Vessel reach'd our Port,  
 And you had Entrance to my Father's Court;  
 There was I then, what now your new Bride's here,  
 My Royal Father might with hers compare.  
 With Princely Pomp was your Arrival grac'd,  
 The meanest *Greek* on *Tyrian* Beds we plac'd.  
 Then first I gaz'd my Liberty away!  
 And date my Ruin from that fatal Day!  
 Fate pusht me on, and with your Charms combin'd;  
 I view'd your sparkling Eyes, 'till I was blind.  
 You soon perceiv'd, for who cou'd ever hide  
 A Flame that by its own Light is descry'd?  
 But now that Task's propos'd, and thou must tame  
 The Bulls with brazen Hoofs, and Breath of Flame.  
 With these the fatal Field thou art to Plow,  
 From whence a sudden Host of Foes must grow.  
 Those Dangers past, still to the Golden Prey  
 The baleful fiery Dragon guards the Way.  
 Thus spake the King; your Knights start from the Feast,  
 And ev'n your Cheeks a pale Despair confess.

Where then was your ador'd *Creüsa*'s Dow'r?  
 And where her Father *Creon*'s boasted Pow'r?  
 Sad went'st thou forth; my pitying Eyes pursue,  
 I sigh'd, and after sent a soft Adieu!  
 In restless Tears I spent that tedious Night,  
 Presenting still thy Dangers to my Sight;  
 The Savage Bulls, and more the savage Host,  
 But th' horrid Serpent did affright me most!  
 Thus tost with Fear and Love, (Fear swell'd the Flame),  
 My Sister early to my Apartment came;  
 Sad and dejected she surpriz'd me there,  
 With Eyes distilling, and dishevell'd Hair;  
 On your behalf she fought me, nor cou'd crave  
 My Aid for you, so freely as I gave!

A Grove there is, an awful gloomy Shade,  
 Too close for ev'n the Sun himself t'invade,  
 These Woods with great *Dianna*'s Fane were grac'd,  
 I th' midst the Goddess on high Tripods plac'd.  
 There (if that Place you can remember yet,  
 Who have forgotten me) 'twas there we met:  
 Then, thus in soft deluding Sounds you said——  
 " Take Pity on our Suff'rings, Royal Maid!  
 " Rest pleas'd, Thou hast the Pow'r to kill, but give  
 " Proofs of Diviner Might, and make us Live!  
 " By our Distresses (which thy Art alone  
 " Has Pow'r to succour,) By th' all-seeing Sun,  
 " By the chaste Deity that governs here,  
 " And what-e'er else you Sacred hold or Dear,  
 " Take pity on our Youth, and bind us still  
 " Eternal Servants to *Medea*'s Will!  
 " And if a Stranger's Form can touch your Mind,  
 " (If such blest Fate was e'er for me design'd!)

" This



" This Flesh to Dust dissolve, this Spirit to Air,  
 " When I think any but *Medea* Fair.  
 " Be conscious *Juno* witness to my Vow,  
 " And this dread Goddess at whose Shrine we bow.  
 Your charming Tongue stopt here, and left the rest  
 To be by yet more pow'rful Tears express'd.  
 I yield—and by my Art instruct you now,  
 To yoke the Brass-hooft Bulls, and make 'em plow:  
 Then with a daring Hand you sow the Field,  
 That for an Harvest does an Army yield;  
 Ev'n I look pale, that gave the pow'rful Charms;  
 To see the wondrous Crop of shining Arms!  
 'Till th' Earth-born Brothers in fierce Battel join'd,  
 Their sudden Lives more suddenly resign'd:  
 The Serpent next, a yet more dangerous Toil,  
 With scaly Bosom plows the yielding Soil,  
 O'er shades the Field with vast expanded Wings,  
 And brandishes in Air his threatening Stings!  
 Where was *Creüsa* at this needful hour?  
 Where then were her fam'd Charms and matchless Dow'r?  
*Medea*, that *Medea*, that is now  
 Despis'd, thought poor, held guilty too by you,  
 'Twas she that charm'd the wakeful Dragon's Sight,  
 Gave you the Fleece, and then secur'd your Flight:  
 To merit you, what could I more have done?  
 My Father I betray, my Country shun,  
 And all the Hazards of an Exile run!  
 Tho', whilst I yield me thus a Robber's Prize,  
 My tender Mother in my Absence dies,  
 And at her Feet my breathless Sister lies.  
 Why left I not my Brother too?—cold Fear  
 Arrests my Hand, and I must finish here!

This Hand that tore the Infant in our Flight,  
What then it dar'd to act, dreads now to write.

To the rough Seas undaunted I repair ;  
For after Guilt, what can a Woman fear ?  
Why 'scap'd our Crimes those Seas ? we should have dy'd ;  
For Falshood thou, and I for Parricide,  
The justling Isles should there have dash'd our Bones,  
And hung us Piece-meal on the ragged Stones ;  
Or *Scylla* gorg'd us in his rav'nous Den,  
Wrong'd *Scylla* thus shou'd use ingrateful Men !  
*Charybdis* too should in our Fate have shar'd,  
Nor ought of our sad Wreck her Whirl-pool spar'd.  
Yet safe we reach your Shore : the *Phrygian* Fleece  
Is made an Off'ring to the Gods of *Greece*.

The *Pelian* Daughters pious Bloody Deed  
I pass, that rashly made their Father bleed ;  
Your Safety 'twas that drew me to this Fraud :  
The Guilt that others blame, you shou'd applaud !  
But 'stead of Thanks, your Court I am forbid :  
Your self forbade me, faithless *Jason* did !  
With none but my two Infants I depart,  
And *Jason's* Form, that ne'er forsakes my Heart.  
At length thy Rev'ling Nuptial Songs surprize  
My wounded Ear, thy Nuptial Torch my Eyes ;  
The Rabble shout, the Clamour nearer drew,  
And as it came more near, more dreadful grew :  
My Servants weep in Corners, and refuse  
Th' ingrateful Task of such unwelcome News !  
I yet forbear t' enquire, tho' still my Breast  
The dreadful Apprehensions did suggest,  
My youngest Boy now from the Window spy'd  
The coming Pomp, and jocund thus he cry'd,

“ Look

“ Look Mother, look ! see where my Father rides,  
 “ With shining Reins his Golden Chariot guides.  
 At this, my pale forsaken Breast I tore,  
 Nor spar’d the Face, whose Beauties charm no more.  
 Alas ! what did I spare ! scarce cou’d I spare  
 My Honour, scarcely thee, cou’d scarce forbear  
 To force my Passage to thy Chariot now,  
 And tear the Garland from thy perjur’d Brow.

Offended Father, now thy Griefs discharge !  
 My Brother’s Blood is now reveng’d at large.  
 The Man (for whom I fled and injur’d thee !  
 Whose Love sole Comfort of my Flight cou’d be)  
 Th’ ingrateful Man has now forsaken me !  
 I tam’d the Bulls, and cou’d the Serpent bind,  
 But for perfidious Love no Spell can find :  
 The Dragon’s baleful Fires my Arts suppress,  
 But not the Flames that rage within my Breast.  
 In Love my pow’rfull’st Herbs are useless made,  
 In vain is *Hecate* summon’d to my Aid ;  
 I sigh the Day, the Night in Watches spend,  
 No Slumbers on my careful Brows descend :  
 With *Poppies* Juice in vain my Eyes I steep,  
 And try the Charm that made the Dragon sleep.  
 I only reap no Profit from my Charms !  
 They sav’d, but sav’d thee for my Rival’s Arms !  
 There, ’cause you know the Theme will grateful be,  
 Perhaps you’re so unjust t’ exclaim on me !  
 To tax my Manners, rally on my Face,  
 And make th’ Adulteress sport with my Disgrace !  
 Laugh on, proud Dame ; but know thy Fate is nigh,  
 When thou shalt yet more wretched be than I ;

When wrong'd *Medea* unreveng'd sits still,  
Sword, Flame, and Poison, have forgot to kill.

It Pray'rs the flinty *Jason's* Breast can move,  
My just Complaint will sure successful prove,  
Stretch'd at thy Feet a suppliant Princess see;  
Such was thy Posture, when she pity'd thee.  
And tho' a Wife's discarded Title fail,  
My Infants still are thine, let them prevail!  
So much th'are thine, so much thy Likeness bear,  
Each Look I cast, is follow'd by a Tear.

Now by the Gods, by all our past Delights,  
By those dear Pledges of our Am'rous Nights,  
Restore to me thy Love; I claim my Due;  
Be to my Merit, and thy Promise true.  
I ask thee not what I perform'd for thee,  
To set me from fierce Bulls and Serpents free;  
I only crave thy Love, thy Love restore,  
For which I've done so much, and suffer'd more.  
Do'st thou demand a Dow'r?—'twas paid that Day  
When thou didst bear the Golden Fleece away:  
Thy Life's a Dow'r, and thy dear Foll'wers Health,  
The Youth of *Greece*; weigh these with *Creon's* Wealth.  
To me thou ow'st that thou art *Creon's* Heir,  
That now thou liv'st to call *Creusa* Fair!  
You've wrong'd me all, and on you all—but hold,  
I form Revenge, too mighty to be told!  
My Thoughts are now to th'utmost Ruin bent!  
Perhaps I shall the fatal Rage repent.  
But on—for I (whate'er the Mischief be)  
Shall less repent than that I trusted thee!

The God alone that rages in my Breast,  
Can see the dark Revenge my Thoughts suggest :  
I only know 'twill soon effected be,  
And when it comes, be Vast, and Worthy me.



*Phœdra*





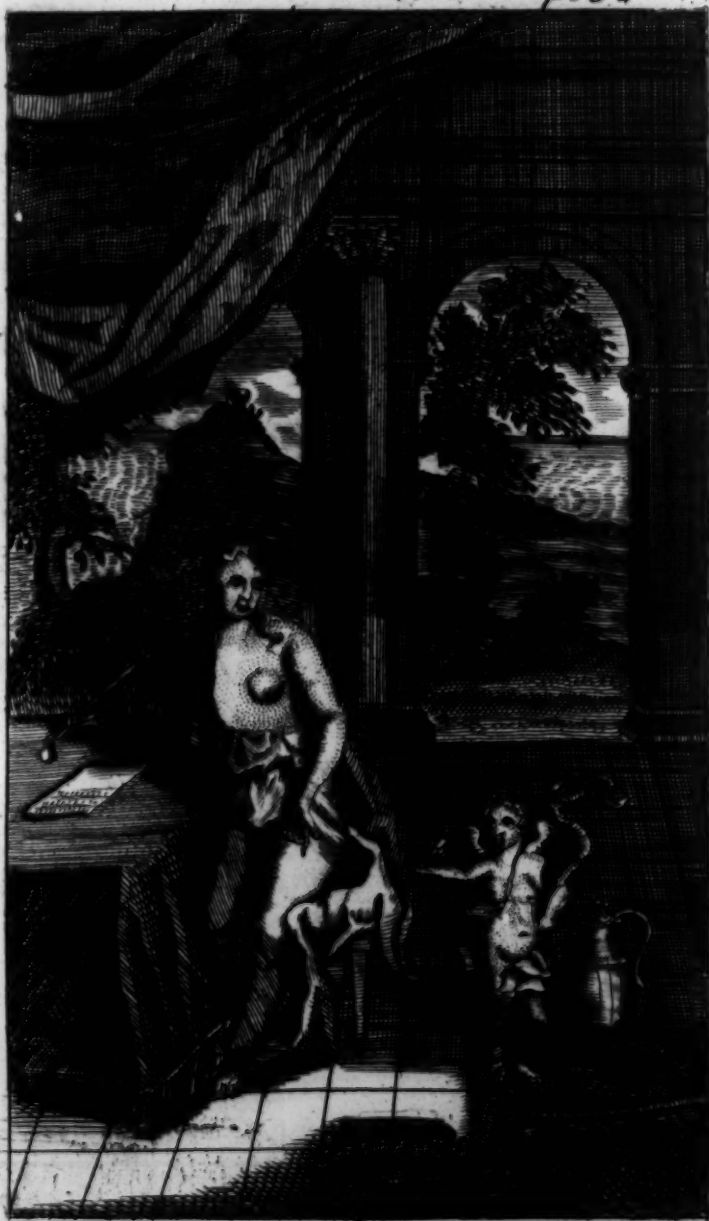
## *Phædra to Hippolytus.*

By Mr. OTWAR.

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Theseus, the Son of Ægeus, having slain the Minotaur, promised to Ariadne the Daughter of Minos and Pasiphae, for the Assistance which she gave him to carry her home with him, and make her his Wife: So together with her Sister Phædra they went on Board and sail'd to Chios, where being warn'd by Bacchus, he left Ariadne, and Married her Sister Phædra; who afterwards, in Theseus her Husband's Absence, fell in Love with Hippolytus her Son-in-Law, who had vow'd Celibacy, and was a Hunter: wherefore since she could not conveniently otherwise, she chose by this Epistle to give him an Account of her Passion.*

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 But what I blush to speak, Love made me write.  
 'Tis dang'roust to resist the Pow'r of Love,  
 The Gods obey him, and he's King above:





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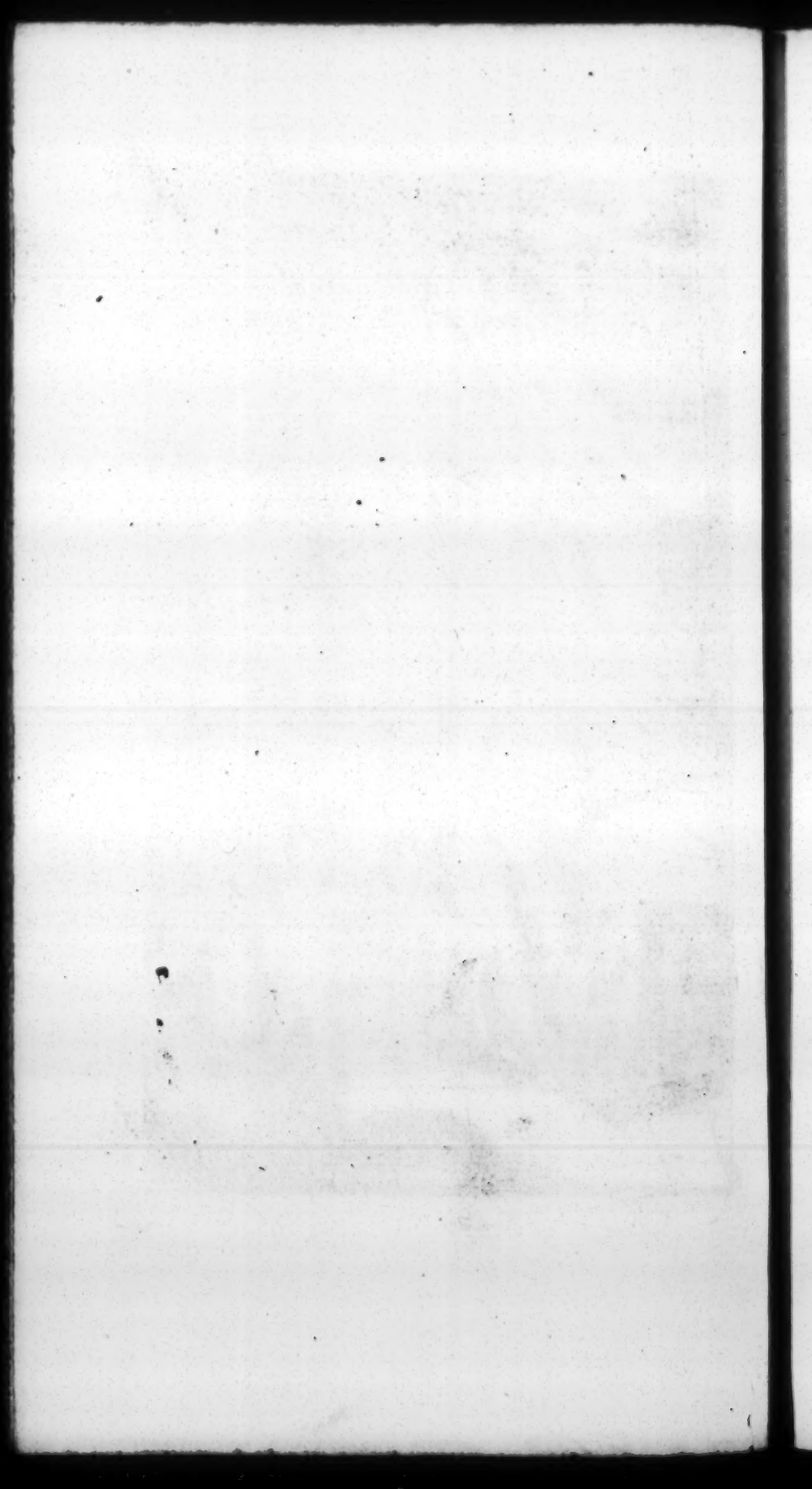
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He







He clear'd the Doubts that did my mind confound,  
 And promis'd me to bring thee hither bound :  
 Oh may he come, and in that Breast of thine  
 Fix a kind Dart, and make it flame like mine !  
 Yet of my Wedlock Vows I'll lose no Care :  
 Search back thro' all my Fame, thou'lt find it fair.  
 But Love long breeding, to worst Pain does turn ;  
 Outward unharm'd, within, within I burn !  
 As the young Bull or Courser yet untam'd ;  
 When yok'd or bridl'd first, are pinch'd and maim'd,  
 So my unpractis'd Heart in Love can find  
 No Rest, th' unwonted Weight so toils my Mind.  
 When young, Love's Pangs by Arts we may remove,  
 But in our riper Years with Rage we love.  
 To thee I yield then all my dear Renown,  
 And pr'ythee let's together be undone.  
 Who would not pluck the new-blown blushing Rose,  
 Or the ripe Fruit that courts him as it grows ?  
 But if my Virtue hitherto has gain'd  
 Esteem for Spotless, shall it now be stain'd ?  
 Oh in thy Love I shall no Hazard run ;  
 'Tis not a Sin, but when 'tis couresely done.  
 And now should *Phædra* yield her *Jove* to me,  
 I'd quit that *Jove*, *Hippolytus*, for thee :  
 Believe me too with strange Desires I change,  
 Amongst wild Beasts I long with thee to range,  
 To thy Delights and *Delia* I encline,  
 Make her my Goddess too, because she's thine ;  
 I long to know the Woods, to drive the Deer,  
 And o'er the Mountains Tops my Hounds to cheer,  
 Shaking my Dart ; then, the Chace ended, lye  
 Stretch'd on the Grass : And would't not thou be by ?

Oft in light Chariots I with Pleasure ride,  
 And love my self the furious Steeds to guide.  
 Now like a *Bacchanal* more wild I stray,  
 Or old *Cybele's* Priests, as mad as they  
 When under *Ida's* Hill they Offrings pay:  
 Ev'n mad as those the Deities of Night,  
 And Water, *Fauns* and *Dryads* do affright.  
 But still each little Intervall I gain,  
 Easily find 'tis Love breeds all my Pain.  
 Sure on our Race Love like a Fate does fall,  
 And *Venus* will have Tribute of us all.  
*Jove* lov'd *Europa*, whence my Father came,  
 And, to a Bull transform'd, enjoy'd the Dame:  
 She, like my Mother, languisht to obtain,  
 And fill'd her Womb with Shame as well as Pain:  
 The faithless *Thesens* by my Sister's Aid  
 The Monster slew, and a safe Conquest made:  
 Now in that Family my Right to save,  
 I am at last on the same Terms a Slave;  
 'Twas fatal to my Sister, and to me,  
 She lov'd thy Father, but my Choice was thee:  
 Let Monuments of Triumph then be shown  
 For two unhappy Nymphs by you undone.  
 When first our Vows were to *Eleusis* paid,  
 Would I had in a *Cretan* Grave been laid;  
 'Twas there thou didst a perfect Conquest gain,  
 Whilst Love's fierce Fever rag'd in ev'ry Vein;  
 White was thy Robe, a Garland deck'd thy Head:  
 A modest Blush thy comely Face o'erspread.  
 That Face which may be terrible in Arms,  
 But graceful seem'd to me, and full of Charms;

I love the Man whose Fashion's least his Care;  
And hate my Sexes Coxcombs fine and fair;  
For whilst thus plain thy careless Locks let fly;  
Th' unpolish'd Form is Beauty in my Eye.  
If thou but ride, or shake the trembling Dart;  
I fix my Eyes, and wonder at thy Art:  
To see thee poise the Jav'lin, moves Delight,  
And all thou dost is lovely in my Sight:  
But to the Woods thy Cruelty resign;  
Nor treat it with so poor a Life as mine:  
Must cold *Dianna* be ador'd alone;  
Must she have all thy Vows, and *Venus* none?  
That Pleasure palls it 'tis enjoy'd too long;  
Love makes the weary firm, the feeble strong.  
For *Cynthia*'s sake unbend and ease thy Bow;  
Else to thy Arm 'twill weak and useless grow.  
Famous was *Cephalus* in Wood and Plain,  
And by him many a *Boar* and *Pard* was slain,  
Yet to *Aurora*'s Love he did incline,  
Who wisely left old Age for Youth like thine.  
Under the spreading Shades her Am'rous Boy,  
The fair *Adonis*, *Venus* cou'd enjoy;  
*Atlanta*'s Love too *Meleager* fought,  
And to her Tribute paid of all he caught:  
Be thou and I the next blest *Sylvan* Pair:  
Where Love's a Stranger, Woods but Desarts are.  
With thee, thro' dangerous Ways unknown before,  
I'll rove, and fearless face the dreadful Boar:  
Between two Seas a little *Isthmus* lies,  
Where on each Side the beating Billows rise,  
There in *Traxena* I thy Love will meet,  
More blest and pleas'd than in my Native *Creet*.

As:

As we could wish, Old *Theseus* is away  
At *Theffaly*, where always let him stay  
With his *Pirithous*, whom well I see  
Preferr'd above *Hippolytus* or me.  
Nor has he only thus express'd his Hate;  
We both have suffer'd Wrongs of mighty Weight:  
My Brother first he cruelly did slay,  
Then from my Sister falsely ran away;  
And left expos'd to ev'ry Beast a Prey:  
A warlike Queen to thee thy Being gave,  
A Mother worthy of a Son so brave,  
From cruel *Theseus* yet her Death did find,  
Nor tho' she gave him thee, could make him kind.  
Unwedded too he murder'd her in spight,  
To bastardize, and rob thee of thy Right;  
And if, to wrong thee more, two Sons I've brought,  
Believe it his, and none of *Phadra's* Fault:  
Rather, thou fairest Thing the Earth contains,  
I wish at first I'd dy'd of Mother's Pains:  
How can'st thou rev'rence then thy Father's Bed,  
From which himself so abjectly is fled?  
The Thought affrights not me, but me inflames;  
Mother and Son are Notions, very Names  
Of worn-out Piety, in fashion then  
When old dull *Saturn* rul'd the Race of Men:  
But braver *Jove* taught Pleasure was no Sin,  
And with his Sister did himself begin.  
Nearness of Blood, and Kindred best we prove,  
When we express it in the closest Love.  
Nor need we fear our Fault should be reveal'd;  
'Twill under near Relation be conceal'd,

And


And all who hear our Loves, with Praise shall crown  
 A Mother's Kindness to a grateful Son.  
 No need at Midnight in the Dark to stray,  
 T'unlock the Gates, and cry, My Love, this Way,  
 No busie Spies our Pleasures to betray,  
 But in one House, as heretofore, we'll live,  
 In publick Kisses take; in publick, give:  
 Tho' in my Bed thou'rt seen, 'twill gain Applause  
 From all, whilst none have Sense to guess the Cause:  
 Only make haste, and let this League be sign'd;  
 So may my Tyrant Love to thee be kind.  
 For this I am an humble Suppliant grown;  
 Now where are all my Boasts of Greatness gone?  
 I swore I ne'er would yield, resolv'd to fight,  
 Deceiv'd by Love, that's seldom in the right:  
 Now on my own I crawl, to clasp thy Knees:  
 What's decent no true Lover cares or sees:  
 Shame, like a beaten Soldier, leaves the Place,  
 But Beauty's Blushes still are in my Face.  
 Forgive this fond Confession which I make,  
 And then some Pity on my Sufferings take.  
 What though 'midst Seas my Father's Empire lies?  
 Tho' my great Grandfire Thunder from the Skies?  
 What tho' my Father's Sire in Beams drest gay  
 Drives round the burning Chariot of the Day?  
 Their Honour all in me to Love's a Slave,  
 Then tho' thou wilt not me, their Honour save:  
 Jove's famous Island, Crete, in Dow'r I'll bring,  
 And there shall my Hippolytus be King:  
 For Venus' sake then hear and grant my Pray'r,  
 So may'st thou never love a scornful Fair;

In



In Fields so may *Diana* grace thee still,  
 And ev'ry Wood afford thee Game to kill;  
 So may the Mountain Gods and *Satyrs* all  
 Be kind, so may the Boar before thee fall.  
 So may the Water-Nymphs in Heat of Day,  
 Though thou their Sex despise, thy Thirst allay.  
 Millions of Tears to these my Pray'rs I join,  
 Which as thou read'st with those dear Eyes of thine,  
 Think that thou seest the Streams that flow from mine. }





# DIDO to ÆNEAS.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Eneas, the Son of Venus and Anchises, having at the Destruction of Troy, saved his Gods, his Father and Son Ascanius from the Fire, put to Sea with twenty Sail of Ships, and having been long tost with Tempests, was at last cast upon the Shore of Libya, where Queen Dido, (flying from the Cruelty of Pygmalion her Brother, who had killed her Husband Sichæus) had lately built Carthage. She entertained Æneas and his Fleet with great Civility, fell passionately in Love with him, and in the End denied him not the last Favours. But Mercury admonishing Æneas to go in search of Italy, (a Kingdom promised to him by the Gods) he readily prepared to obey him. Dido soon perceived it, and having in vain try'd all other Means to engage him to stay, at last in despair writes to him as follows.*

SO, on Maander's Banks, when Death is nigh,

The mournful Swan sings her own Elegy.

Not that I hope, (for oh, that Hope were vain!)

By Words your lost Affection to regain;

But having lost whate'er was worth my Care,

Why should I fear to lose a dying Pray'r?

'Tis then resolv'd poor Dido must be left,

Of Life, of Honour, and of Love bereft!

While you, with loosen'd Sails, and Vows, prepare

To seek a Land that flies the Searcher's Care.

Not

Nor can my rising Tow'rs your Flight restrain,  
 Nor my new Empire, offer'd you in vain.  
 Built Walls you shun, unbuilt you seek; that Land  
 Is yet to conquer; but you this command.  
 Suppose you landed where your Wish design'd,  
 Think what Reception Foreigners would find.  
 What People is so void of common Sense,  
 To vote Succession from a Native Prince?  
 Yet there new Scepters and new Loves you seek;  
 New Vows to plight, and plighted Vows to break.  
 When will your Tow'rs the Height of *Carthage* know?  
 Or when your Eyes discern such Crowds below?  
 If such a Town, and Subjects you cou'd see,  
 Still wou'd you want a Wife who lov'd like me.  
 For, oh, I burn, like Fires with Incense bright:  
 Not holy Tapers flame with purer Light:  
*Aeneas* is my Thoughts perpetual Theme;  
 Their daily Longing, and their nightly Dream,  
 Yet he's ungrateful and obdurate still:  
 Fool that I am to place my Heart so ill!  
 My self I cannot to my self restore:  
 Still I complain, and still I love him more.  
 Have Pity, *Cupid*, on my bleeding Heart,  
 And pierce thy Brother's with an equal Dart.  
 I rave: Nor canst thou *Venus*' Offspring be,  
 Love's Mother could not bear a Son like thee.  
 From harden'd Oak, or from a Rock's cold Womb,  
 At least thou art from some fierce *Tygres* eome;  
 Or, on rough Seas, from their Foundation torn,  
 Got by the Winds, and in a Tempest born:  
 Like that which now thy trembling Sailors fear:  
 Like that, whose Rage should still detain thee here.

Behold how high the toamy Billows ride!  
The Winds and Waves are on the juster Side.  
To Winter Weather and a stormy Sea  
I'll owe, what rather I would owe to thee.  
Death thou deserv'st from Heav'n's avenging Laws;  
But I'm unwilling to become the Cause.  
To shun my Love, if thou wilt seek thy Fate,  
'Tis a dear Purchase, and a costly Hate.  
Stay but a little, 'till the Tempest cease,  
And the loud Winds are lull'd into a Peace!  
May all thy Rage, like theirs, unconstant prove!  
And so it will, if there be Pow'r in Love.  
Know'st thou not yet what Dangers Ships sustain?  
So often wreck'd, how dar'st thou tempt the Main?  
Which, were it smooth, were ev'ry Wave asleep,  
Ten thousand Forms of Death are in the Deep.  
In that Abyss the Gods their Vengeance store,  
For broken Vows of those who falsely swore.  
Their winged Storms on Sea-born *Venus* wait,  
To vindicate the Justice of her State.  
Thus, I to thee the Means of Safety show:  
And, lost my self, would still preserve my Foe.  
False as thou art, I not thy Death design:  
O rather live, to be the Cause of mine!  
Should some avenging Storm thy Vessel tear,  
(But Heav'n forbid my Words should () men bear)  
Then in thy Face thy perjur'd Vows would fly;  
And my wrong'd Ghost be present to thy Eye.  
With threat'ning Looks, think thou behold'st me stare,  
Gasping my Mouth, and clotted all my Hair;  
Then shou'd fork'd Lightning and red Thunder fall;  
What cou'dst thou say, but, I deserv'd 'em all?

Left

Left this should happen, make not haste away;  
 To shun the Danger will be worth thy Stay.  
 Have Pity on thy Son, if not on me:  
 My Death alone is Guilt enough for thee.  
 What has his Youth, what have thy Gods deserv'd,  
 To sink in Seas, who were from Fires preserv'd?  
 But neither Gods nor Parent didst thou bear,  
 (Smooth Stories all to please a Woman's Ear)  
 False as the Tale of thy Romantick Life;  
 Nor yet am I thy first deluded Wife,  
 Left to pursuing Foes *Creusa* stay'd,  
 By thee, base Man, forsaken and betray'd.  
 This, when thou told'st me, struck my tender Heart,  
 That such Requital follow'd such Desert.  
 Nor doubt I but the Gods, for Crimes like these,  
 Sev'n Winters kept thee wandering on the Seas.  
 Thy starv'd Companions, cast a-shore, I fed,  
 Thy self admitted to my Crown and Bed.  
 To harbour Strangers, succour the Distrest,  
 Was kind enough; but oh, too kind the rest!  
 Curst be the Cave which first my Ruin brought,  
 Where, from the Storm, we common Shelter sought!  
 A dreadful Howling echo'd round the Place:  
 The Mountain Nymphs, thought I, my Nuptials grace.  
 I thought so then, but now too late I know  
 The Furies yell'd my Fun'ral from below.  
 O Chastity and violated Fame,  
 Exact your Dues to my dead Husband's Name!  
 By Death redeem my Reputation lost;  
 And to his Arms restore my guilty Ghost.  
 Close by my Palace, in a gloomy Grove,  
 Is rais'd a Chapel to my murder'd Love;

There,



There, wreath'd with Boughs and Wool, his Statue stands,  
The pious Monument of Artful Hands:  
Last Night, methought, he call'd me from the Dome,  
And thrice with hollow Voice, cry'd, *Dido*, come.  
She comes; thy Wife thy lawful Summons hears;  
But comes more slowly, clogg'd with conscious Fears.  
Forgive the Wrong I offer'd to thy Bed,  
Strong were his Charms, who my weak Faith mis-led,  
His Goddess Mother, and his aged Sire  
Born on his Back, did to my Fall conspire.  
O! such he was, and is, that were he true,  
Without a Blush I might his Love pursue.  
But cruel Stars my Birth-day did attend:  
And as my Fortune open'd, it must end.  
My plighted Lord was at the Altar slain,  
Whose Wealth was made my bloody Brother's Gain:  
Friendless, and follow'd by the Murd'rer's Hate,  
To Foreign Countries I remov'd my Fate;  
And here, a Suppliant, from the Natives Hands,  
I bought the Ground on which my City stands,  
With all the Coast that stretches to the Sea;  
Ev'n to the friendly Port that shelter'd thee:  
Then rais'd these Walls, which mount into the Air,  
At once my Neighbours Wonder, and their Fear.  
For now they arm; and round me Leagues are made,  
My scarce establish'd Empire to invade.  
To Man my new-built Walls I must prepare,  
An helpless Woman, and unskill'd in War.  
Yet thousand Rivals to my Love pretend;  
And for my Person, wou'd my Crown defend:  
Whose jarring Votes in one Complaint agree,  
That each unjustly is disdain'd for thee.

To

To proud *Hyarbas* give me up a Prey ;  
 (For that must follow, if thou go'st away.)  
 Or to my Husband's Mord'rer leave my Life ;  
 That to the Husband he may add the Wife.  
 Go then : since no Complaints can move thy Mind :  
 Go, perjur'd Man, but leave thy Gods behind.  
 Touch not those Gods by whom thou art forsworn,  
 Who will in impious Hands no more be born :  
 Thy Sacrilegious Worship they disdain,  
 And rather wou'd the *Grecian* Fires sustain.  
 Perhaps my greatest Shame is still to come,  
 And part of thee lies hid within my Womb.  
 The Babe unborn must perish by thy Hate,  
 And perish guiltless in his Mother's Fate.  
 Some God, thou say'st, thy Voyage does command ;  
 Wou'd the same God had barr'd thee from my Land.  
 The same, I doubt not, thy Departure steers,  
 Who kept thee out at Sea so many Years.  
 Where thy long Labours were a Price so great,  
 As thou to purchase *Troy* wou'd'st not repeat.  
 But *Tyber* now thou seek'st ; to be at best,  
 When there arriv'd, a poor precarious Guest.  
 Yet it deludes thy Search : Perhaps it will  
 To thy Old Age lye undiscover'd still.  
 A ready Crown and Wealth in Dow'r I bring,  
 And without conqu'ring, here thou art a King.  
 Here thou to *Carthage* may'st transfer thy *Troy* :  
 Here young *Ascanius* may his Arm employ,  
 And, while we live secure in soft Repose,  
 Bring many Laurels home from conquer'd Foes.  
 By *Cupid's* Arrows, I adjure thee stay ;  
 By all the Gods, Companions of thy Way.

So may thy *Trojans*, who are yet alive,  
 Live still, and with no future Fortune strive;  
 So may thy Youthful Son old Age attain,  
 And thy dead Father's Bones in Peace remain:  
 As thou hast Pity on unhappy me,  
 Who know no Crime, but too much Love of thee.  
 I am not born from fierce *Achilles'* Line,  
 Nor did my Parents against *Troy* combine.  
 To bethy Wife, if I unworthy prove,  
 By some inferior Name admit my Love.  
 To be secur'd of still possessing thee,  
 What wou'd I do, and what wou'd I not be.  
 Our *Libyan* Coasts their certain Seasons know,  
 When free from Tempests Passengers may go.  
 But now, with Northern Blasts the Billows roar,  
 And drive the floating Sea-Weed to the Shoar,  
 Leave to my Care the Time to sail away;  
 When safe, I will not suffer thee to stay.  
 Thy weary Men wou'd be with Ease content;  
 Their Sails are tatter'd and their Masts are spent,  
 If by no Merit I thy Mind can move,  
 What thou deny'st my Merit, give my Love.  
 Stay, 'till I learn my Loss to undergo;  
 And give me Time to struggle with my Woe.  
 If not: Know this, I will not suffer long,  
 My Life's too loathsome, and my Love too strong.  
 Death holds my Pen, and dictates what I say,  
 While cross my Lap the *Trojan* Sword I lay.  
 My Tears flow down; the sharp Edge cuts their Flood,  
 And drinks my Sorrows, that must drink my Blood.  
 How well thy Gift does with my Fate agree!  
 My Fun'ral Pomp is cheaply made by thee.

To no new Wounds my Bosom I display :  
The Sword but enters where Love made the Way.  
But thou, dear Sister, and yet dearer Friend,  
Shalt my cold Ashes to their Urn attend.  
*Sichæus*' Wife, let not the Marble boast,  
I lost that Title, when my Fame I lost.  
This short Inscription only let it bear,  
“ Unhappy *Dido* lyes in Quiet here.  
“ The Cause of Death, and Sword by which she dy'd  
“ *Æneas* gave: The rest her Arm supply'd.











The Foregoing

E P I S T L E

O F

D I D O *to* Æ N E A S.*By another Hand.*

S O in unwonted Notes, when sure to die,  
 The mournful Swan sings her own Elegy.  
 I do not hope by this to change my Fate,  
 Since Heav'n and you are both resolv'd to hate:  
 Robb'd of my Honour, 'tis no Wonder now  
 That you disdain me when I meanly sue;  
 Deaf to my Pray'rs, that you resolve to go,  
 And leave th' unhappy you have render'd so.  
 You and your Love, the Winds away must bear,  
 Forgot is all that you so oft did swear:  
 With cruel Haste to distant Lands you fly,  
 Yet know not whose they are, nor where they lye.  
 On *Carthage* and its rising Walls you frown,  
 And shun a Scepter, which is now your own;  
 All you have gain'd, you proudly do contemn,  
 And fondly seek a fancy'd Diadem.  
 And should you reach at last this promis'd Land,  
 Who'll give its Power into a Stranger's Hand?  
 Another easie *Dido* do you seek;  
 And new Occasions new-made Vows to break?  
 When can you Walls like ours of *Carthage* build,  
 And see your Streets with Crowds of Subjects fill'd?

H 2

But





The Foregoing

E P I S T L E

O F

D I D O *to* Æ N E A S.

*By another Hand.*

SO in unwonted Notes, when sure to die,  
 The mournful Swan sings her own Elegy.  
 I do not hope by this to change my Fate,  
 Since Heav'n and you are both resolv'd to hate:  
 Robb'd of my Honour, 'tis no Wonder now  
 That you disdain me when I meanly sue;  
 Deaf to my Pray'rs, that you resolve to go,  
 And leave th' unhappy you have render'd so.  
 You and your Love, the Winds away must bear,  
 Forgot is all that you so oft did swear:  
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 And shun a Scepter, which is now your own;  
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 Who'll give its Power into a Stranger's Hand?  
 Another easie *Dido* do you seek;  
 And new Occasions new-made Vows to break?  
 When can you Walls like ours of *Carthage* build,  
 And see your Streets with Crowds of Subjects fill'd?

H 2

But

But tho' all this succeeded to your Mind,  
So true a Wife no Search could ever find.

Scorch'd up with Love's fierce Fire my Life does waste,  
Like Incense on the flaming Altar cast;  
All Day *Aeneas* walks before my Sight,  
In all my Dreams I see him ev'ry Night:  
But see him still ungrateful as before,  
And such as, if I could, I should abhor.  
But the strong Flame burns on against my Will,  
I call him False, but love the Traytor still.

Goddes of Love, thee all the World adore!  
And shall thy Son slight thy Almighty Pow'r?  
His Brother's stubborn Soul let *Cupid* move,  
Teach me to hate, or him to merit Love!  
But the Impostor his high Birth did feign,  
(Tho' to that Tale his Face did Credit gain,)  
He was not born of *Venus*, who could prove  
So cruel, and so faithless in his Love.  
From Rocks or Mountains he deriv'd his Birth!  
Fierce Wolves or Savage Tygers brought him forth!  
Or else he sprung from the Tempestuous Main,  
To which so eagerly he flies again.  
How dreadful the contending Waves appear!  
These winter Storms by force would keep you here.  
The Storms are kinder, and the Winds more true!  
Let me owe them, what I would owe to you.  
You'll shew your Hatred at too dear a Rate,  
It to fly me, you run on certain Fate.  
Stay only till these raging Tempests cease;  
And breeding *Halcyons* all my Fears release.  
Then you perhaps may change your cruel Mind,  
And will learn Pity from the Sea and Wind.



Are you not warn'd by all you've felt and seen?  
 And will you tempt the faithless Floods again?  
 Tho' 'twere calm now, it would not long be so;  
 Think to what distant Countries you would go:  
 There's not one God who will that Vessel bless,  
 Which Lies, and Frauds, and Perjuries opprefs.  
 The Sea let ev'ry faithless Lover fear,  
 The Queen of Love rose thence, and governs there.  
 Still the dear Cause of all my Ills I love,  
 And my last Words Heav'n for your Safety move;  
 That your false Flight may not as fatal be  
 To you, as your dissembled Love to me.  
 But in the Storm, when the huge Billows roul,  
 (Th' unlucky Omen may kind Heav'n controul)  
 Think what distracting Thoughts will fill your Soul.  
 You'll then remember ev'ry broken Vow,  
 With Horror think on murder'd *Dido* too;  
 My Ghost all pale and ghastly shall be there;  
 With mortal Wounds still bleeding I'll appear.  
 Then you will own what to such Crimes is due;  
 And think each Flash of Lightning aim'd at you.

Your cruel Flight till the next Calm delay,  
 Your quiet Passage will reward your Stay.  
 I beg not for my self, but do not join  
 The Guilt of your *Ascanius*' Death to mine.  
 What has your Son, what have your Gods deserv'd?  
 For a worse Fate were they from Flames preserv'd?  
 But sure you neither sav'd them from the Fire,  
 Nor on your Shoulders bore your aged Sire;  
 But did contrive that Story, to deceive  
 A Queen, so fond, so willing to believe.

Your ready Tongue told many a pleasing Lie,  
 Nor did it practise first these Cheats on me.  
 You by like Arts did fair *Creüsa* gain,  
 And then forsook her with a like Disdain.  
 I've wept to hear you tell that Lady's Fate,  
 My self now justly more unfortunate.  
 'Tis to revenge these Crimes the Gods engage,  
 And make you wander out your wretched Age.

A Ship-wreck'd Wretch I kindly did receive,  
 My Wealth and Crown to Hands unknown did give.  
 Had I stopp'd there, I had been free from Shame,  
 And had not stain'd my clear and spotless Fame.  
 Heav'n to betray my Honour did comply,  
 When Thunder and black Clouds fill'd all the Sky,  
 And made us to the fatal Shelter fly.  
 The Furies howl'd, and dire Prefages gave,  
 And shrieking Nymphs forsook the guilty Cave.  
 I cannot live, that Crime torments me so,  
 Yet full of Shame to my *Sichæus* go.

In a fair Temple built by skilful Hands,  
 A sacred Image of *Sichæus* stands;  
 With snowy Fleeces drest, and Garlands crown'd,  
 From thence of late I've heard a dismal Sound!  
 Four times he call'd me with a hollow Voice,  
 My loosen'd Joints still trembled at the Noise!  
 My dearest Lord, your Summons I obey,  
 'Tis Shame to meet you makes this short Delay.

Yet such a Tempter might the Crime excuse,  
 His Heav'nly Race, and all his solemn Vows!  
 The best of Fathers, the most pious Son!  
 Who could suspect, He, who such Things had done,  
 So well had acted all the Parts of Life,  
 Could have betray'd a Princess and a Wife?

Had

Had he not wanted Faith, your self must own  
 He had deserv'd to fill my Bed and Throne.  
 In my first Youth what Cares disturb'd my Peace!  
 And my Misfortunes with my Years increase!  
 My Husband's Blood was by my Brother spilt,  
 And still his Wealth rewards the prosp'rous Guilt.  
 Thro' Ways unknown a dang'rous Flight I take,  
 His Ashes and my Native Soil forsake;  
 Here shelter'd from my Brother's Cruelty,  
 I bought this Kingdom, which I gave to thee.  
 My City did in Glory daily rise,  
 Which all my Neighbours saw with envious Eyes,  
 And Force against unfinish'd Walls prepare,  
 Threat'ning a helpless Woman with a War.  
 Those many Kings, who did my Bed desire,  
 Now to revenge their slighted Love conspire.

Go on, my People are at your Command,  
 Give me up bound to some fierce Rival's Hand:  
 Assist my cruel Brother's black Design;  
 Drunk with *Sichæus'* Blood, he thirsts for mine:  
 But then pretend to Piety no more,  
 The false and perjur'd all the Gods abhor.  
 Ev'n those you snatch'd from *Troy's* devouring Flame  
 Are griev'd that from such Hands their Safety came,  
 A growing Infant in my Womb you leave;  
 Of your whole self, you cannot me bereave.  
 You kill not *Dido* only, if you go,  
 The guiltless and unborn you murder too;  
 With me a new unknown *Ascanius* dies,  
 Tho' deaf to mine, yet think you hear his Cries.

But 'tis the God commands, and you obey:  
 Ah! would that he who now forbids your Stay,  
 Had never led your shatter'd Fleet this way!

}

And now this God commands you out again,  
 T' endure another Winter on the Main!  
 Scarce *Troy* restor'd to all her Ancient State,  
 Were worth the seeking at so dear a rate.  
 Ceaseth then thro' such vast Dangers to pursue  
 A Place, which, but in Dreams, you never knew:  
 In search of which you your best Years may waste,  
 And come a Stranger there, and old at last.  
 See at your Feet a willing People lies,  
 And do not offer'd Wealth and Pow'r despise.  
 Fix here the Reliques of unhappy *Troy*,  
 And in soft Peace, all you have sav'd enjoy.  
 Put if new Dangers your great Soul desires,  
 If Thirst of Fame your Son's young-Breast inspires,  
 You'll frequent Tryals here for Valour find;  
 Our Neighbours are as rough as we are kind.  
 By your dear Father's Soul I beg your Stay,  
 By the kind Gods who hither blest your Way,  
 And by your Brother's Dart, which all obey!  
 So may white Conquest on your Troops attend,  
 And all your long Mistortunes here take end.  
 So with his Years may your Son's Hopes increase,  
 So may *Anchises'* Ashes rest in Peace.

Some Pity let a suppliant Princess move,  
 Whose only Fault was an Excess of Love.  
 I am not sprung from any *Grecian* Race,  
 None of my Blood did your lov'd *Troy* de face.  
 Yet if your Pride think such a Wife a Shame,  
 I'll sacrifice my Honour to my Flame,  
 And meet your Love by a less glorious Name.

I know the Dangers of this stormy Coast,  
 How many Ships have on our Shelves been lost.

These.

These Winds have driv'n the floating Sea-weed so,  
 That your intangled Vessel cannot go.  
 Do not attempt to put to Sea in vain,  
 'Till happier Gales have clear'd your Way again.  
 Trust me to watch the calming of the Sea,  
 You shall not then, tho' you desir'd it, stay.  
 Besides, your weary Seamen Rest desire,  
 And your torn Fleet new Rigging does require.  
 By all I suffer, all I've done for you,  
 Some little Respite to my Love allow.  
 Time and calm Thoughts may teach me how to bear  
 That Loss, which now alas 'tis Death to hear.  
 But you resolve to force me to my Grave,  
 And are not far from all that you would have.  
 Your Sword before me, whilst I write, does lye,  
 And by it, if I write in vain, I die.  
 Already stain'd with many a falling Tear,  
 It shortly shall another Colour wear.  
 You never could an apter Present make,  
 'Twill soon, the Life you made uneasy, take.  
 But this poor Breast has felt your Wounds before;  
 Slain by your Love, your Steel has now no Pow'r.  
 Dear guilty Sister, do not you deny  
 The last kind Office to my Memory;  
 But do not on my Fun'ral Marble join  
 Much wrong'd *Sichæus*' Sacred Name with mine.  
 "Of false *Æneas* let the Stone complain;  
 "That *Dido* could not bear his fierce Disdain,  
 "But by his Sword, and her own Hand, was slain."





# BRISEIS to ACHILLES.

By Sir J O H N C A R R L.

## The A R G U M E N T.

*In the War of Troy, Achilles having taken and sack'd Chrynesium, a Town in the Lynceſian Country. amongst his other Booty he took two very fair Women, Chryſeis and Briſeis : Chryſeis he preſented to King Agamemnon, and Briſeis he reſerv'd for himſelf. Agamemnon, after ſome time, was forc'd by the Oracle to reſtore Chryſeis to her Father, who was one of the Priests of Apollo : Whereupon the King by Violence took away Briſeis from Achilles, at which Achilles incenſt left the Camp of the Grecians, and prepared to ſail Home ; in whoſe Abſence the Trojans prevailing upon the Grecians, Agamemnon was compell'd to ſend Ulyſſes and others to offer him rich Preſents, and Briſeis, that he would return again to the Army : But Achilles with Diſdain rejected them all. This Letter therefore is written by Briſeis, to move him that he would receive her, and return to the Grecian Camp.*

**C**aptive Briſeis in a foreign Tongue  
 More by her Blots, than Words, ſets forth her Wrong.  
 And yet theſe Blots, which by my Tears are made,  
 Above all Words or Writing, ſhould perſuade.  
 Subjects (I know) muſt not their Lords accuſe ;  
 Yet Pray'rs and Tears we lawfully may uſe.  
 When raviſh'd from your Arms, I was the Prey  
 Of Agamemnon's Arbitrary Sway ;

I grant, you must at last have left the Field,  
But for a Lover, you too soon did yield :  
A Warrior's Glory it must needs disgrace,  
At the first Summons to yield up the Place.  
The Enemies themselves, no less than I,  
Stood wond'ring at their easie Victory :  
I saw their Lips in Whispers softly move,  
Is this the Man so fam'd for Arms, and Love ?  
Alas ! *Achilles*, 'tis not so we part  
From what we love ; and what is near our Heart.  
No healing Kisses to my Grief you gave,  
You turn'd me off an unregarded Slave.  
Was it your Rage, that did your Love suppress ?  
Ah, love *Briseis* more, and hate *Atrides* less !  
He is not born of a true Hero's Race,  
Who lets his Fury of his Love take place.  
Tygers and Wolves can fight, Love is the Test,  
Distinguishing the Hero from the Beast.  
Alas ! when I was from your Bosom forc'd,  
I felt my Body from my Soul divorc'd ;  
A deadly Paleness overspread my Face ;  
Sleep left my Eyes, and to my Tears gave place :  
I tore my Hair, and did my Death decree ;  
Ah ! learn to part with what you love, from me.  
A bold Escape I often did essay,  
But *Greeks*, and *Trojans* too, block'd up the Way :  
Yet tho' a tender Maid could not break thro',  
Methinks *Achilles* should not be so slow :  
*Achilles*, once the Thunderbolt of War,  
The Hope of conqu'ring *Greece*, and *Troy's* Despair,  
Me in his Rival's Arms can he behold ?  
And is his Courage with his Love grown cold ?

But

But I confess, that my neglected Charms  
Did not deserve the Conquest of your Arms;  
Therefore the Gods did, by an easier Way,  
Our Wrongs atone, and Damages repay:  
*Ajax with Phenix and Ulysses bring*  
Humble Submissions from their haughty King:  
The Royal Penitent rich Presents sends,  
The strongest Cement to piece broken Friends.  
When Pray'rs well seconded with Gifts are sent,  
Both mortal and immortal Pow'rs relent:  
Twenty bright Vessels of *Corinthian* Brass,  
Their Sculpture did the costly Mine surpass;  
Seven Chairs of State of the same Art and Mold;  
And twice five Talents of persuasive Gold;  
Twelve fiery Steeds of the *Epirian* Breed,  
Matchless they are for Beauty, and for Speed;  
Six *Lesbian* Maids (but these I well cou'd spare)  
Their Island sack'd, these were the Gen'ral's share;  
And last a Bride, (ah! tell 'em I am thine)  
At your own Choice out of the Royal Line:  
With these they offer me: But might I chuse,  
You should take me, and all their Gifts refuse:  
But me and those you sullenly reject;  
What have I done, to merit this Neglect?  
Is it that you, and Fortune jointly vow,  
Whom you make wretched, still to keep them so?  
Your Arms my Country did in Ashes lay,  
My House destroy, Brothers and Husband slay.  
It had been Kindness to have kill'd me too,  
Rather than kill me with Unkindness now.

With.

With Vows, as faithlesas your Mother Sea,  
You loudly promis'd, that you would to me  
Country, and Brothers and a Husband be.  
And is it thus that you perform your Vows,  
Ev'n with a Dowry to reject me too?  
Nay, Fame reports, that with the next fair Wind,  
Leaving your Honour, Faith, and Me behind,  
You quit our Coasts: Before that fatal Hour,  
May Thunder strike me, or kind Earth devour!  
I all Things, but your Absence, can endure!  
That's a Disease, which Death must only cure.  
If to *Achaia* you will needs return,  
Leaving all *Greece* your sullen Rage to mourn,  
Place me but in the Number of your Train,  
And I no servile Office will disdain:  
If I'm deny'd the Honour of your Bed,  
Let me at least be as your Captive led:  
Rather than banish'd from your Family,  
I will endure another Wife to see;  
A Wife, to make the great *Aeacian* Line,  
Like Starry Heav'n, as numerously shine;  
That so your spreading Progeny may prove  
Worthy of *Thetis*, and their Grandfire *Jove*.  
Let me on her an humble Handmaid wait,  
On her, because to you she does relate.  
I fear (I know not why) that she may be,  
Than to her other Maids, more harsh to me:  
But you are bound to guard your Conquer'd Slave,  
And to maintain the Articles you gave:  
Yet should you yield to her imperious Sway,  
Do what you will, but turn me not away.

But why should you depart? the King repents;  
 The *Grecian* Army wants you in their Tents:  
 You conquer all, conquer your Passion too;  
 Or else with *Hector*, you will *Greece* undo.  
 Take Arms (*Æacides*) but first take me,  
 Your juster Rage let routed *Trojans* see.  
 For me begun, for me your Anger end;  
 The Fault I caus'd, let me have Pow'r to mend.  
 In this to me you may with Honour yield,  
 Rul'd by his Wife, *Oenides* took the Field.  
 His Mother's sacred Curses him disarm'd,  
 Rul'd by his Wife's more pow'rful Spells uncharm'd,  
 His Armour once put off, he buckles on,  
 And fights and conquers for his *Calidon*:  
 That happy Wife prevail'd, why should not I?  
 But you that Title, and my Pow'r deny:  
 Title, and Pow'r, and all ambitious Strife  
 Of being call'd your Mistress, or your Wife,  
 I quietly lay down; but I must have  
 This Claim allow'd, to be your faithful Slave.  
 I by those dread, ill-cover'd Ashes swear,  
 (Alas their Tomb *Lyrnesian* Ruins are)  
 Of my dead Spouse, and by each sacred Ghost  
 Of my three Brothers honourably lost,  
 Who for, and with their Country bravely fell;  
 By all that's awful both in Heav'n and Hell;  
 And last of all, by thine own Head and mine,  
 Whom Love, tho' parted now, did sometimes join,  
 That I preserve my Faith entire and chaste,  
 That I no foreign Love, or Pleasure taste:  
 That no Aspersions can my Honour touch;  
 O! that *Achilles* too could say as much!

Some

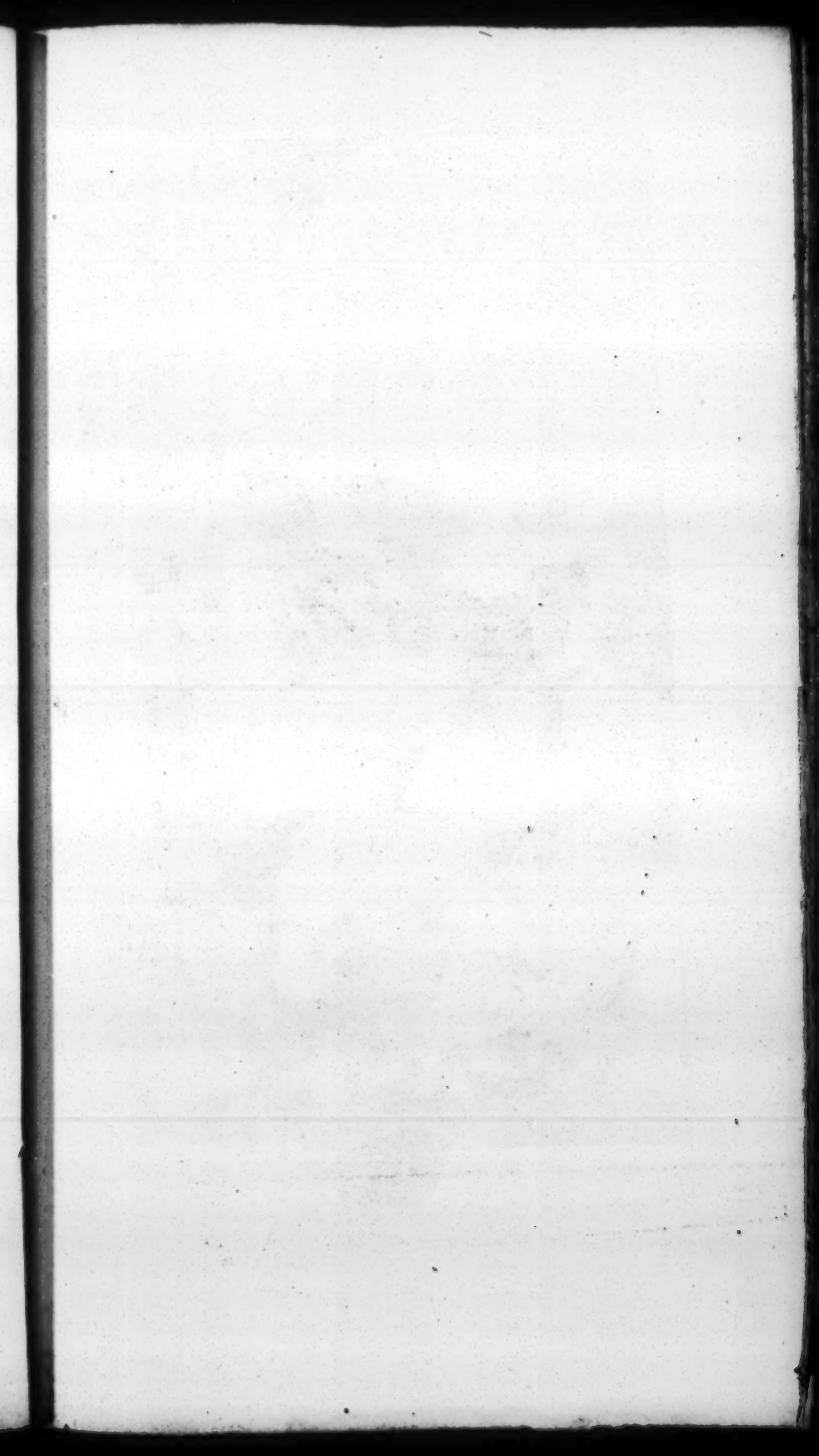


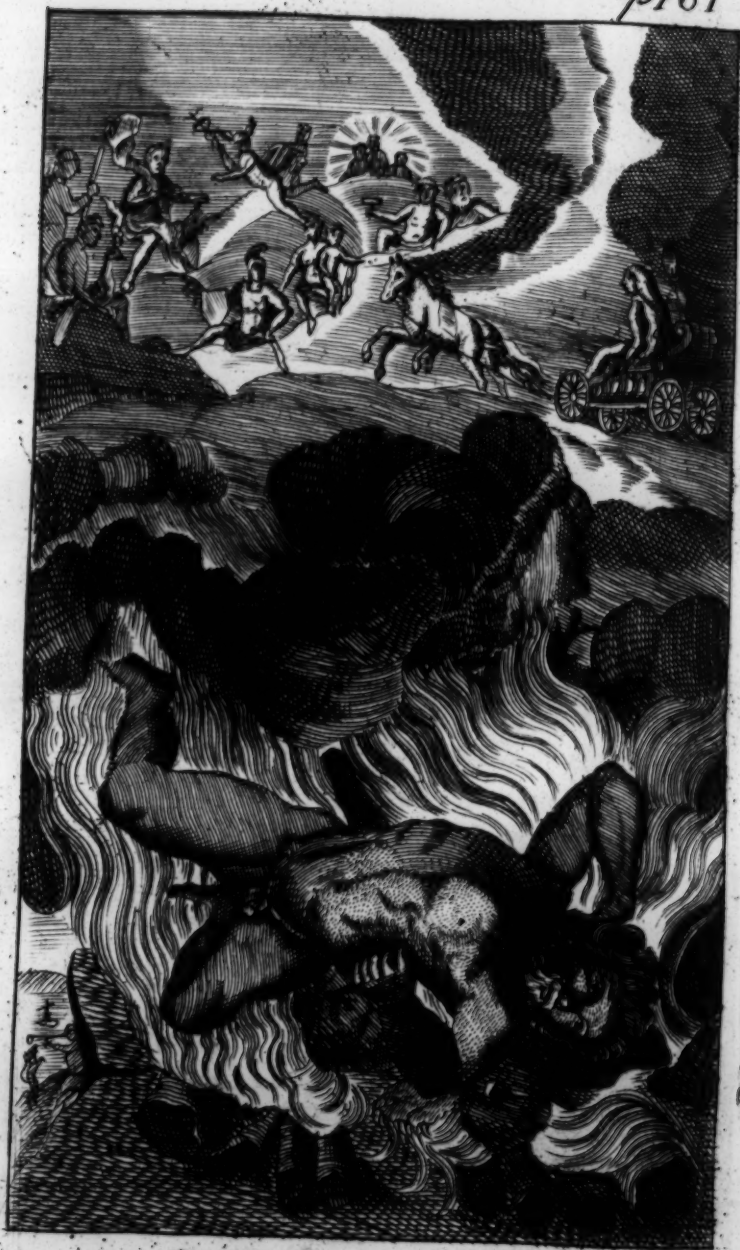
Some think he mourns for me; But others say,  
 In Love's soft Joys he melts his Hours away;  
 That some new Mistress with *Circean* Charms  
 Has lockt him up in her lascivious Arms,  
 And so transform'd from what he was before,  
 That he will fight for *Greece* or me no more.  
 The Trumpet now to the soft Lute must yield:  
 To Midnight Revels, Marches in the Field.  
 He whom of late *Greece*, as her *Mars*, ador'd;  
 He, on whose massie Spear, and glitt'ring Sword  
 The Fates, and Death did wait, that mighty Man  
 Now wields a B-sk, and brandishes a Fan.  
 Avert it Heav'n! can he be only brave  
 To waste my Country, not his own to save?  
 And when his Arms my Family mow'd down,  
 Lost he his Sting, and so became a Drone?  
 Ah! cure these Fears; and let me have the Pride  
 To see your Jav'lin fixt in *Hector's* Side,  
 O! that the *Grecians* would send me to try,  
 If I could make your stubborn Heart comply:  
 Few Words I'd use, all should be Sighs, and Tears,  
 And Looks, and Kisses, mixt with Hopes and Fears;  
 My Love like Light'ning thro' my Eyes should fly,  
 And thaw the Ice, which round your Heart does lye:  
 Sometimes my Arms about your Neck I'd throw;  
 And then imbrace your Knees, and humbly bow:  
 There is more Eloquence in Tears, and Kisses,  
 Than in the smooth Harangues of sly *Ulysses*:  
 That noisie Rhetorick of a twanging Tongue,  
 Serves but to lug the heavy Crowd along:  
 But Souls with Souls speak only by the Eye,  
 And at those Windows one another spy:


Thus,

Thus, than your Mother Sea rais'd with the Wind  
 More fierce, I would compose your stormy Mind;  
 And my Love shining on my Tears that flow,  
 Should make a Rain-Bow, and fair Weather show.  
 So dreams my Love. Ah! come, that I may try,  
 If I can turn my Dream to Prophecy.  
 So may your *Pyrrhus* live to equalize  
 His Grandfire's Years, his Father's Victories.  
 Let me no longer pin'd in Absence lye;  
 Rather than live without you, let me die:  
 My Heart's already cold, and Death does spread  
 His livid Palenels o'er my lively Red.  
 My Life hangs only on the slender Hope,  
 That your reviving Love your Rage will stop.  
 If that shou'd fail, let me not linger on,  
 But let that Sword (to mine, ah! too well known)  
 Me to my Brothers and my Husband send;  
 Your Hand began, your Hand the Work must end;  
 But why such Cruelty? Come then and save  
 Afflicted *Greece*, and me your humble Slave.  
 How much more decently might you employ  
 Your ill-spent Rage against *Neptunian Troy*!  
 Then furl your Sails, once more your Anchors cast:  
 Leave not your Country, nor your Honour blast.  
 But go or stay; with you I ought to move,  
 Made yours by Right of War, and Right of Love.









# DEJANIRA to HERCULES.

By Mr. *OLDMIXON*.

The ARGUMENT. •

*Dejanira having heard that Hercules was fallen in Love with Iôle, Daughter of the King of Oechalia, whom he had lately Vanquish'd and Slain, and at the same time that he was dying by a poison'd Shirt she had sent him, to recover, as she had been told it wou'd, his lost Affection; between Jealousie and Rage for the first, and Grief and Despair for the latter, writes him the following Epistle.*

**I**N your late Triumphs I rejoice, and share  
 Your new Renown, *Oechalia's* finish'd War.  
 But should the Victor to the Vanquish'd yield,  
 Curst be the Day that you the Town compell'd.  
 Thro' *Greece* the Rumour flies, nor faster Fame  
 Proclaims your Conquest, than she spreads your Shame:  
 By your vile Bonds your former Life's defil'd,  
 And all the Lustre of your Labours soil'd:  
 Those Labours you with matchless Might o'ercame,  
 And *Juno's* Hate, and rais'd a Godlike Name.  
 But to young *Iôle's* base Yoke you bow;  
*Euristheus* now is pleas'd, and *Juno* now.  
 Nor will your Step-Mother be griev'd to hear,  
 The Blot indelible your Fame will bear.  
 When *Jove* your Mother for your Birth enjoy'd,  
 The God, too little One, Three Nightsemploy'd.

But







# DEJANIRA to HERCULES.

By Mr. OLD MIXON.

The ARGUMENT. •

*Dejanira having heard that Hercules was fallen in Love with Iole, Daughter of the King of Oechalia, whom he had lately Vanquish'd and Slain, and at the same time that he was dying by a poison'd Shirt she had sent him, to recover, as she had been told it wou'd, his lost Affection; between Jealousie and Rage for the first, and Grief and Despair for the latter, writes him the following Epistle.*

**I**N your late Triumphs I rejoice, and share  
 Your new Renown, Oechalia's finish'd War.  
 But should the Victor to the Vanquish'd yield,  
 Could it be the Day that you the Town compell'd.  
 Thro' Greece the Rumour flies, nor faster Fame  
 Proclaims your Conquest, than she spreads your Shame;  
 By your vile Bonds your former Life's defil'd,  
 And all the Lustre of your Labours soil'd:  
 Those Labours you with matchless Might o'ercame,  
 And Juno's Hate, and rais'd a Godlike Name.  
 But to young Iole's base Yoke you bow;  
 Euristheus now is pleas'd, and Juno now.  
 Nor will your Step-Mother be griev'd to hear,  
 The Blot indelible your Fame will bear.  
 When Jove your Mother for your Birth enjoy'd,  
 The God, too little One, Three Nightsemploy'd.

But

But who'll believe the Tale? for such a Son  
Might, surely, have been well conceiv'd in One.  
*Juno* ne'er hurted you as *Venus* has,  
She rais'd you when she purpos'd to depress.  
But *Venus* on your Neck her Foot has plac'd,  
And ne'er was *Hero* more by Love disgrac'd.  
From you, the World deliver'd, holds her Peace,  
By you the Land's secure, and safe the Seas.  
Both Houses of the Sun your Merit know,  
And Heav'n does more to you than *Atlas*, owe.  
Your Strength did once the sinking Stars sustain,  
And save those Orbs, where you at last shall reign.  
Without you, he on whom the Burthen lies  
Had fall'n, and unsupported left the Skies.  
What have you done? but all your Glory stain'd,  
And lost the Praise you with such Peril gain'd.  
Tell me no more what Deeds you once could do,  
Nor boast you in the Cradle Serpents slew.  
Two horrid Snakes that then to Death you wrung,  
And prov'd the Blood divine of which you sprung.  
The Man belies the God; your Infant Name  
Is now forgotten, and your riper Fame.  
He, who the Son of *Stenelus* subdu'd,  
And tam'd the fellest Monsters of the Wood,  
Who long did *Juno*'s Hate undaunted prove,  
He, to whom all Things yielded, yieldsto Love.  
What then? the Thund'rer was your Sire, 'tis said,  
And highly I am honour'd by your Bed.  
But as the Plow an equal Yoke requires,  
So *Hymen*'s Torch should burn with equal Fires.  
And higher if my Husband's in Degree,  
What do I gain? his Greatness lessens me.

The

The worſe in this, a Wife thus wedded fares,  
 And not an Honour, but a Burthen bears,  
 Tho' the Name flatters, and the Brightneſs glares.  
 She that weds well, will wiſely match her Love,  
 Nor be below her Husband, nor above.  
 My Lord ſo ſeldom in my Houſe I ſee,  
 A Stranger I ſhould know as ſoon as he.  
 To war with dreadful Monſters he delights,  
 And with the Fierceſt of the Foreſt fights.  
 While I a Widow's Life in Wedlock lead,  
 And mourn with fruitleſs Tears my injur'd Bed.  
 Oft my chaſt Vows for him to Heav'n I pay,  
 The Dangers to avert, my Fears diſplay;  
 That ever you with Conqueſt may be crown'd,  
 For your Deſeat is mine, and mine your Wound.  
 My Fancy ſtill preſents you to my Mind,  
 Amid your Foes of ev'ry Savage kind.  
 The Dragon's forky Tongue methinks I view,  
 And the Boar's Tuſk, and Lion's Claw in you.  
 The worrying Dogs with freezing Blood I ſee,  
 And intercept the Death; and bleed for thee.  
 Ill Omens from my ſlaughter'd Victims riſe,  
 No Flame of od'rous Incenſe upward flies,  
 But the choak'd Fire, as ſoon as kindled, dies.  
 Foreboding Dreams my anxious Soul affright,  
 And mine are all the Horrors of the Night.  
 Much I enquire, impatient of your Fate,  
 What None, or but with doubtful Truſt, relate.  
 I hope, I fear, and with alternate Pain  
 At once for thee the double Care ſuſtain.  
 Your Mother abſent feels the ſame Alarms,  
 Repents the Fortune of her envy'd Charms,  
 That e'er they pleas'd a God, and bleſt his Arms.

Me, all as a forsaken Widow shun,  
Nor is *Amphytrion* here, nor is your Son.  
No War but with *Eurysheus* now you wage,  
The Minister of *Juno's* restless Rage.  
Your Dangers and your Toils she still renews,  
Still your dear Life with cruel Hate pursues.  
It of your Foreign Loves I should complain,  
You'd laugh at my Laments, and mock my Pain.  
Each Maid you meet to your Embrace you take,  
And each that you enjoy a Mother make.  
Shall I *Parthenian Auge's* Rape relate,  
Or what by Force was *Astydamia's* Fate?  
You'll never blush to hear your broken Vows,  
Nor think you err'd in wronging *Theutra's* House,  
Where fifty Sisters in one Night you knew;  
But what are fifty ruin'd Nymphs to you?  
Another such Offence I've lately known;  
And *Lamus* by your Lust is made my Son;  
His Stepdame I, and o'er the *Libyan* Plains  
My Rival, his abandon'd Mother, reigns.  
And where thro' flow'ry Vales *Maander* glides  
With winding Waves, and turns with reflux Tides,  
Has *Hercules* been seen in shameful Guise,  
Ill suiting him, whose Shoulders bore the Skies;  
With Bracelets deck'd, and other Female geer,  
Which wanton Damsels at their Revels wear.  
Bright Chains of Gold around those Arms they view,  
Which in *Nemean* Woods the Lion slew.  
Whose Skin, a glorious Robe, he proudly wore,  
And on his Back the dreadful Trophy bore.  
See his rude Locks with gaudy Ribbans bound,  
And purple Vests his manly Limbs surround:

Such



Such as the soft *Maonian* Virgins wear, .  
To catch in Silken Folds the flowing Air.  
Now Horror in your Mind his Image breeds,  
Who fed with human Flesh his pamper'd Steeds.  
His Conqu'ror had *Busiris* thus beheld,  
He'd doubt his Fall, and stil' dispute the Field.  
These Toys, *Anteus* from your Neck would tear,  
Asham'd his Victor should such Trinkets wear.  
'Tis said, you with *Ionian* Girls are seen,  
In base Attendance on their haughty Queen,  
That Baskets in your Hands like them you bear,  
And the vain Menace of your Mistress fear.  
For shame; were those Victorious Hands design'd  
For Women's Service? or to free Mankind?  
How, think you, to the wond'ring World 'twill sound,  
That at Command you turn the Spindle round?  
Your Work's set out, your Mistress you must please,  
And your Toils dwindle to such Tasks as these.  
But your rough Fingers break the slender Thread,  
And from the Fair a Drubbing oft you dread.  
Now at her Feet, methinks, I see you lye,  
While she looks from you with an angry Eye.  
To plead for Pity, you your Error own,  
And brag, in your Excuse, what Deeds you've done.  
How, when a Child, two Serpents you o'ercame,  
And then the *Erymanthean* Boar did tame.  
The Heads that were on *Thracian* Gates affix'd,  
And what to them you did, you vaunt of next.  
Of *Diomedes*, and his Mares you boast,  
Of your fam'd Conquests to th' *Iberian* Coast.  
Of *Gerion's* Herd, and *Cerberus* you tell,  
And the dread Wonders you perform'd in Hell;  
How thrice they both reviv'd, and thrice they fell.

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How thrice they both reviv'd, and thrice they fell.

}

How the huge Giant, by a fierce Embrace  
 You grip'd to Death, and kill'd with a Carefs;  
 How the swift Horses that out-flew the Wind  
 By you were left in Race, and lag'd behind.  
 You put them on *Theſſalian* Hills to fight,  
 Nor you their Speed, nor double Forms affright.  
 But ill by you are ſuch high Things expreſt,  
 A Suppliant, like *Sidonian* Harlots dreſt.  
 Your Tongue might by your Figure well be ty'd,  
 And you, for ſhame, the Tale you tell her hide.  
 Nor can all this alone preſerve her Smiles,  
 She wears your Arms, and Triumphs with your Spoils.  
 Go, boaſt your glorious Acts, while all that ſee  
 Your differing Garbs, will gueſs you both to be,  
 Thou the ſoft Harlot, and the Hero ſhe. }  
 As greater you than all your Conqueſts are,  
 The leſs you to your Conqu'ror can compare;  
 And as you can't your lewd Deſires ſubdue,  
 The mightier ſhe, who maſters them and you.  
 To her the Glory of your Deeds redounds,  
 And Fame her Pow'r with your Diſgrace reſounds.  
 The Victor's Praise, the Laurel Wreath, reſign,  
 Thoſe Songs and Trophies are no longer thine.  
 She Heirs them all. Eternal Shame to ſee  
 That Skin on her, which ſuited none but thee!  
 And the rude Robe that thou with Pride haſt worn,  
 Her teeble Limbs enfold, and ſink to Scorn.  
 Theſe Spoils, miſtaken Man, are not her Aim,  
 Thy Self's her Triumph, and her Spoil's thy Fame.  
 By her the Merit of thy Might's ſuppreſt,  
 Her Conqueſt was thy ſelf, and thine, a Beaſt.

She

She leaves the laden Reel, and learns the Use  
Of Arrows poison'd with *Lernaean* Juice.  
She, who can scarce the flying Wheel command,  
And turn the Spindle with her trembling Hand,  
Now teaches it the massy Club to wield,  
Which tam'd the fiercest Monsters of the Field.  
This with Delight she in her Mirror views,  
Fights o'er thy Fights, and all thy Foes subdues.  
Haply Report, tho' loud it speaks, may err ;  
Yet tell of others Truth, if not of her.  
I see of others what of her I hear,  
And that my Rage provokes, as this my Fear.  
A Foreign Wanton's to the City brought,  
And to be false, with thee's no more a Fault,  
No more solicitous thy Shame to hide,  
As if to publish it thou took'st a Pride,  
As if to Triumph here thou sent'st the Slave,  
To shew thy Folly, and my Fury brave.  
Unbidden ; is she like a Suppliant seen,  
With Hair neglected, and an humble Mien?  
She strives not to conceal her Captive State,  
And ill her Front erect becomes her Fate.  
In Gold she shines, her gay Attire's the same  
As when you deign to act the *Phrygian* Dame.  
Who can believe, so high she holds her Head,  
That you're a Conqu'ror, or her Father dead ?  
These weeping Eyes your perjur'd Vows can prove,  
And her bold Pride confirms my slighted Love.  
Perhaps you'll drive me from your Bed and House,  
And of a Mistress make the Slave your Spouse.  
A noble Match 'twill be, should *Hymen* join  
Her Infamy in equal Bonds with thine.

The



The God must, sure, to light his Torch be glad,  
 The Wife a Captive, and the Husband mad;  
 I cannot bear the Thought, it turns my Brains,  
 Strikes to my Heart, and freezes all my Veins.  
 Me once you lov'd, and guiltless was your Flame,  
 With double Conquest to your Arms I came,  
 And crown'd not more your Passion than your Fame. }  
 Shorn of his Horns *Achelous* hides his Head,  
 And vanquish'd plunges in his slimy Bed.  
*Nessus* from thee receives the deadly Wound,  
 And falling foams with Rage, and bites the Ground.  
 From the Man-Beast a purple Deluge flow'd,  
 And stain'd *Evenus* with his streaming Blood.  
 Why do I write these vain Complaints to thee,  
 Ev'n now I hear thou dy'st, and dy'st by me?  
 Mine was the poison'd Robe my Husband wears,  
 Whose hidden Fire his cracking Sinews tears.  
 What have I done? What Frenzy had possess'd  
 My Mind, and more than Love enflam'd my Breast?  
 Lifeless my Lord on *Oeta's* Top may lye,  
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?  
 Wilt thou thy Guilt, and him, alas! survive?  
 His Widow wilt thou, and his Murd'rer, live?  
 No, ne'er will I appear so fond of Life,  
 Or shew I ill deserv'd to be his Wife.  
 What *Meleager's* Sister ought, I'll do,  
 And both their Steps with dauntless Soul pursue.  
 Nor Sister will they then, nor Wife deny,  
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?  
 Unhappy House, to sudden Ruin doom'd,  
 To Exile some are sent, and some entomb'd.

*Agrius* usurps my Royal Father's Throne,  
 And old *Oeneus* mourns a banish'd Son.  
 Here in devouring Flames another fries,  
 And my dear Mother there Self-murder'd Jyes.  
 None now of all their Race is left, but I,  
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?  
 By all that ever to my Soul was dear,  
 By *Hymen's* sacred Rites and Joys, I swear,  
 No Mischief was to thee, believe me, meant;  
 I knew no Poison when the Shirt I sent.  
 From Weakness only, not Design, it came,  
 In hopes to light afresh thy languid Flame.  
 When *Nessus* te'l, the fraudulent Villain swore  
 A wondrous Charm was in his flowing Gore,  
 That 'twould to ev'ry thing it touch'd impart  
 A Virtue, to reclaim a wand'ring Heart:  
 On thine I thought its latent Pow'r to prove,  
 And not in Malice dipt the Robe, but Love.  
 A latent Pow'r it had, ah curst Deceit!  
 That Pow'r was Poison, and the Charm was Fate.  
 On whom didst thou its fatal Magick try?  
 And yet, ah Wretch! dost doubt if thou should'st die?  
 Adieu, my Father, Country, Friends, Adieu  
 The Light that with these dying Eyes I view:  
 I fly, my *Hercules*! to thee I fly;  
 Life ebbs apace, and I with Pleasure die.



# DEIANIRA to HERCULES.

*By another Hand.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*Deianira having heard that Hercules was fallen in Love with Iö'e a Captive; and at the same time that he was dying by a poison'd Shirt she had presented him with, and had been told won'd recover a lost Affection; betwixt Disdain and Anger for the first, and Grief and Despair for the latter, she writes the following Lines to her Husband.*

I'M pleas'd with the Success your Valour gave,  
 But grieve the Victor is his Captive's Slave.  
 This unexpected News soon flew to me,  
 And with your former Life does still agree.  
 Continual Actions, nor yet *Juno's* Hate,  
 Ne'er hurt whom *Iole* does Captivate:  
*Eurystheus* this, this did *Jove's* Wife design,  
 Laugh at your Weakness, and these Teas of mine;  
 But *Jupiter* hop'd better Things, when he,  
 To make this Hero, made one Night of three.  
*Venus* has hurt you more by her soft Charms,  
 Than angry *Juno* that Imploys your Arms;  
 She by depressing you, rais'd you the more,  
 The other treads on you, whom you adore.  
 You've freed the World from Troublers of Mankind,  
 All Things submit to your Heroick Mind:  
 You make the Seas secure, the Earth have rest,  
 Your mighty Name fills both the East and West.  
 Heaven, that must bear you, you did bear before,  
 When weary *Atlas* did your Aid implore.

Yet

Yet for all this, the greater is your Shame,  
If with mean Acts you stain your glorious Name.  
You kill'd two Serpents with your Infant Hand,  
Which then deserv'd *Jove's* Scepter to command.  
Your last Deeds differ from your first Success,  
The Infant makes the Man appear the less.  
No Savage Beasts, nor fiercer Enemies,  
Cou'd conquer him whom Love does now surprize.  
Some think my Marriage a great Happiness,  
Being *Jove's* Daughter, Wife of *Hercules*;  
But as Extreame do very ill agree,  
The greatness of my Husband lessens me:  
This seeming Honour gives a mortal Wound:  
Amongst our Equals Happiness is found:  
At Home in quiet they their Lives enjoy;  
Tumults, and Wars, do all his Hours imploy:  
This Absence makes me so unfortunate,  
I buy your Glory at too dear a Rate.  
I weary Heav'n with Vows and Sacrifice,  
Lest you should fall by Beasts, or Enemies.  
When you assault a Lion, or wild Boar,  
You hazard much, but still I hazard more.  
Strange Dreams and Visions set before mine Eyes  
The Dangers that attend your Victoriës.  
Unhappy I to vain Reports give Ear,  
Then vainly hope, and then as vainly fear,  
Your absent Mother blushes she pleas'd *Jove*,  
*Amphytrio's* absent, and the Son you love.  
I see *Eurystheus* has contriv'd your Fate,  
And will make use of *Juno's* restless Hate.  
This I could bear, did you love none but me,  
But you are Amorous of all you see.

Yet *Omphale* does now inrage me more,  
Than all the Beauties you admir'd before.  
*Meander's* Streams have seen those Shoulders wear  
Rich Chains, that Heaven as a small Weight did bear.  
But were you not ashamed to behold  
Those Arms weigh'd down with Jewels, and with Gold,  
That made the fierce *Nemean* Lion die,  
And wore his Skin to shew the Victory?  
When like a Woman you did dress your Hair,  
Lawrel had been for you a fitter Wear.  
As wanton Maids, you thought it was no Shame  
To wear a Sash, to please your haughty Dame.  
Fierce *Diomedes* was not in your Mind,  
That fed his bloody Horses with Mankind:  
Did but *Busiris* see this strange Disguise,  
The Conquer'd wou'd the Conqueror despise.  
*Anteus* wou'd retrieve his Captive State,  
And scorn a Victor so effeminate.  
Among the *Grecian* Virgins you sit down,  
And spin, and tremble at a Woman's Frown.  
A Distaff, not a Scepter, fills that Hand  
That conquer'd all Things, and did all Command.  
Then in her Presence you do trembling stand,  
And fear a Blow, as Death, from her fair Hand;  
And to regain her Favours, you reveal  
Those glorious Actions you shou'd then conceal.  
How you that strange and fruitful Serpent slew,  
That by his Wounds more fierce and stronger grew.  
How when you fought, you never lost the Field,  
But made great Kings and cruel Monsters yield.  
And can you boast or think on Things so great,  
Now you wear Silks, and are with Jewels set?

These



These Actions and that Garb do disagree,  
So soft a Dress does give your Tongue the Lie,  
Your Mistress too puts on your Conqu'ring Arms,  
And makes you stoop to her more pow'rful Charms.  
She wears your Robes to shew her Victory,  
And is, what you once thought your self to be:  
Your glorious Conquest, and illustrious Fame,  
Give her Renown, but you eternal Shame.  
All is to her, by whom you're conquer'd, due;  
Go now and brag of what remains to you.  
Is't not a Shame that her soft Arms should bear  
The Lion's rugged Skin you once did wear?  
The Spoils are not the Lion's, but your own;  
The Beast you conquer'd, you she overcome.  
She takes your Club into her feeble Hand,  
And in her Glass she learns how to command.  
All this I heard: yet I could not believe  
The sad Report which causes me to grieve.  
Your *Iole* is brought before my Face;  
I must be Witness of my own Disgrace:  
Whilst I reflect on my unhappy Fate,  
She makes her Entry in the Town in State.  
Not as a Captive with her Hair unbound,  
Nor yet dejected Eyes fix'd on the Ground;  
But cover'd o'er with Jewels and with Gold;  
As *Phrygia* once did *Hercules* behold:  
And salutes all with as much Majesty,  
As if her Father had the Victory.  
Perhaps to leave me is design'd by you;  
True to your Mistress, to your Wife untrue.  
You'll be divorc'd from me, and marry her,  
The Conquer'd must obey the Conqueror.

This Fear torments me more than all the rest,  
 And as a Dagger wounds my troubled Breast.  
 I knew the time when you did love me more  
 Than any she whom you do now adore.  
 But oh! as I am writing, the News flies,  
 That by a poison'd Shirt my Husband dies,  
 What have I done whither has Love drove me?  
 Is Love the Author of such Cruelty?  
 Shall my dear *Hercules* endure this Pain,  
 And I, th' unhappy Cause, alive remain?  
 My Title to him, by my Death I'll prove,  
 And surely Death's an Argument of Love.  
*Meleager* will a Sister find in me:  
 Shall *Deianira* be afraid to die?  
 Unhappy House! Usurpers fill the Throne,  
 Whilst the true Sov'raign is esteem'd by none.  
 One Brother wastes his Life in foreign Lands,  
 The other perish'd by his Mother's Hands,  
 Who on herself reveng'd the Crime: Then why  
 Should *Deianira* be afraid to die?  
 Only this Thing I beg with my last Breath,  
 Not to believe that I design'd your Death.  
 As soon as you struck *Nessus* with your Dart,  
 His Blood, he said, would charm a straying Heart;  
 In it I dipt the Shirt; 'twas but to try:  
 O *Deianira*, make, make haste to die:  
 Adieu my Father, Sister too adieu!  
 Adieu my Country, and my Brother too!  
 Farewel this Light, the last that I shall see,  
*Hyllus* farewel; my Dear, I come to thee.



# ACONTIUS to CYDIPPE.

By Mr. R. D U K E.

## The ARGUMENT.

Acontius, in the Temple of Diana at Delos, (famous for the Resort of the most Beautiful Virgins of all Greece) fell in Love with Cydippe, a Lady of Quality much above his own; not daring therefore to Court her openly, he found this Device to obtain her: he writes upon the fairest Apple that could be procur'd a couple of Verses to this effect,

“ I swear by Chaste Diana, I will be  
“ In Sacred Wedlock ever join'd to thee.

and throws it at the Feet of the young Lady: She suspecting not the Deceit takes it up, and reads it, and therein promises her self in Marriage to Acontius; there being a Law there in Force, that whatever any Person should swear in the Temple of Diana of Delos, should stand good, and be inviolably observ'd. But her Father not knowing, what had past, and having not long after promised her to another, just as the Solemnities of Marriage were to be perform'd, she was taken with a sudden and violent Fever, which Acontius endeavours to persuade her was sent from Diana, as a Punishment of the Breach of the Vow made in her Presence. And this with the rest of the Arguments, which on such an Occasion would occur to a Lover, is the Subject of the following Epistle.

**R**ead boldly this; here you shall swear no more,  
For that's enough which you have sworn before:  
Read it; so may that violent Disease,  
Which thy dear Body, but my Soul doth seize,

Forget its too-long practis'd Cruelty,  
And Health to you restore, and you to me.  
Why do you blush ? for blush you do, I fear,  
As when you first did in the Temple swear.  
Truth to your plighted Faith is all I claim :  
And Truth can never be the Cause of Shame.  
Shame lives with Guilt, but you your Virtue prove  
In fav'ring mine, for mine's a Husband's Love.  
Ah! to your self, those binding Words repeat,  
When once your wishing Eyes ev'n long'd to meet,  
When th' Apple brought 'em dancing to your Feet.  
There you will find the solemn Vow you made,  
Which, if your Health, or mine, can ought persuade,  
You to perform should rather mindful be,  
Than great *Dianna* to revenge on thee.  
My Fears for you increase with my Desire,  
And Hope blows that already raging Fire.  
For Hope you gave ; nor can you this deny,  
For the great Goddess of the Fane was by ;  
She was, and heard, and from her hallow'd Shrine  
A sudden kind auspicious Light did shine ;  
Her Statue seem'd to nod its awful Head,  
And give its glad Consent to what you said.  
Now, if you please, accuse my prosp'rous Cheat,  
Yet still confess 'twas Love that taught me it.  
In that Deceit what did I else design,  
But with your own Consent to make you mine ?  
What you my Crime, I call my Innocence,  
Since Loving you has been my sole Offence.  
Nor Nature gave me, nor has Practice taught  
The Nets with which young Virgins Hearts are caught.

You

You my Accuser taught me to deceive,  
 And Love, with you, did his Assistance give;  
 For Love stood by, and smiling bad me write  
 The cunning words he did himself indite:  
 Again, you see I write by his Command,  
 He guides my Pen, and rules my willing Hand;  
 Again, such kind, such loving Words I send;  
 As makes me fear that I again offend:  
 Yet if my Love's my Crime, I must confess  
 Great is my Guilt, but never shall be less;  
 Oh that I thus might ever guilty prove!  
 In finding out new Paths to reach thy Love:  
 A thousand Ways to that steep Mountain lead,  
 Tho' hard to find, and difficult to tread.  
 All these will I find out, and break through all,  
 For which, my Flames compar'd, the Danger's small.  
 The Gods alone know what the End will be;  
 Yet if we Mortals any thing foresee;  
 One way or other you must yield to me:  
 If all my Arts should fail, to Arms I'll fly,  
 And snatch by Force what you my Prayers deny:  
 I all those Heroes mighty Acts applaud,  
 Who first have led me this illustrious Road.  
 I too—but hold, Death the Reward will be;  
 Death be it then —  
 For to lose you is more than Death to me.  
 Were you less Fair, I'd use the vulgar Way  
 Of tedious Courtship, and of dull Delay:  
 But thy bright Form kindles more eager Fires,  
 And something wond'rous, as it self, inspires;  
 Those Eyes that all the Heav'nly Lights out-shine;  
 (Which Oh! may'st thou behold, and love in mine):



Those snowy Arms, which on my Neck should fall,  
 If you the Vows you made, regard at all;  
 That modest Sweetness, and becoming Grace,  
 That paints with living Red your blushing Face;  
 Those Feet, with which they only can compare  
 That through the Silver Flood bright *Thetis* bear;  
 Do all conspire my Madness to excite,  
 With all the rest that is deny'd to Sight.  
 Which could I praise alike, I then were blest,  
 And all the Storms of my vex'd Soul at rest.  
 No wonder then if with such Beauty fir'd,  
 I of your Love the sacred Pledge desir'd.  
 Rage now, and be as angry as you will,  
 Your very Frowns all other Smiles excel;  
 But give me leave that Anger to appease  
 By my Submission, that my Love did raise.  
 Your Pardon prostrate at your Feet I'll crave,  
 The humble Posture of your guilty Slave.  
 With falling Tears your fiery Rage I'll cool,  
 And lay the rising Tempest of your Soul.  
 Why in my Absence are you thus severe?  
 Summon'd at your Tribunal to appear,  
 For all my Crimes, I'd gladly suffer there,  
 With Pride whatever you inflict receive,  
 And love the Wounds those Hands vouchsafe to give.  
 Your Fetters too—But they alas are vain,  
 For Love has bound me, and I hug my Chain.  
 Your hardest Laws with Patience I'll obey,  
 'Till you your self at last relent, and say,  
 When all my Sufferings you with Pity see,  
*He that can love so well, is worthy me.*

But

But if all this should unsuccessful prove,  
*Diana* claims for me your promis'd Love.  
O may my Fears be false! yet she delights  
In just Revenge of her abused Rites.  
I dread to hide, what yet to speak I dread;  
Lest you should think that for my self I plead.  
Yet out it must, — 'Tis this, 'Tis surely this,  
That is the Fuel to your hot Disease;  
When waiting *Hymen* at your Porch attends,  
Her fatal Messenger the Goddess sends;  
And when you would to his kind Call consent;  
This Feaver does your Perjury prevent.  
Forbear, forbear thus to provoke her Rage,  
Which you so easily may yet assuage.  
Forbear to make that lovely charming Face  
The Prey to ev'ry envious Disease;  
Preserve those Looks to be enjoy'd by me,  
Which none shou'd ever but with Wonder see:  
Let that fresh Colour to your Cheeks return,  
Whose blooming Flame did all Beholders burn.  
But let on him, th' unhappy Cause of all  
The Ills that from *Diana's* Anger fall,  
No greater Torments light, than those I feel,  
When you my dearest, tend'rest Part are ill.  
For oh! with what dire Tortures am I rackt,  
Whom diff'rent Griets successively distract!  
Sometimes my Grief from this does higher grow;  
To think that I have caus'd so much to you:  
Then great *Diana's* Witness, how I pray,  
That all our Crimes on me alone she'd lay.  
Sometimes to your lov'd Doors disguis'd I come,  
And all around 'em up and down I roam:

'Till

'Till I your Woman coming from you spy,  
 With Looks dejected, and a weeping Eye:  
 With silent Steps, like some sad Ghost I steal,  
 Close up to her, and urge her to reveal  
 More than new Questions suffer her to tell:  
 How you had slept, what Diet you had us'd?  
 And oft the vain Physician's Art accus'd.  
 Heav'ry Hour (Oh, were I blest as he!)  
 Does all the turns of your Distemper see;  
 Why sit not I by your Bed-side all Day,  
 My mournful Head in your warm Bosom lay,  
 'Till with my Tears the inward Fires decay?  
 Why press not I your melting Hand in mine,  
 And from your Pulse of my own Health divine?  
 But oh! these Wishes all are vain; and he  
 Whom most I fear, may now sit close by thee,  
 Forgetful as thou art of Heav'n and me.  
 He that lov'd Hand does press, and oft does teign  
 Some new Excuse to feel thy beating Vein.  
 Then his bold Hand up to your Arm does slide,  
 And in your panting Breast it self does hide;  
 Kisses sometimes he snatches too from thee,  
 For his officious Care too great a Fee.  
 Robber, who gave thee Leave to taste that Lip,  
 And the ripe Harvest of my Kisses reap?  
 For they are mine, so is that Bosom too,  
 Which, false as 'tis, shall never harbour you.  
 Take, take away those thy adult'rous Hands,  
 For know, another Lord that Breast commands.  
 'Tis true, her Father promis'd her to thee,  
 But Heav'n and she first gave her self to me,

And:

And you in Justice therefore should decline  
 Your Claim to that which is already mine:  
 This is the Man, *Cyddippe*, that excites  
*Diana's* Rage to vindicate her Rites.  
 Command him then not to approach thy Door;  
 This done, the Danger of your Death is o'er.  
 For fear not, beauteous Maid; but keep thy Vow,  
 Which great *Diana* heard; and did allow,  
 And she who took it, will thy Health restore;  
 And be propitious as she was before.  
 " 'Tis not the Steam of a slain Heifer's Blood,  
 " That can allay the Anger of a God.  
 " 'Tis Truth, and Justice to your Vows, appeal:  
 " Their angry Deities, and without these  
 " No slaughter'd Beast their Fury can divert;  
 " For that's a Sacrifice without a Heart.  
 Some, bitter Potions patiently endure,  
 And kiss the wounding Launce that works their Cure:  
 You have no need these cruel Cures to feel,  
 Shun being perjur'd only; and be well.  
 Why let you still your pious Parents weep,  
 Whom you in Ign'rance of your Promise keep?  
 Oh! to your Mother all our Story tell,  
 And the whole Progress of our Love reveal;  
 Tell her how first at great *Diana's* Shrine  
 I fixt my Eyes, my wond'ring Eyes, on thine;  
 How like the Statues there I stood amaz'd,  
 Whilst on thy Face intemp'rately I gaz'd.  
 She will her self, when you my Tale repeat,  
 Smile, and approve the amorous Deceit.  
 Marry, she'll say, whom Heav'n commends to thee;  
 He who has pleas'd *Diana*, pleases me.

But should she ask from what Descent I came,  
 My Country, and my Parents, and my Name,  
 Tell her that none of these deserve my Shame.  
 Had you not sworn, you such a one might chuse;  
 But were he worse, now sworn, you can't refuse.  
 This in my Dreams *Diana* bid me write,  
 And when I wak'd sent *Cypid* to indite:  
 Obey 'em both, for one has wounded me,  
 Which Wound if you with Eyes of Pity see,  
 She too will soon relent that wounded thee.  
 Then to our Joys with eager Haste we'll move,  
 As full of Beauty you, as I of Love.  
 To the great Temple we'll in Triumph go,  
 And with our Off'rings at the Altar bow.  
 A Golden Image there I'll consecrate  
 Of the false Apple's innocent Deceit;  
 And write below the happy Verse, that came:  
 The Messenger of my successful Flame;  
 " Let all the World this from *Acontius* know,  
 " *Cydispe* has been faithful to her Vow.  
 More I could Write, but since thy Illness reigns,  
 And wracks thy tender Limbs with sharpest Pains,  
 My Pen falls down for fear, lest this might be,  
 Altho' for me too little, yet too much for thee.







# C R D I P P E

Her Answer to

## A C O N T I U S.

By Mr. BUTLER.

**I**N silent Fear I read your Letter o'er;  
 Lest I shou'd Swear, as I had done before!  
 Nor had I read, but that I fear'd t'engage  
 By my Neglect the peevish Goddess' Rage:  
 In vain I deck her Shrine, her Rites attend,  
 The partial Goddess still remains your Friend:  
 A Virgin rather shou'd a Virgin aid;  
 But where I seek Relief I am betray'd!  
 I languish, and the Cause of my Disease  
 As yet lyes hid, no Med'cine gives me Ease.  
 In how much Pain do I this Letter write!  
 To my weak Hand my sicklier Thoughts indite:  
 What anxious Fear alas afflicts me too,  
 Lest any but my trusty Nurse shou'd know!  
 To gain me Time to write, the Door she keeps,  
 And whisp'ring tells the Visitants, *She Sleeps.*  
 Worse Ills I could not for your sake sustain,  
 Tho' you had Merit equal to my Pain.  
 Your Love betrays, my Beauty proves my Snare,  
 I had been happy had I seem'd less fair:

While:

Whilst with your Rival you contend to raise  
 My Beauty's Fame, I perish by your Praise:  
 Whilst neither will admit the other's Claim,  
 The Chase is hinder'd, and both miss the Game.

My Nuptial Day draws on, my Parents press  
 The Sacred Rites, my blooming Years no less:  
 But whilst glad *Hymen* at my Door attends,  
 Grim Death waits near to force me from his Hands.  
 Some call my Sickness, Chance, and some pretend  
 The Gods this Lett to cross my Nuptials send:  
 Whilst by severer Censure you are grieved,  
 By *Philtra's* to have wrought upon my Breast.  
 If then your Love such Mischief can create,  
 What Mis'ry is reserv'd for her you Hate!

Wou'd I to *Delos* ne'er had found the Way,  
 At least not found it on that fatal Day!  
 When in our Port our Anchors first we weigh'd,  
 Th' unwilling Vessel still i' th' Harbour stay'd;  
 Twice did cross Winds beat back our flagging Sails;  
 Said I, cross Winds? no, those were prosp'rous Gales!  
 Those Winds alone blew fair, that back convey'd  
 Our Ship, and those that oft our Passage stay'd.  
 Yet I to see fam'd *Delos* am in Pain,  
 And fondly of each hind'ring Blast complain.  
 By *Tenos* Isle, and *Myconé* we steer'd,  
 At last fair *Delos*' winding Cliffs appear'd;  
 And much I fear lest now the *Fairy* Shore  
 Shou'd Vanish, as 'tis said t' have done before.  
 At Night we land; soon as the Day return'd  
 My platted Tresses are with Gems adorn'd,  
 Then to attend the sacred Rites we go,  
 And pious Incense on each Altar throw.

My Parents there at their Devotion stay ;  
My Nurse and I through all the Temple stray :  
We view each Court, and each fresh Wonder brings,  
Pictures and Statues, Gifts of ancient Kings.  
But whilst into these Rarities I pry'd,  
I am my self by sly *Acontius* spy'd.  
Thence to the inmost Temple we remove,  
The Place that should a Sanctuary prove.  
Yet there I find the Apple with this Rhime——  
Ah me! I'd like to have Sworn the second time!  
The Name of Wedlock I no sooner read  
But thro' my Cheeks a troubled Blush was spread.  
Why didst thou cheat an unsuspecting Maid?  
I shou'd have been intreated, not betray'd:  
Is then the Goddess bound to take thy Part?  
And ratifie an Oath without the Heart?  
The Will consents, but that was absent there;  
I read indeed the Oath, but did not swear.  
Yet cannot I deny that I suspect  
*Diana's* Rage this Sickness does inflict;  
Glad *Hymen* thrice did to our Courts repair,  
Thrice frighted fled to find Death planted there.  
Thin Cov'rings on my Fear'ish Limbs are spread,  
My Parents mourn me as already Dead.  
What have I done to merit this Distress,  
Reading but Words whose Fraud I cou'd not guess!  
Do thou, ev'n thou from whom my Sufferings spring,  
T' appease the Goddess' Rage thine Offerings bring.  
When will those Hands, that writ the fatal Rhime,  
Bear Incense to remove my Pain, thy Crime!  
Nor think that thy rich Rival, tho' allow'd  
To visit, is of greater Favours proud.

By

By me he sits, but still just Distance keeps,  
 Restless as I, talks seldom, often weeps :  
 Blushing he takes a Kiss, and leaves a Tear,  
 And once his Courage serv'd to cry— My Dear.  
 But from his Arms still by Degrees I creep,  
 And to prevent Discourse pretend to sleep.  
 He finds, but wou'd his Sense o' th' Flight disguise,  
 He checks his Tongue, but chides me with his Eyes.  
 With Grief he wastes, and I with Feavers pine,  
 'Tis we that suffer, but th' Offence was thine.

You write for leave to come and see me here,  
 Yet know your former Visit cost me dear.  
 Why wou'dst thou hither come? thou canst but see  
 The double Trophies of thy Cruelty.  
 My Flesh consum'd, my Cheeks of Bloodless Hue,  
 Such as I once did in thy Apple view.  
 Shou'dst see me now thou wou'dst repent thy Cheat,  
 Nor think me worth such exquisite Deceit.  
 To *Delos* back with greater haste wou'dst go,  
 And beg the Goddess to release my Vow :  
 On new Designs thy Fancy wou'dst employ,  
 Contrive new Oaths the former to destroy.

No Means have been omitted to procure  
 My Health, but still my Feav'rish Fits endure.  
 We ask'd the Oracle what caus'd my Pains?  
 The Oracle of broken Vows complains!  
 The Gods themselves on your behalf declare:  
 What hast thou done to merit this their Care?  
 But so it is—and I at last incline,  
 Since that thou art their Choice, to make thee Mine.  
 Already to my Mother I've declar'd,  
 How by your Cunning I have been insnar'd.

I've

I've done, and what I have already said,  
I fear is more than will become a Maid.  
My Thoughts are now confus'd, and can indite  
No more, my feeble Hand no more can write.  
Nor need I more Subscribe, but this, Be True!  
And (since it must be so) *my Dear, Adieu!*

F I N I S.





# CHAPTER I

The first part of the book is devoted to a description of the various kinds of rocks which are found in the country. The second part is devoted to a description of the various kinds of fossils which are found in the rocks. The third part is devoted to a description of the various kinds of minerals which are found in the country. The fourth part is devoted to a description of the various kinds of plants which are found in the country. The fifth part is devoted to a description of the various kinds of animals which are found in the country.

## CHAPTER II

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THE THREE  
EPISTLES

OF

*Aulus Sabinus:*

In Answer to as many of

O V I D.

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Made *English* by

Mr. SALUSBURY.

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Printed in the YEAR M DCC XXVII.

THE THREE  
EPISTLES  
OF  
Advertisement.

**A**ulus Sabinus flourish'd in the Reign of Augustus, and was contemporary with Ovid. He wrote a Book of Elegies to his Mistress Terisena; and left some unfinish'd Poems of the ancient Roman Religion and Ceremonies; and also wrote several Epistles like Ovid's, in Answer to so many of that excellent Poet's, viz. Hippolytus to Phædra, Æneas to Dido, Jason to Hypsipile, Phaon to Sapho, Ulysses to Penelope, Demophoon to Phyllis, and Paris to OEnone; of all which, excepting the three last, the Injury of Time has deprived us.

The learned Heinsius speaking of these three Epistles, calls them a Treasure; and indeed they express so much of a true Poetick Genius, and maintain their Character so well, that it has been thought fit in this Edition to give 'em an English Version, since in all the late and best Editions of Ovid's Works these Epistles of Sabinus are found inserted.



## E P I S T. I.

## ULYSSES to PENELOPE.

## The ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses having received Penelope's Epistle, by this Answer endeavours to clear her Doubts, and calm her Thoughts. He tells her with what Fortitude he had gone through the various Hardships that had befall'n him; and that having consulted Tiresias and Pallas, he was determin'd to return suddenly to Ithaca; but (to comply with the Oracles) alone, and in Disguise. And as he is careful to magnifie his Love, and Fears of her, and her extraordinary Constancy, and Chastity: So he forgets not to tell her what he saw in Elisium, whither he went to consult Tiresias.*

**C**Hance does at last let sad Ulysses see

The welcome Lines of his Penelope;

So much thy known dear Characters did please,

That my long Troubles found an instant Ease.

If I am slow, 'tis only to relate

To thee my many Wounds from angry Fate.

Well might the Greeks indeed have thought me slow,

When by feign'd Madness I delay'd to go:

Nor had I Will or Pow'r to leave thy Bed,

But to possess thy Charms from Honour fled.

You bid me come, and never stay to write;

But adverse Winds detain me from your Sight.

Troy hinders not, a Place once so rever'd,

In Ashes now, nor longer to be fear'd.

*Hector* and all her mighty Men of Fame

Are now no more, are nothing but a Name:

By Night the *Thracian* Monarch *Rhesus* slain,

I safely to our Camp return'd again,

Lead-

Leading his warlike Horses, my just Spoil,  
 The noble Triumph for the Victors Toil,  
 The Shrine wherein the *Phrygian* Safety lay,  
 My fortunate Contrivance brought away.  
 Clos'd in that Horse which prov'd the Bane of *Troy*,  
 Unmov'd I heard *Cassandra* cry — destroy  
 The Engine quick; the Foe your Ruin seeks:  
 Burn, burn it quite, nor trust the crafty *Greeks*.  
 To me oblig'd the great *Achilles* lyes  
 For his last Rites, his Fun'ral Obsequies:  
 Which Action so the *Grecian* Army warms,  
 For his recover'd Corps they give his Arms.  
 But, what avails! the Sea has all ingross'd!  
 My Ships, my Arms, and my Companions lost!  
 Tho' all things else Fate's Cruelties remove,  
 They have no Pow'r to shake my constant Love.  
 That still endures, and triumphs over all;  
 Nor can by *Scylla*, or *Charibdis* fall;  
 To alter that the charming *Sirens* fail,  
 Nor can the fell *Antiphates* prevail.  
 Not touch'd by *Circe's* Arts, from her I fled;  
 Nay shun'd the Proffer of a Goddess' Bed:  
 Each promis'd, so she might become my Wife,  
 To give me deathless Joys, and endless Life.  
 Both I reject, and having thee in view,  
 My dang'rous Travels cheerfully renew.  
 (Let not these Female Names beget new Fears,  
 Alarm thy Breast, nor drown thine Eyes in Tears)  
 What *Circe*, what *Calypso* could effect:  
 Secure of me, all chilling Doubts neglect.  
 That you my open Soul may naked view,  
 I will confess that I have fear'd for you.

When

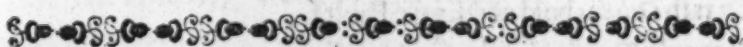


When I was told how num'rous a Resort  
 Of eager Rivals crowded in your Court,  
 All pale I grew; Life left my outward Part,  
 Scarce the retiring Blood preserv'd my Heart.  
 Besieg'd by pressing youthful Lovers round,  
 Their Bowls with Wine, their Heads with Roses crown'd,  
 My growing Doubts to wild Disorders haste;  
 Ah! can I think she still is mine, and chaste!  
 If she wept, her Charms wou'd not be such:  
 Cou'd she thus conquer, if she sorrow'd much?  
 Yet quickly Love returns, when I perceive  
 How well your chaste, your pious Arts deceive  
 Your hasty Suitors, and procure Delay,  
 By Night undoing what you weave by Day.  
 Yet fear I, lest some busie Lover's Eyes  
 Thee at thy honest Artifice surprize.  
 Better by *Polyphemus* had I dy'd,  
 Than know thee sacrific'd to Lust and Pride.  
 Better to *Thracian* Arms have fall'n a Prey,  
 Whilst there as yet my wand'ring Navy lay:  
 Or then have yielded finally to Fate,  
 When I return'd safe from the *Stygian* State.  
 'Twas there I saw, among th'immortal Dead,  
 My late dear Mother's venerable Shade.  
 She told his House's Troubles to her Son;  
 I griev'd she thrice did my Embraces shun.  
 There too the great *Protesilaus* I met,  
 Who scorning Death, first of the *Grecian* Fleet  
 With Hostile Arms the *Phrygian* Shores did greet.  
 Now happy with his much-prais'd Wife he roves,  
 Fearless of Change, through the *Elisian* Groves:

Lamenting not he did so Young descend;  
 Pleas'd with an early, since so brave an End.  
 I saw, a'as! nor cou'd from Tears refrain,  
 The noble *Agamemnon* newly slain.  
 That mighty Chief, glorious and safe at *Troy*,  
 Escaping too in the *Eubean* Sea,  
 Where furious *Nauplius's* horrid Arts had done  
 Such Ills, for Vengeance for his guilty Son.  
 But whilst, rejoycing for his safe Return,  
*Atrides* does his grateful Incense burn,  
 By impious Hands his sacred Blood is spill'd,  
 And by a thousand Wounds the Prince is kill'd:  
 This tragick End had the great Hero's Life,  
 Contriv'd and manag'd by a wretched Wife;  
 Pretending Vengeance for his am'rous Crime,  
 To cover her's, strikes first and murders him.  
 When Victory had blest the *Grecian* side,  
 And we our *Trojan* Prisoners did divide,  
 Great *Hector's* Wife and Sister I refuse,  
 And ancient *Heccuba* do rather chuse;  
 To her neglected Age I give my Voice,  
 Lest Love might seem to mingle in the Choice.  
 No longer her in human Form we meet,  
 A fearful Omen to my parting Fleet.  
 Her enrag'd Heart with Griet and Rancour burns,  
 And suddenly to a mad Bitch she turns;  
 In barking, howles, and snarling now she ends  
 The loud Complaints her wild Affliction sends.  
 As if amaz'd, the late calm Winds and Sea  
 Start into Tempests at the Prodigy.  
 By dangerous Storms now am I rudely tost;  
 Now wand'ring long in unknown Regions lost.

But if the wise *Tiresias* can as well  
 Our future Joys as Miseries foretel;  
 The prophecy'd Disasters having past,  
 I enter on my kinder Fate at last.  
*Pallas* now joins me, on a unknown Coast:  
 Safe led by her, I can no more be lost.  
*Pallas*, whom now the first time I salute  
 Since *Ilium's* Fall, with Pleasure hears my Suit.  
 What mighty Ills upon the *Greeks* were brought  
 By rash *Oilides* bold and single Fault!  
 Not ev'n *Tydid*es did the Goddess spare,  
 His Virtue too did our Affliction share.  
 None could his Favour or his Merit plead,  
 But all were punish'd for the impious Deed.  
 Yet happy *Menelaus* no Chance could harm;  
 His beauteous Wife was still a Counter-charm;  
 In vain the Winds, in vain the Billows rage,  
 While she is there his Passion to assuage,  
 Winds had no Pow'r his Kisses to restrain,  
 Nor his Embraces the tumultuous Main.  
 Thrice happy I, did I but travel so,  
 For calm'd by thee all Seas wou'd gentle grow.  
 But since *Telemachus* with thee I hear  
 Is safe, extreamly lessen'd is my Care:  
 Whose too rash Voyage yet I needs must blame,  
 Whatever *Sparta* cou'd or *Pylos* claim.  
 Too weak the Excuse ev'n of his Piety,  
 For vent'ring out in such a dang'rous Sea.  
 But now the Prophet bids me hope, ill Fate  
 Is o'er, and now I thy Embraces wait.  
 Alone I come; temper thy rising Joy,  
 For all Excesses equally destroy.

Not open Force, but Management and Art,  
 The Gods foretel, will Victory impart.  
 Amidst a Feast, and in the heights of Wine,  
 Perhaps my just Revenge I may design,  
 And make the scorn'd *Ulysses* nobler shine.  
 Swift fly the Hours, and speed that happy Day;  
 And when arriv'd for Ages let it stay:  
 That Day! which shall restore Joys so long fled,  
 And all th' intrancing Pleasures of thy Bed.



## E P I S T. II.

*Demophoon to Phillis.*

## The ARGUMENT.

*Phillis, the young Queen of Thrace, impatient of the too long Absence of her lately marry'd Husband Demophoon, the Son of Theseus King of Athens, had written him a very passionate Letter intermixt with Hope, Fear, Love and Despair. Which Letter Demophoon receiving, he returns this Answer. Wherein owning her Kindness, he shews he loves her with an extream Passion; and that he has no Thoughts of any other Love. Tells her that the Disorders of his Family, requiring more time to resettle than he expected, are the true and only Causes of his Stay. He gently blames her Doubts and her Impatience; handsomely excuseth himself; promises an inviolable Constancy, and that, his Affairs settled, he will certainly return.*

**W**Hile this is from recover'd *Athens* sent,  
 Can I forget the Aid my *Phillis* lent?

No other Torch has *Hymen* held for me.

Ah! were I happy now, as then with thee!

*Theseus* (whose noble Blood your Mind did move.

Much less than your own free unbiass'd Love).

Hard

Hard Fate for us! driv'n from his Regal Throne:  
 But Death has put the bold Usurper down.  
*Theseus*, who did an equal Glory share  
 With great *Alcides* in the Toils of War,  
 When the brave Heroes, with united Strength,  
 Broke the fierce *Amazonian* Troops at length.  
*Theseus*, who, when the *Minotaur* he'd slain,  
 Did of an Enemy a Father gain.  
 Cou'd such a Prince, cou'd such a Parent be,  
 Without a Crime, abandon'd, left by me?  
 This, my dear *Phillis*, is *Demophoon's* Charge;  
 On this my Brother loudly does enlarge.  
 You press, he cries, for the fair *Thracian's* Charms,  
 And all your Courage soften in her Arms.  
 Swiftly the while Occasion flies away,  
 And our Disasters grow by your Delay.  
 Our Father's Fate, had you made haste on Board,  
 You had prevented, or with Ease restor'd.  
 Should *Athens* less to you than *Thrace* appear,  
 And why a Woman more than both be dear?  
 Thus rages *Acamas*. Old *Ethra* now  
 With equal Anger bends her wrinkled Brow;  
 That her Son's Hands close not her aged Eyes,  
 On my Delay with feeble Wrath she flies.  
 I silent stand, while me they both accuse;  
 Nor on their Anger, but thy Absence muse,  
 Methinks this Moment still I hear 'em say,  
 While on thy Coast my shattered Navy lay,  
 To Sea, to Sea, the Weather now is kind,  
 On Board, and spread thy Canvas to the Wind.  
 By what, hard *Demophoon*, art thou so took?  
 To thy lost Country, and thy Father look.

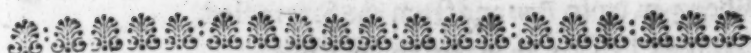


*Phillis* you love; her your Example make,  
 Her Country she for Love will not forsake.  
 Begg your Return, but with you will not stir;  
 And does a barb'rous Crown to yours prefer.  
 Yet in the midst of all how oft I pray'd  
 By adverse Winds to be still longer stay'd!  
 Oft when I parting did embrace thy Neck,  
 I blest the Storms that did our Parting check,  
 Nor to my Father will I fear to own.  
 Whate'er for my sweet *Phillis* I have done;  
 That I avow, or he that Story hear,  
 Is owing to the Merits of my Fair.  
 I'll tell him freely that I cou'd not leave  
 Thy dear Embraces, but my Soul must grieve:  
 What rocky Breast from such a Wife could part,  
 But weeping Eyes wou'd speak his sinking Heart!  
 The Ships she might deny, she does bestow,  
 And only bids they be a little slow.  
 Nor can he chuse but pardon such a Crime;  
 Bright *Ariadne*'s not so lost in him:  
 Up to the Stars whene'er he casts his Eyes,  
 He sees his shining Mistress in the Skies.  
 My Father's blam'd, as he his Wife forsook,  
 Tho' by a God she forcibly was took.  
 Shall my ill Fate too *Phillis* be the same?  
 Enquire the Cause, nor me unjustly blame.  
 Take this sure Pledge for *Demophoon*'s Return,  
 His Heart for you, and only you does burn.  
 Is't possible you ignorant should be  
 Of the Disasters of my Family?  
 Lament a Parent's Fate, involv'd in Snares!  
 And oh that nothing else employ'd my Cares!

My Soul laments a noble Brother dead,  
 Torn by his frightened Horses as he fled.  
 Not to excuse Returning, have I told  
 Some of the many Causes that with-hold  
 Me from thy Ports. Believe it Fortune's Crime,  
 That I still beg of thee a little Time.  
 Declining *Thesens* I must first inter:  
 Honour will that to ev'ry Thing prefer.  
 That done, for which my Pray'rs I do repeat:  
 For Leave, to *Thrace* I instantly retreat.  
 I am not false, but still adore thy Charms;  
 No do I think I'm safe but in thy Arms.  
 Not War nor Tempests, since the Fall of *Troy*,  
 Cou'd me in my Return so much annoy  
 To cause Delay: No, that was only seen  
 Effected by the kind fair *Thracian* Queen.  
 Cast on thy Shores, thou freely didst supply  
 To all my pressing Wants a Remedy:  
 Be still the same: Then nothing shall remove  
 The happy *Demophoon* from *Phillis* Love.  
 What if a ten Years War shou'd now renew,  
 That Honour shou'd engage me to pursue?  
*Penelope* thy great Example be,  
 So fam'd for her Unspotted Chastity.  
 Her curious artful Web, ill understood,  
 Did her hot Lovers cunningly elude.  
 The Woof advanc'd the Day, the Nights restrain,  
 And ravel to its primitive Wool again.  
 But you with Fear, it seems are almost dead,  
 Lest the scorn'd *Thracians* should despise your Bed.  
 Ah, cruel! would you with another Wed?

Is then your Love, is then your Faith solight?  
 Nor can the Fear of broken Vows affright?  
 Think what your Shame, think what your Grief will be,  
 When my Returning Sails from far you see.  
 Then all in vain-repenting Tears will flow,  
 And own the Constancy you question now,  
*Demophon* comes! then in Amaze, you'll cry;  
 And to my Arms through Winter Storms does fly.  
 Ah, why so great a Guilt did I contract!  
 And what I blam'd in him, why did I act?  
 But Heav'n avert: Nor let it e'er be said,  
 That thy fair Vertue cou'd be so mis-led.  
 If such a Fate should on my *Phillis* light,  
 The mighty load wou'd overwhelm me quite.  
 But ah! what d'reful threat'ning Words are those  
 With which your Letter you unkindly close!  
 Abstain, at least 'till greater Cause you see,  
 To charge my House with Double Perfidy:  
 If to desert the *Cretan* were a Fault;  
 Yet I've done nothing to be guilty thought.  
 Farewel my Hope's best Object, Soul of Love:  
 All that obstructs, our Meeting, Heav'n remove.  
 May ev'ry Joy Love can, or Fortune give,  
 For ever with my Charming *Phillis* live.  
 The Winds now bear my Words; my Person they  
 I hepe shall safely to thy Arms convey;  
 There to repeat another Nuptial Day.  
 My Wishes are with thee; and that I pause,  
 My Duty, and my Honour are the Cause.

EPIST.



## E P I S T. III.

## PARIS to OENONE.

## The ARGUMENT.

*The forsaken Nymph OEnone having written to Paris, to persuade him to return again to her Embraces, and to send back the Fair Grecian to her Husband: Paris, in this Epistle, endeavours to extenuate his Fault; laying the blame sometimes on Fate and Fortune, and sometimes on the Force of Love. With gentle Words he tries to mitigate her Affliction: and concludes, advising her to exert her utmost Skill in Magick (for which she was Famous) to procure Quiet to her self, by reviving his Passion for her, or by extinguishing her own.*

**W**Hile you of me so justly, Nymph, complain,  
 I seek for plausible Replies in vain,  
 I own my Fault, confess my broken Vows,  
 Yet my new Love no Penitence allows.  
 May this Acknowledgment procure the Rest,  
 And calm the Tempests of OEnone's Breast.  
 I Cupid's Slave his Order but obey,  
 Deserting thee for charming *Helena*.  
 Your Wit and Beauty, Nymph, you know did move  
 My first young Wishes, and my Bloom of Love.  
 My glorious Birth then troubl'd not our Joy;  
 Love and our Flocks did all our Thoughts imploy.  
 If talk of Greatness mingled with our Sport,  
 I swore OEnone might adorn a Court.  
 Thus, tho' now chang'd, did then upon thee smile  
 Love; whom to Reason, what can reconcile      When.

When you from *Pan* and from the Satyrs fled,  
 To take a Private Shepherd to your Bed,  
 Was it your Reason then you did pursue?  
 Or kept you ought besides your Love in View?  
 My present Passion is from Fate; for ere  
 I did of *Leda's* beauteous Daughter hear,  
 Inspir'd *Cassandra* did foretel the Thing,  
*Paris* shall *Helena* to *Ilium* bring.  
 Inev'ry Circumstance too well you see  
 Th' Event has justify'd her Prophecy:  
 Except those Wounds of mine, which yet remain,  
 To bring me to my pitying Nymph again.  
 Still I remember sweet *OEnone's* Fear,  
 When first we did the strange Prediction hear.  
 Melting in Tears — Ah then, will Fate remove  
 Her *Paris* from the lost *OEnone's* Love!  
 Must he such Wars, Slaughters, and Ruin bring!  
 Be found a Prince, thus to involve the King!  
 Love taught me threaten'd Dangers to despise:  
 And Love equipt me for my Enterprize.  
 To him impute the Crime, and me forgive;  
 The God, not *Paris*, does the Nymph deceive.  
 Against his Pleasure what can Mortals say,  
 Whose Pow'r th' immortal Gods themselves obey?  
 When mighty *Jove* the Fire of *Cupid* burns,  
 Into a thousand various Shapes he turns.  
*Europa's* Bull, and *Danae's* golden Show'r,  
 Rut each a lovely Virgin in his Pow'r.  
 Not charming *Helen* (Cause of all thy Care)  
 Had been so wond'rous, so divinely Fair,  
 Had not great *Jove* the Silver Plumes put on,  
 And cheated *Leda* with a seeming Swan.



O'er Piny *Ida*, *Jove*, an Eagle, flies  
With his lov'd *Ganimede* to distant Skies.  
The valiant *Hercules*, so Fierce and Bold,  
For *Omphale*, did a weak Distaff hold:  
Glad like a Maid he sat him down to Spin,  
And Conqu'ring she put on the Lion's Skin.  
Your self *Apollo's* proffer'd Love decline,  
And shun a God's Embraces to be mine.  
Not that a Shepherd with a God can vye,  
But it so pleases *Cupid's* Deity:  
If my new Passion still thy Mind displease,  
Yet this at least methinks might give thee Ease;  
That nothing in my Breast cou'd quench thy Love,  
But the bright Daughter of the awful *Jove*:  
Tho' yet her boasted Birth and mighty Race  
Enflame me less than her enchanting Face.  
I wish'd I had unskill'd in Beauty been;  
Then Rival Goddesses I had not seen:  
Not been obnoxious to great *Juno's* Hate;  
Nor wise *Minerva* then shou'd irritate.  
The fatal Apple I to *Venus* gave,  
Binds me for ever *Citherea's* Slave.  
She her Son's Darts will distribute around,  
And give him Orders when and where to wound;  
Yet is her self oft wounded by his Dart:  
The wanton Boy spares not his Mother's Heart.  
*Mars* to her Bed so often did resort,  
All Heav'n at last was Witness to their Sport.  
Then to attract *Anchises* to her Arms,  
Appears a Mortal with Celestial Charms.  
What Wonder Love shou'd have transported me,  
When his own Mother *Venus* is not free!

Wrong'd

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To take a Private Shepherd to your Bed,  
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When his own Mother *Venus* is not free!

Wrong'd

Wrong'd *Menelaus*, tho' hated, loves: Can I,  
 On whom she dotes, from the fair Prince's fly?  
 I see the gath'ring Clouds from *Sparta* rise,  
 And threat'ning Tempests thicken in the Skies.  
 The angry *Greeks* with Armies menace us,  
 And Hostile Fleets rig out for *Pergamus*.  
 Let 'em come on, and Fight us if they dare;  
 To keep this Beauty we accept their War.  
 Her Face, *OEnone*, 's so Divine a Thing,  
 'Tis worth the Cares and Dangers of a King.  
 The *Grecian* Princes, hasting all to Arms,  
 Enough evince, (if you still doubt her Charms:)  
 But her for whom thy Fleets and Armies send,  
 With greater Force the *Trojans* will defend.  
 If any Hope, *OEnone*, you retain,  
 Of ever freeing me from *Helen's* Chain,  
 Quick to those pow'rful Herbs and Arts repair,  
 By which thou rul'st in Heav'n, in Earth, and Air.  
 Not *Phabus*' self is learneder than thee,  
 Scarce are the Gods from thy strong Magick free.  
 Thou, by the mighty Workings of thine Art,  
 From their pale Orbs the trembling Stars canst part.  
 Call down the Moon, the Sun's swift Motion stay,  
 Protract the Darkness, and arrest the Day.  
 As Bulls I fed, among the Herd there came  
 Fierce Lions, made by thy Enchantments tame.  
 Swift *Simois* and *Xanthus*' Chrystal Wave  
 Forbore to flow, when your Command you gave.  
 Your Father *Cebres*' Waters too submit;  
 Nor slight thy Charm, since all acknowledge it.  
 Now, wisest Nymph, exert thy utmost Art,  
 Quench thy own Fires, or re-inflame my Heart.

F I N I S.

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